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ENGLISH COUNTY SONGS

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WORDS AND MUSIC

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

LUCY E. BROADWOOD

AND

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND
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PREFACE.

No excuse, such as would be necessary in bringing forward a new collection of Scottish, Irish, or Welsh traditional songs, need be offered in the present instance, since the number of existing collections of English songs is comparatively small, and those which are of real value are either difficult to procure, or they refer only to one district or county. The ordinary albums of English ditties contain but a very small proportion of songs which are strictly speaking traditional; the compositions of Bishop, C. E. Horn, Stephen Glover, and other popular writers of their periods, are nearly always drawn upon more largely than is necessary or desirable. The reason commonly alleged for the inclusion of such things among national melodies, *viz.*, that England is relatively poor in traditional music, breaks down completely upon examination. The large amount of material collected by Chappell does not by any means exhaust the tunes that remain among the English peasantry; nor does the scheme of *Popular Music of the Olden Time* embrace the songs which seem to have sprung up, no one knows how, within the last century or century and a half.

In the present collection, an attempt has been made to localize, as far as possible, a number of traditional songs of different periods and styles, all—or nearly all—of which are still current among the people. In no case is it asserted that a particular song is the exclusive property of a particular county, nor is it possible from internal evidence to assign any tune to any one county. It is possible, however, to trace, in the songs of one group of counties, a family likeness, and to realize peculiarities of cadences, modulations, and the like, as undoubtedly characteristic of one part of England rather than another. This book does not profess to be a scientific treatise on such points as this, which it would be a useful and interesting work to establish; before this can be done, materials must be collected, and the present volume is only to be regarded as the groundwork of such a study.

No attempt is here made to account for the origin of traditional songs. Chappell, in the work just referred to, the Rev. S. Baring Gould, in his *Songs of the West*, and other authors, have dealt with the rise of song in England, the history of the minstrels, the accounts of the suppression of music, in common with other arts, by the Puritans, and kindred topics. The fact of the existence of various versions of the same tune is a great difficulty in the way of those who would verify their original form. In the eighteenth century, many hundreds of ballad operas were composed, embodying old and popular airs; and it is important to notice that the same air may occur in several contemporaneous operas, in versions differing widely from each other. The question suggests itself as to how the composers of these operas usually obtained their tunes, and whether these variations arose from their having been handed down by distinct traditions, or from the caprice of the compiler. The origin of tunes of this kind is all the harder to trace since, at the same period, it was customary for musicians to publish old ballad airs with new accompaniments, as their own compositions, and many a "New and Favourite Song, sung at Vauxhall, compos'd by Mr. ———" was doing duty in

various forms, and with other words, as the composition of someone else altogether If such songs as Carey's "Sally in our Alley," or Leveridge's "Black-Eyed Susan" could appear, within a short time of their composition, in such widely different versions as those which are to be found in the song-books of the time, what chance had the tunes, which were no one's property, of being transcribed correctly?

The spread of ballads in England was of course due to the pedlars, who sold ballad-sheets with their other wares. Autolycus was an institution before the time of Shakespeare, and he lingered until late years; only last year (1891), an old carter in Surrey, said that he had one of his songs "off a ballet" a long time since.

The arrangement here adopted, by which an attempt has been made to represent each county of England by at least one song, may seem an arbitrary one, since the county boundaries cannot be expected to confine the music of each shire to itself; it has, however, been indirectly of great service, since it has stimulated effort in places that at first seemed altogether unpromising, and these have sometimes proved to contain more than the average amount of good material. "We are such an unmusical neighbourhood, you will certainly not find anything in this county," is a remark which has often preceded some of the most interesting discoveries; for, strange as it may appear, the districts in which music is largely cultivated among the poorer classes are not those in which the old tunes are most carefully preserved and handed down. It is perhaps natural, after all, that young people brought up on the Tonic Sol-fa system, with all that it involves in the way of fatuous part-songs and non-alcoholic revelries, should turn up their noses at the long-winded ballads or the roystering ale-house songs beloved of their grandparents.

In all parts of the country, the difficulty of getting the old-fashioned songs out of the people is steadily on the increase, and those who would undertake the task of collecting them—and a most engaging pursuit it is—should lose no time in setting to work. In almost every district, the editors have heard tantalizing rumours of songs that "Old So-and-So used to sing, who died a year or two back," and have had in many cases to spend a considerable time in inducing the people to begin singing. It is true that when once started, the greater number of the singers find a good deal of difficulty in leaving off, for they are not unnaturally pleased to see their old songs appreciated by anybody in these degenerate days. Two extracts may be given from letters by persons who were asked to seek out songs:—

"In my latest enterprize I have sustained defeat; I had no idea that our old men were so stupid. No sooner do they see my paper and pencil than they become dumb; in fact, not only dumb, but sulky; so I have abandoned the pursuit."

"I have no one on the place to sit down together happy, and sing 'Life's a Bumper,' or 'The Jolly Full Bottle,' 'The Witches' Glee,' 'The Gipsies' Glee,' and many more; 'While Shepherds watched their flocks by night,' and 'The Virgin Unspotted,' 'The Old Ninth Psalm,' your good father's favourites at Christmas; but there is no voices nor part-singing now at ———; it is all over."

The fact must not be overlooked that "outway songsters" (*i.e.* out-of-the-way, or excellently good singers), as they are called in the Sussex tongue, not only sang favourite songs, but also actually invented new ones themselves. These songs attained a local celebrity, and often contained allusions, in conventional ballad language, to the name of the squire of the place, or to his "fair lands," and so forth. In Sussex, a composer of this kind lived till quite recently, and his song on a particular pear-tree, in praise of good perry, is still quoted as "wonderful good." The Rev. S. Baring Gould writes that there are also composers of songs in the West of England, but that the words are usually rubbish, and the tunes mere reminiscences. However that may be, it is worth remembering that the habit of inventing songs has not yet died out among the country people.

a fact which may account for the existence of many totally distinct airs for a set of favourite words. That the merit of these compositions is not always so slight as Mr. Baring Gould states, may be assumed from the following account of a collection of Cornish Carols, made by Mr. R. H. Legge, and accidentally destroyed some years ago. He says, in a letter referring to them—

"An interesting feature in connection with these folk-songs was the sacred feelings with which they were regarded; each village had its own store of Carols, and nothing would induce one village to appropriate the Carols of another; thus it will be seen how great the number of these compositions must have been, and still may be, unless the advance of so-called education has led those pleasant country-folk to neglect and lose their heritage. In those of the Carols which I examined after writing them down, I found the harmonization to be wonderfully correct from the present standpoint. Unless modern civilization has spoiled these happy hunting grounds for the musical antiquary, there should still remain a vast amount of unexplored territory which it would even now repay him well to visit."

The songs of the district here referred to, have been so thoroughly investigated by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, and the results have been so usefully embodied in his *Songs of the West*, that Cornwall has been treated in the present book as one of the least prolific countries.

As far as the editors are aware, about two-thirds of the contents of the volume have never appeared in print before; of the remainder, by far the largest number have appeared without any form of accompaniment whatever. While to give the tunes without accompaniment is doubtless the most scientific method of preserving the songs, it has the disadvantage of rendering them practically useless to educated singers. The accompaniments have been kept as simple as possible, and in all cases the editors have endeavoured to preserve the character of the period to which they suppose the tune to belong. In one or two cases, where the tune shewed a very remarkable affinity with a song of Schubert's, the accompaniment has been treated more or less in his style; and, in "Cold blows the wind" (p. 34), the resemblance to a certain study of Chopin's in the same key has not been disguised.

Of the songs now printed for the first time, a large number have been taken down from the singers by the editors themselves, but there remain many that have been collected by friends who have kindly helped in the work in various districts of England. After the most strenuous efforts, it has to be acknowledged that it is impossible to procure anything whatever from three counties—Monmouth, Bedford, and Huntingdon. If strict justice were done, perhaps one or two other counties would be in the same vacant condition, for they have yielded no traditional music actually extant within their boundaries. In a few instances, songs preserved in one county are proved to have existed in bygone times in another, now vacant; thus, "The Prickly Bush," the words and tune of which came from Somersetshire, is mentioned in a letter of the Precentor of Lincoln, in *Notes and Queries*, as having been taught to him by a nurse, who learnt it in Buckinghamshire, on the strength of which it has been transferred to the latter county. In like manner, "Ground for the Floor" was received as a Yorkshire tune, in spite of its obviously south-country character; another Yorkshire correspondent, to whom the song was only known by name, gave the clue to its origin by stating that it had been introduced into Yorkshire by fen reapers from Cambridgeshire. In some cases, too, the strong internal evidence for a certain locality (*viz.*, names of towns, &c.), has been taken as sufficient for the localization of the song. Rutland is thus provided for, in the canon, "Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow," which, by the way, is the only specimen of what may be called "composed" music in the book. This song, too, affords the only instance in which the words have been modernized, but even here, the process only refers to the spelling. In all other cases, the words have been left absolutely unaltered, and the melodies have in no instance been tampered with.

Special thanks are due to the following gentlemen for help of various kinds:—to Mr. H. M. Bower, of Ripon, for numbers of Yorkshire songs, and for careful annotations of these and songs of other counties; to Mr. Heywood Sumner, for numerous south-country songs, as well as for permission to use tunes already published in his *Besom Maker*; to the Rev. S. Baring Gould and Mr. F. Kidson, for assistance in the matter of identifying tunes, and other help.

Permission for the use of material already printed has been most kindly granted by Miss M. Mason, whose *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* are often referred to; and by Miss Charlotte Burne, whose *Shropshire Folk-Lore* has been of the greatest service in dealing with the music of that district.

The help of the following is to be gratefully acknowledged:—

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Mrs. Vaisey.
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Mr. Willett.
Mrs. Wilson.
&c., &c.

It has been found impossible, in a volume of the present dimensions, to include ever the bulk of the materials collected for the purpose. The design of the book imposed certain restrictions, and made it undesirable to include more than four songs from any one county. From some of the richer counties, however, many more have been received that are in every respect worthy to be preserved. Should sufficient encouragement be bestowed upon the present undertaking, the editors hope, at some future time, to issue another collection containing those now necessarily excluded.

If any readers should be able to throw light on any of the songs here given, or should know other versions of tunes or words than those given or referred to in these pages, they will greatly oblige the editors by sending such information either to Miss L. E. Broadwood, Lyne, Rusper, Horsham; or, to Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, 39, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, W.

L. E. B.
J. A. F. M.

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SONGS OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

NORTHUMBERLAND:—"The Water of Tyne;" "Robbie Tamson's Smiddie;" and "There was a Lady in the West."

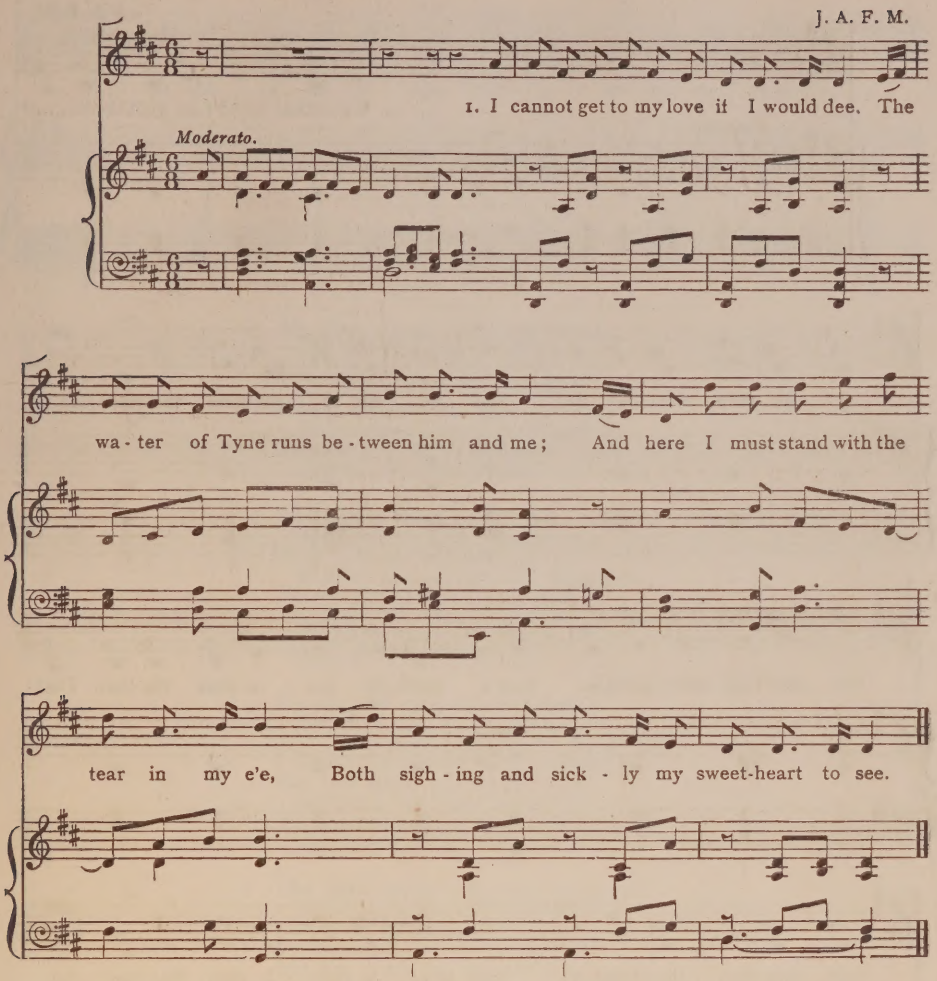
CUMBERLAND:—"Sally Gray."

DURHAM:—"The Collier's Rant."

YORKSHIRE:—"Scarborough Fair" (North Riding); "The Wassail Bough;" and "Sword Dance Song" (West Riding).

WESTMORELAND:—"A North-Country Maid."

The Water of Tyne.


J. A. F. M.
1. I cannot get to my love if I would dee. The
Moderato.
wa - ter of Tyne runs be - tween him and me; And here I must stand with the
tear in my e'e, Both sigh - ing and sick - ly my sweet-heart to see.

1 I CANNOT get to my love if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

2 O where is the boatman? my bonny hinny!
O where is the boatman? bring him to me,—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

3 O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across that rough river to me.

(Words and tune from *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 89.)

Mr. S. Reay, Mus. B., in a paper on "Northumberland Ballad Music," read before the National Society of Professional Musicians, in January, 1892, states that this song was taken down by Mr. Stokoe from the singing of an old man at Hexham, and that it has appeared in many song-books since 1793.—*Musical News*, January 22, 1892.

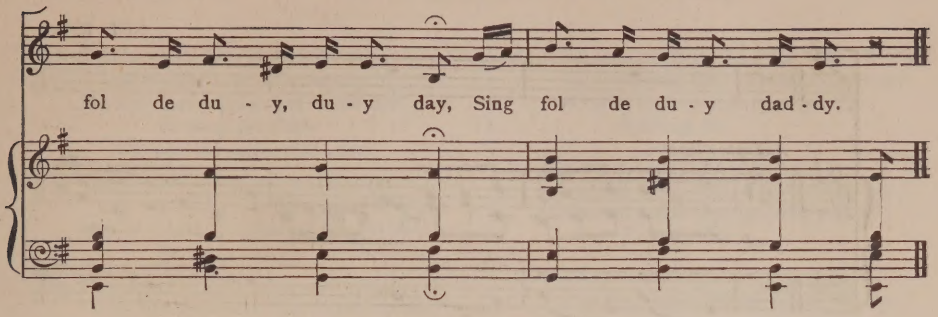
Robbie Tamson's Smiddie. [Northumberland.

J. A. F. M.

Allegretto.

1. Me mither mend't me auld breeks, But ay! but they were did - dy; She sent me to get shod the mare At Rob - bie Tam - son's smiddie. Now t' smid-die lies a- yent the burn That wam - ples thro' the claughin', And ne'er a time I pass that way But aye I fall a-laughin'. Singing fol lol de lol de rol, Ri fol lol de laddy, Sing

ROBBIE TAMSON'S SMIDDIE.



1 ME mither mend't me auld breeks,
But ay! but they were diddy;
She sent me to get shod the mare
At Robbie Tamson's smiddie.
Now t' smiddie lies ayent the burn
That wamples thro' the claughin',
And ne'er a time I pass that way
But aye I fall a-laughin'.

2 Now Robin was a canny lad
Wha had an ainly daughter;
He'd niver let her tak a mon,
Though mony a yan had sought her.
I'll tell you news of my exploits
The time the mare was shoeing,
I steppit in ahint the lass
And quickly fell a-wooing.

3 It's aye she eyed my auld breeks
The time that they were making;
Says I, "My lass, ne'er mind my breeks
There's new yans for the making.
Gin ye'll agree to gang wi' me,
And leave the carle thy father,
Ye'll hae my breeks to keep in trim
Myself and a' together."

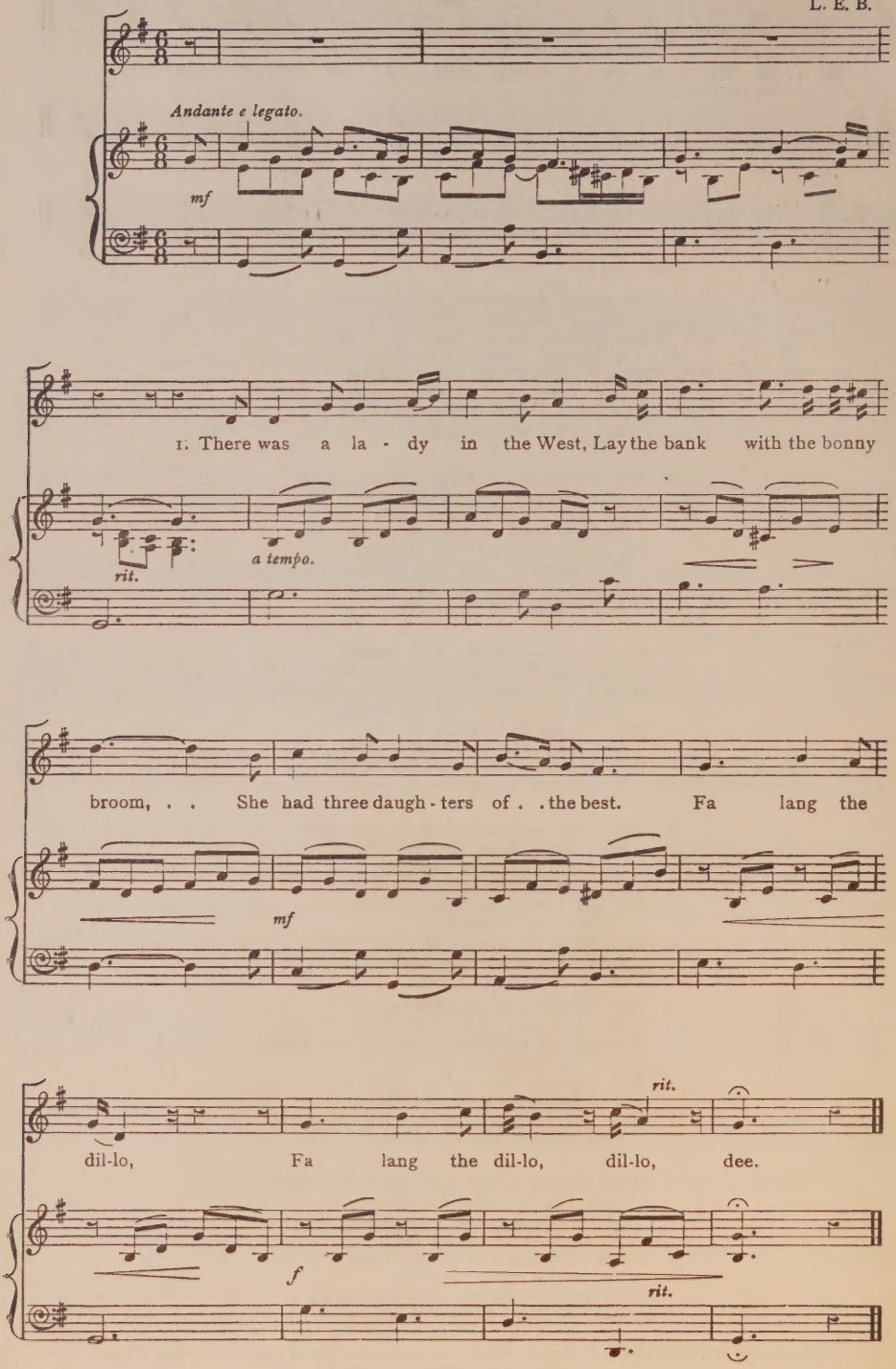
4 The lassie smiled and shook her head
Says she, "Your offer's clever;
I think I'll gang awa' wi' yan,
We'll baith gae on the back o't.
For gin I wait my father's time
I'll wait till I bin fifty;
So I think I'll tak ye at your word,
And make a wife sae thrifty."

5 Now Robbie was an angry man,
For a' t' loss of his daughter,
Through all the town baith up and down,
And far and near he sought her.
But when he cam to our gude inn
And found us baith together,
Says I, "My lad, I've tick your bairn.
Tho' ye may tak my mither."

6 Now Robbie girned and shook his head:
Quo' he, "I think I'll marry;
And so I'll tak ye at your word,
To end the hurry burry."
So Robbie and our ain gudewife
Agreed to creep together:
So I've ta'en Robbie Tamson's pet,
And Robbie's ta'en my mither.

(Words and tune from Mrs. T. H. Farrer, who learnt the song in Canada from Mr. Richard Turner. A Scotch version is also in existence.)

L. E. B.


Andante e legato.
mf
1. There was a la - dy in the West, Lay the bank with the bonny
rit.
a tempo.
broom, . . She had three daugh - ters of . . the best. Fa lang the
mf
rit.
dil-lo, Fa lang the dil-lo, dil-lo, dee.
f
rit.

1 THERE was a lady in the West,
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
She had three daughters of the best.
Fa lang the dillo,
Fa lang the dillo, dillo, dee.

2 There came a stranger to the gate,
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
And he three days and nights did wait.
Fa lang, &c.

3 The eldest daughter did ope the door,
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
The second set him on the floor.
Fa lang, &c.

4 The third daughter she brought a chair,
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
And placed it that he might sit there.
Fa lang, &c.

[*To First Daughter.*]

5 "Now answer me these questions three,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Or you shall surely go with me."
Fa lang, &c.

[*To Second Daughter.*]

6 "Now answer me these questions six,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Or you shall surely be Old Nick's."
Fa lang, &c.

[*To all three.*]

7 "Now answer me these questions nine,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Or you shall surely be all mine."
Fa lang, &c.

8 "What is greener than the grass?"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"What is smoother than crystal glass?"
Fa lang, &c.

9 "What is louder than a horn?"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"What is sharper than a thorn?"
Fa lang, &c.

10 "What is brighter than the light?"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"What is darker than the night?"
Fa lang, &c.

11 "What is keener than an axe?"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"What is softer than melting wax?"
Fa lang, &c.

12 "What is rounder than a ring?"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"To you we thus our answers bring."
Fa lang, &c.

13 "Envy is greener than the grass,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Flattery, smoother than crystal glass."
Fa lang, &c.

14 "Rumour is louder than a horn,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Hunger is sharper than a thorn."
Fa lang, &c.

15 "Truth is brighter than the light,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Falsehood is darker than the night."
Fa lang, &c.

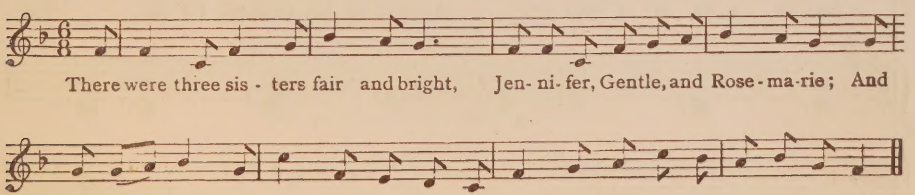
16 "Revenge is keener than an axe,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"Love is softer than melting wax."
Fa lang, &c.

17 "The world is rounder than a ring,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"To you we thus our answers bring."
Fa lang, &c.

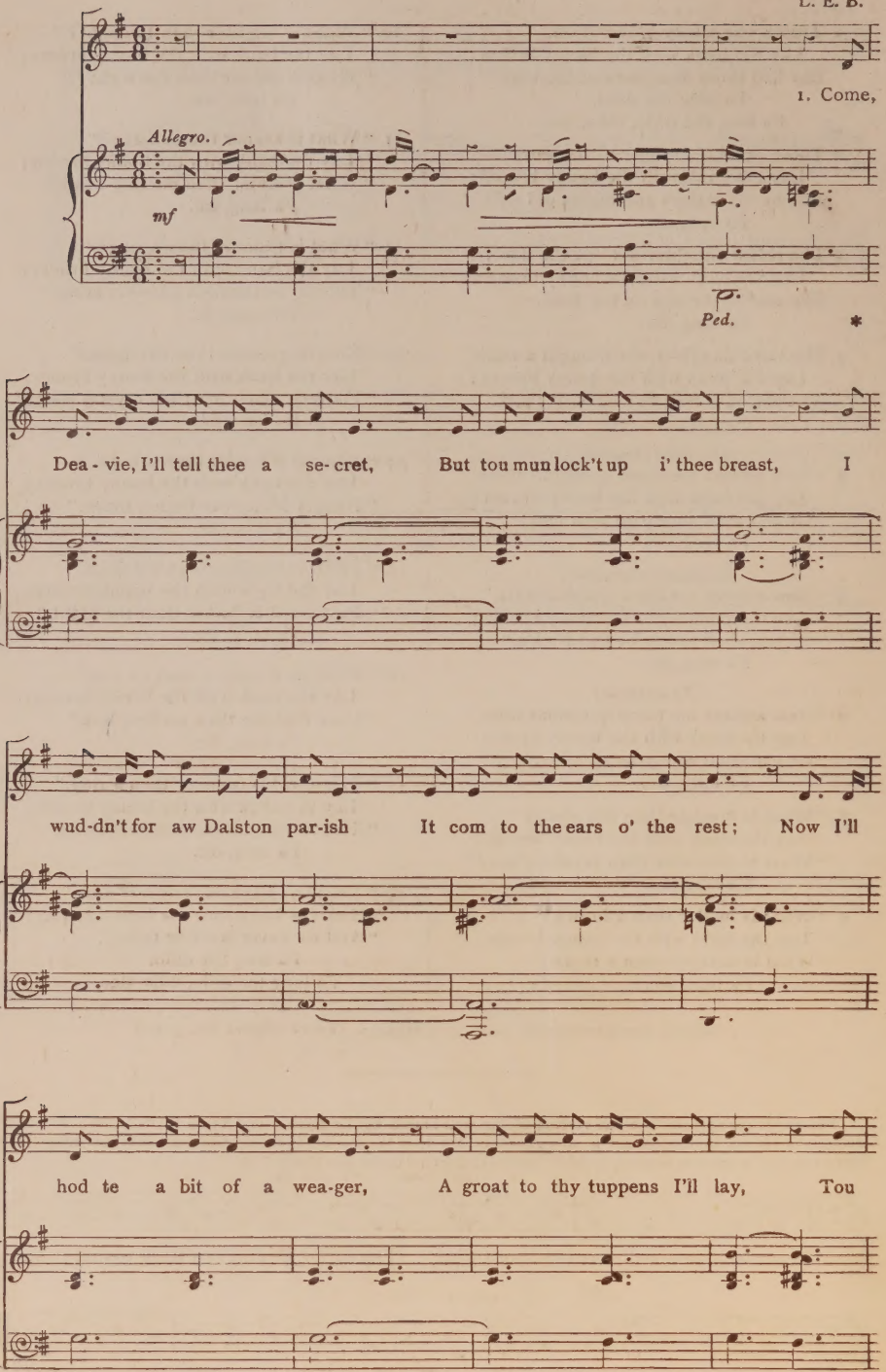
18 "Thus you have our answers nine,"
Lay the bank with the bonny broom;
"And we never shall be thine."
Fa lang the dillo,
Fa lang the dillo, dillo, dee.

(Mitford, Northumberland; from Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*, &c., p. 31.)

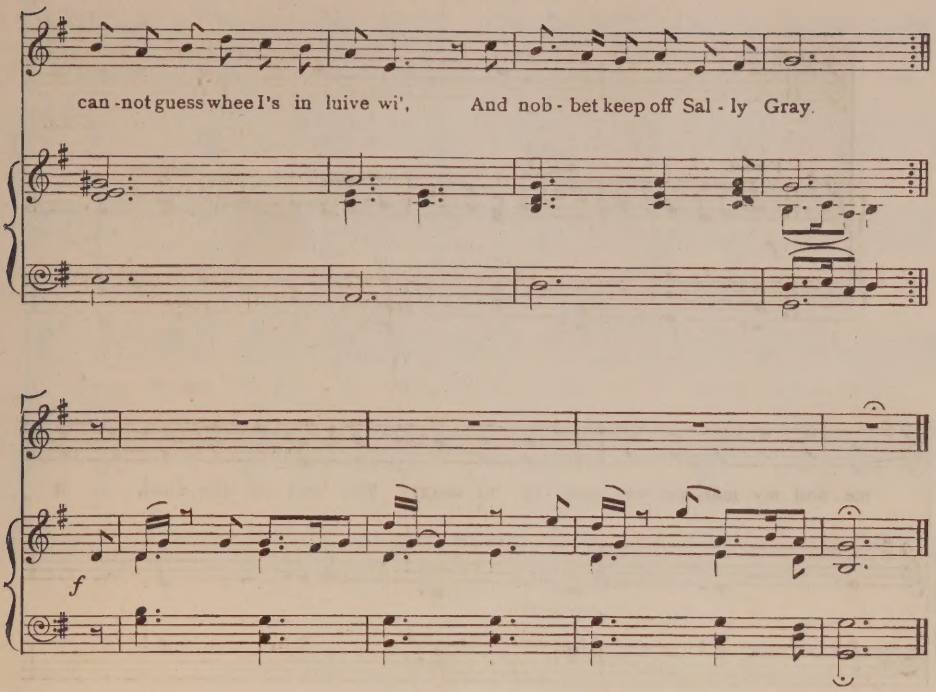
The words are apparently a late version of the well-known Riddle Myth, found in all mythologies. A famous instance of its use in modern art is an episode in Act I. of Wagner's *Siegfried*. Compare with this song, "The Three Sisters," a Cornish version, given in Davies Gilbert's "Christmas Carols."—


There were three sis - ters fair and bright, Jen- ni- fer, Gentle, and Rose - ma-rie; And
they three loved one va - liant knight, As the dew flies o - ver the mul- ber -ry tree.

L. E. B.


1. Come,
Allegro.
mf
Ped.
*
Dea - vie, I'll tell thee a se- cret, But tou mun lock't up i' thee breast, I
wud-dn't for aw Dalston par-ish It com to the ears o' the rest; Now I'll
hod te a bit of a wea-ger, A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay, Tou

SALLY GRAY.



COME, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
But tou mun lock't up i' thee breast,
I wuddn't for aw Dalston parish
It com to the ears o' the rest;
Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,
A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
Tou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',
And nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

2 There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
And mony mair cums i' the county,
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match;
It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,
Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away—
There is nee sic pleace, nit in England,
For there lives the sweet Sally Gray.

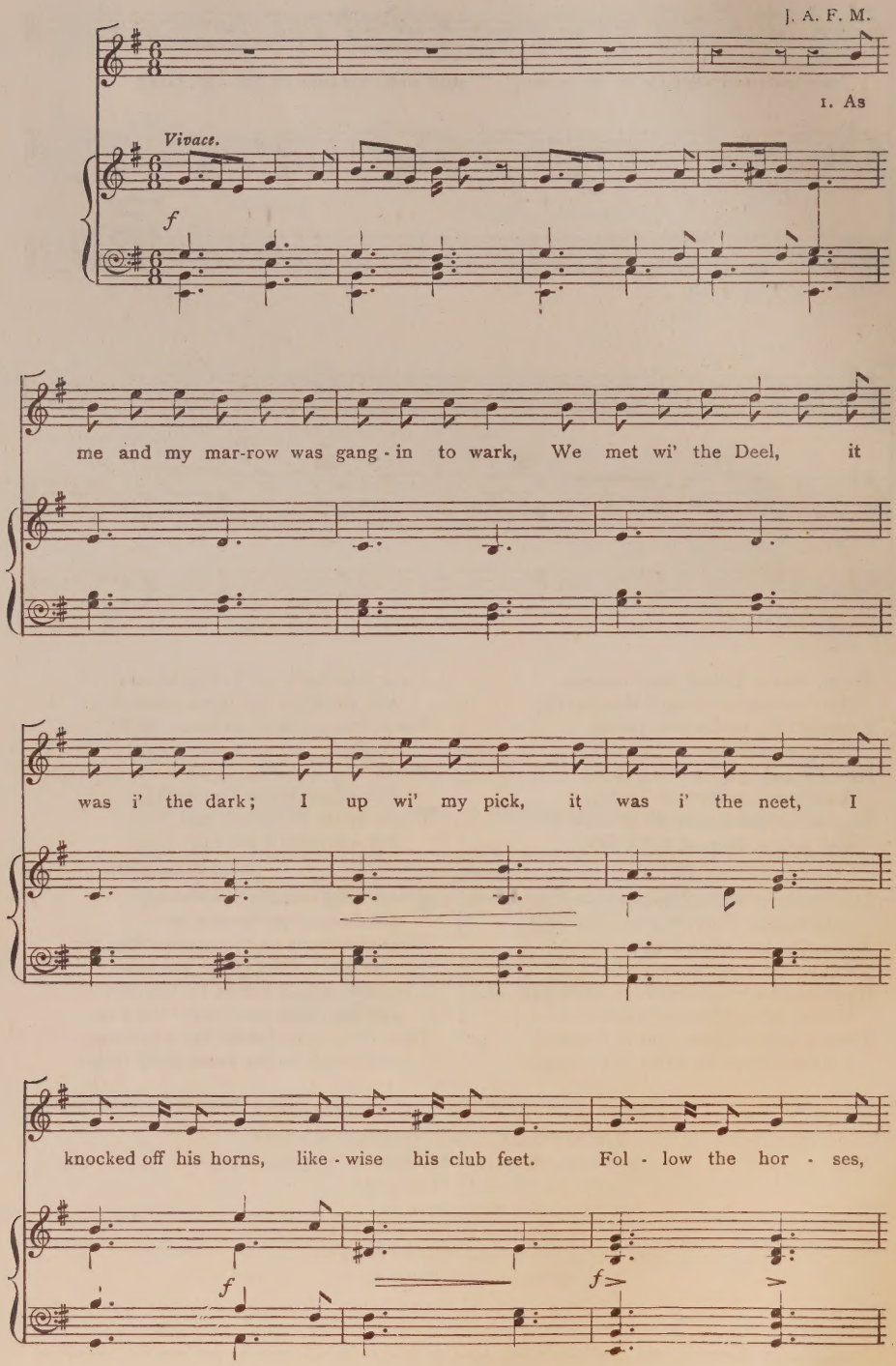
3 I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday,
And she's just the varra same yage,
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,
I'd freely give up a year's wage;
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin'
And singin' about Jemmy Gay,
I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,
For wain wad I see Sally Gray.

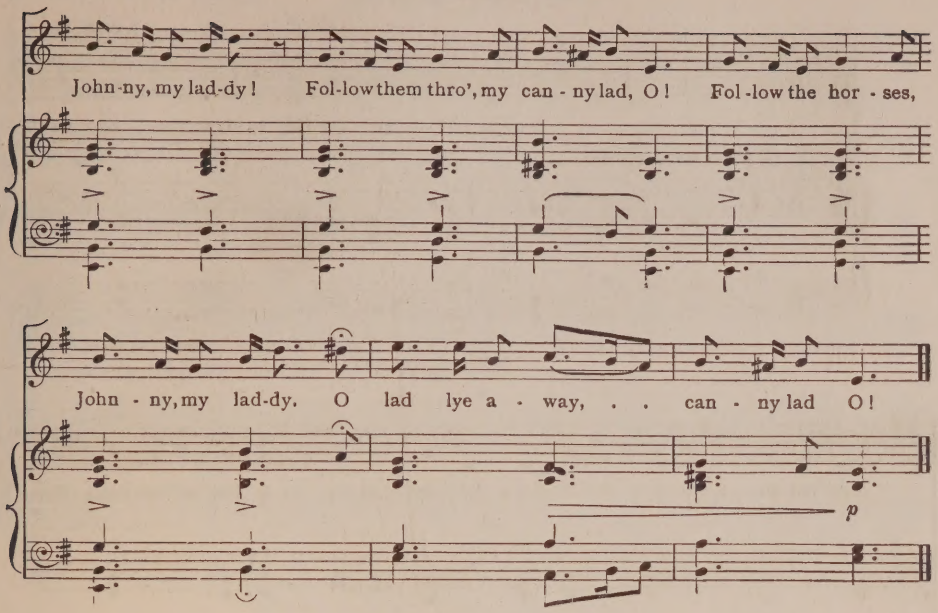
[*Two stanzas omitted.*]

4 O wad I but lword o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliament man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,
Wad she nobbet gi' me her han'.
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,
And gar fwolk stan' out o' the way,
Then I'd loup up behint like a footman,
O the worl' for my sweet Sally Gray!

5 They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace;
God help them! peer deeth-luikin' bodies,
Widout a bit reed i' their feace.
But Sally's just like allybaster,
Her cheeks are twee rwose-buds in May—
O lad! I cou'd stan' here for ever,
And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

Words by R. Anderson, 1802; the tune taken down by Miss Wakefield from an old man in Cumberland "Collop Monday," the Monday before Lent.


J. A. F. M.
1. As
Vivace.
f
me and my mar-row was gang - in to wark, We met wi' the Deel, it
was i' the dark; I up wi' my pick, it was i' the neet, I
knocked off his horns, like - wise his club feet. Fol - low the hor - ses,
f
f



1 As me and my marrow was gangin to wark,
We met wi' the Deel, it was i' the dark;
I up wi' my pick, it was i' the neet,
I knocked off his horns, likewise his club feet.
Follow the horses, Johnny, my laddy!
Follow them through, my canny lad, O!
Follow the horses, Johnny, my laddy,
O lad lye away, canny lad O!

2 As me and my marrow was putten the tram,
The lowe it went out, and my marrow gat wrang;
How ye wad ha' laughed, had ye seen the fine gam,
The deel gat my marrow, but I got the tram.
Follow the horses, &c.

3 Oh, marrow! oh, marrow! oh, what dost thou think?
I've broken my bottle, and spilt all my drink;
I've lost all my shin splints amang the great stanes;
Draw me to the shaft, lad, its time to gan hame.
Follow the horses, &c.

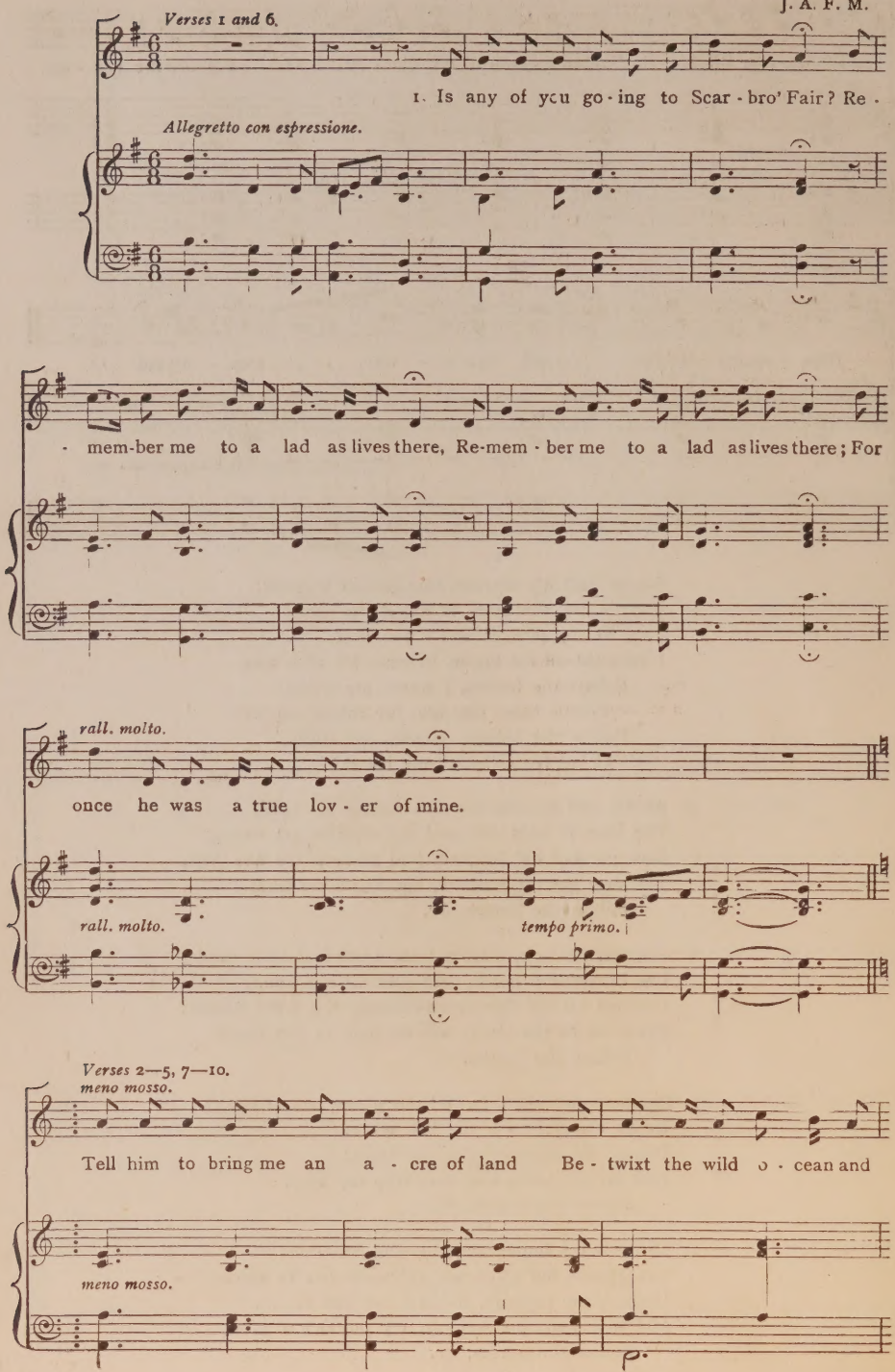
4 Oh, marrow! oh, marrow! oh, where has te been?
Drivin' the dritt fra' the law seam;
Drivin' the drift fra' the law seam;
Had up thy lowe, lad, deel stop thy e'en.
Follow the horses, &c.

5 There is my horse, and there is my tram;
Twee horns full o' grease will make her to gan;
There is my hoggars, likewise my half shoon,
And smash my pit sark, for my putten's a' done.
Follow the horses, &c.

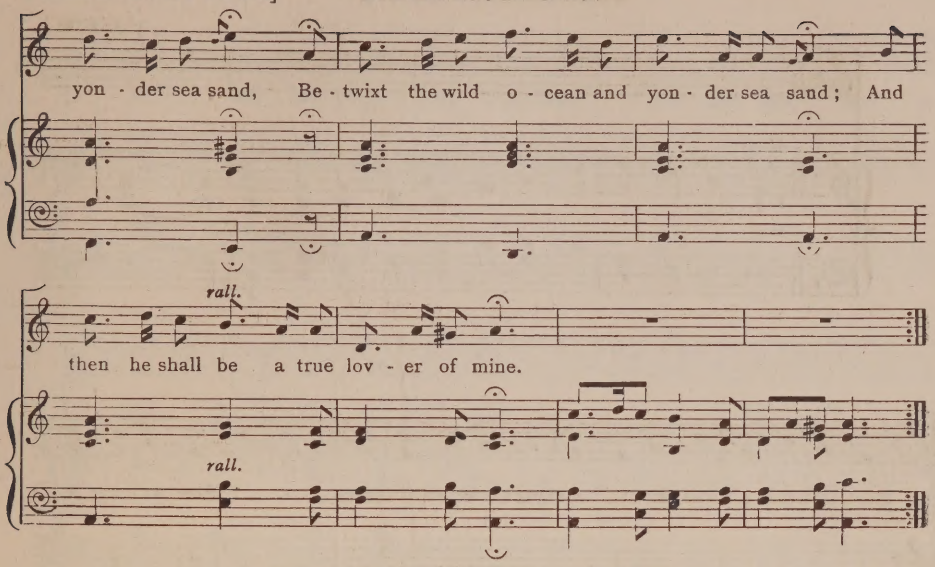
(Words and tune from *The Bishoprick Garland*, p. 52.)

Scarborough Fair. [YORKSHIRE. NORTH RIDING

J. A. F. M.


Verses 1 and 6.
1. Is any of you go-ing to Scar-bro' Fair? Re-
Allegretto con espressione.
-mem-ber me to a lad as lives there, Re-mem-ber me to a lad as lives there; For
rall. molto.
once he was a true lov-er of mine.
rall. molto.
tempo primo.
Verses 2—5, 7—10.
meno mosso.
Tell him to bring me an a-cre of land Be-twixt the wild o-cean and
meno mosso.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR.



1 Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?
Remember me to a lad as lives there,
Remember me to a lad as lives there;
For once he was a true lover of mine.

2 Tell him to bring me an acre of land
Betwixt the wild ocean and yonder sea sand; (*bis*)
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

3 Tell him to plough it with one ram's horn,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn; (*bis*)
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

4 Tell him to reap it with sickle of leather,
And bind it together with one peacock feather: (*bis*)
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.

5 And now I have answered your questions three,
I hope you'll answer as many for me; (*bis*)
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

6 Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?
Remember me to a lass as lives there; (*bis*)
For once she was a true lover of mine.

7 Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Without any needles or thread or owt through't: (*bis*)
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

8 Tell her to wash it by yonder wall
Where water ne'er sprung, nor a drop o' rain fall; (*bis*)
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

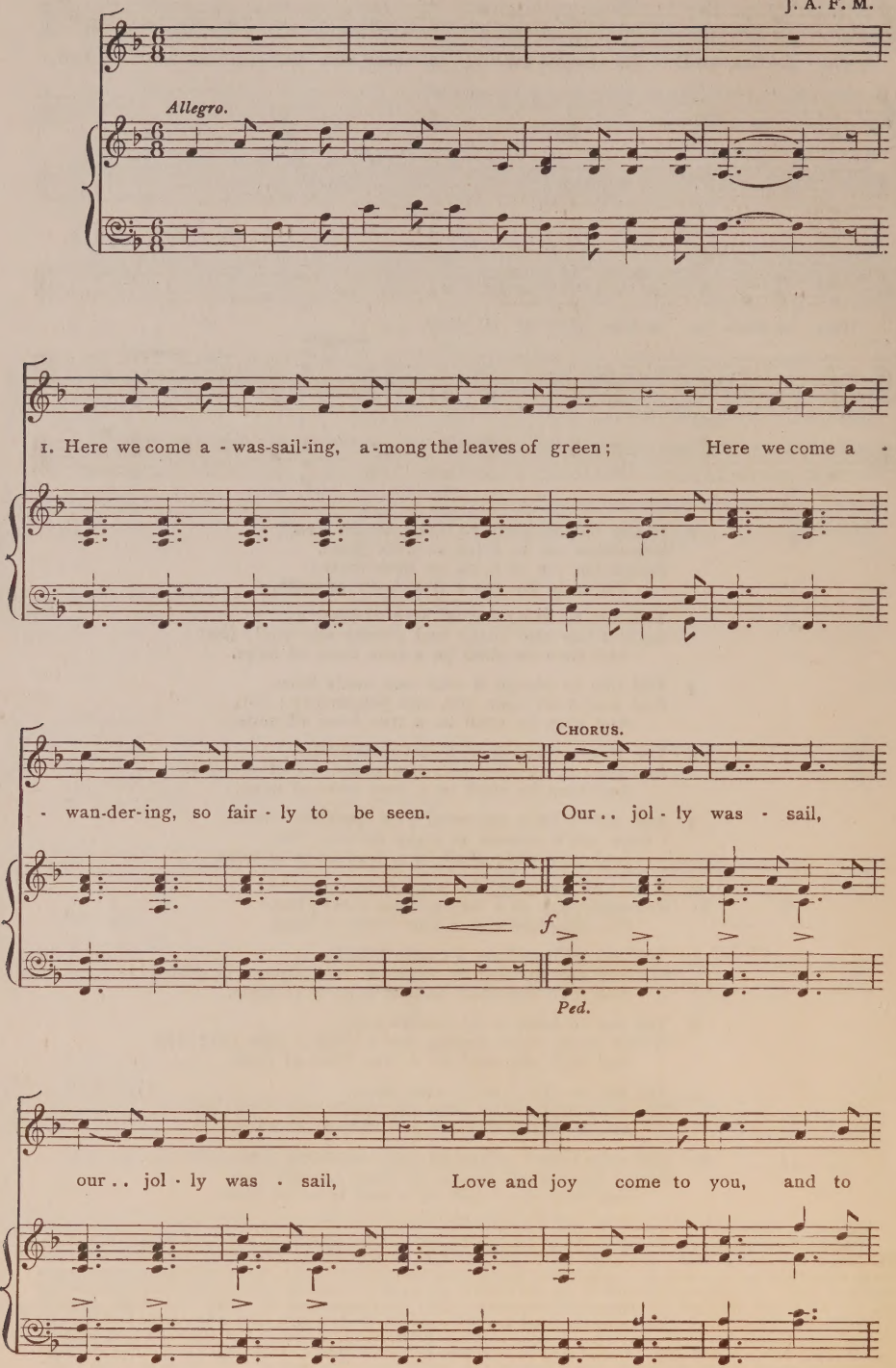
9 Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Where blossom ne'er grew sin' Adam was born; (*bis*)
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

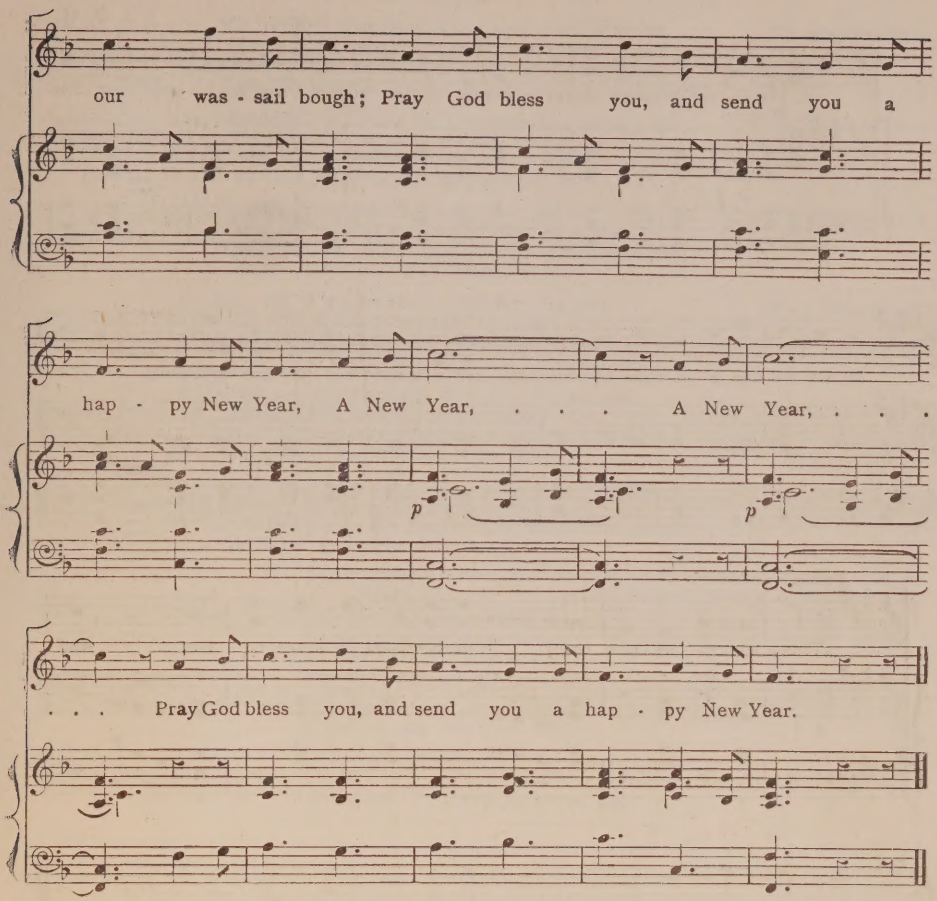
10 And now I have answered your questions three,
And I hope you'll answer as many for me, (*bis*)
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

This song was taken down by H. M. Bower, Esq., in December, 1891, from William Moat, a Whitby fisherman The singer lays special importance upon the pauses, which, he says, should be "doddered" and held very long. If any answers to the various tasks proposed ever existed, they are now lost; but it is not certain that these verses were ever sung; nor is the application of the two tunes at all certain, though the arrangement which gives verses one and six to the first tune and the rest to the second, suits the character of the words, and is that followed by the singer. The answers, if they existed, would have been sung to the first tune; but it is strange that, if so, no trace of them should remain except such as is to be found in verses five and ten. No attempt has been made to represent the dialect phonetically. Compare the two versions given in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, which complete the four-line stanza without repetition, by a refrain for the second line. The tune of "The Seasons of the Year" (*Sussex*, p. 143) is evidently a variant of the second tune given above.

The Wassail Bough. [Yorkshire, West Riding.

J. A. F. M.


Allegro.
1. Here we come a - was-sail-ing, a-mong the leaves of green; Here we come a -
Chorus.
- wan-der-ing, so fair - ly to be seen. Our .. jol - ly was - sail,
f
Ped.
our .. jol - ly was - sail, Love and joy come to you, and to


our was - sail bough; Pray God bless you, and send you a
hap - py New Year, A New Year, . . . A New Year, . . .
p
p
. . . Pray God bless you, and send you a hap - py New Year.

1 HERE we come a-wassailing, among the leaves of green;
Here we come a-wandering, so fairly to be seen.
Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,
Love and joy come to you, and to our wassail bough;
Pray God bless you, and send you a happy New Year.

2 We are not daily beggars, that beg from door to door;
We are the neighbours' children, whom you have seen before.
Our jolly wassail, &c.

3 I have a little purse, it is made of leather skin;
I want a little sixpence, to line it well within.
Our jolly wassail, &c.

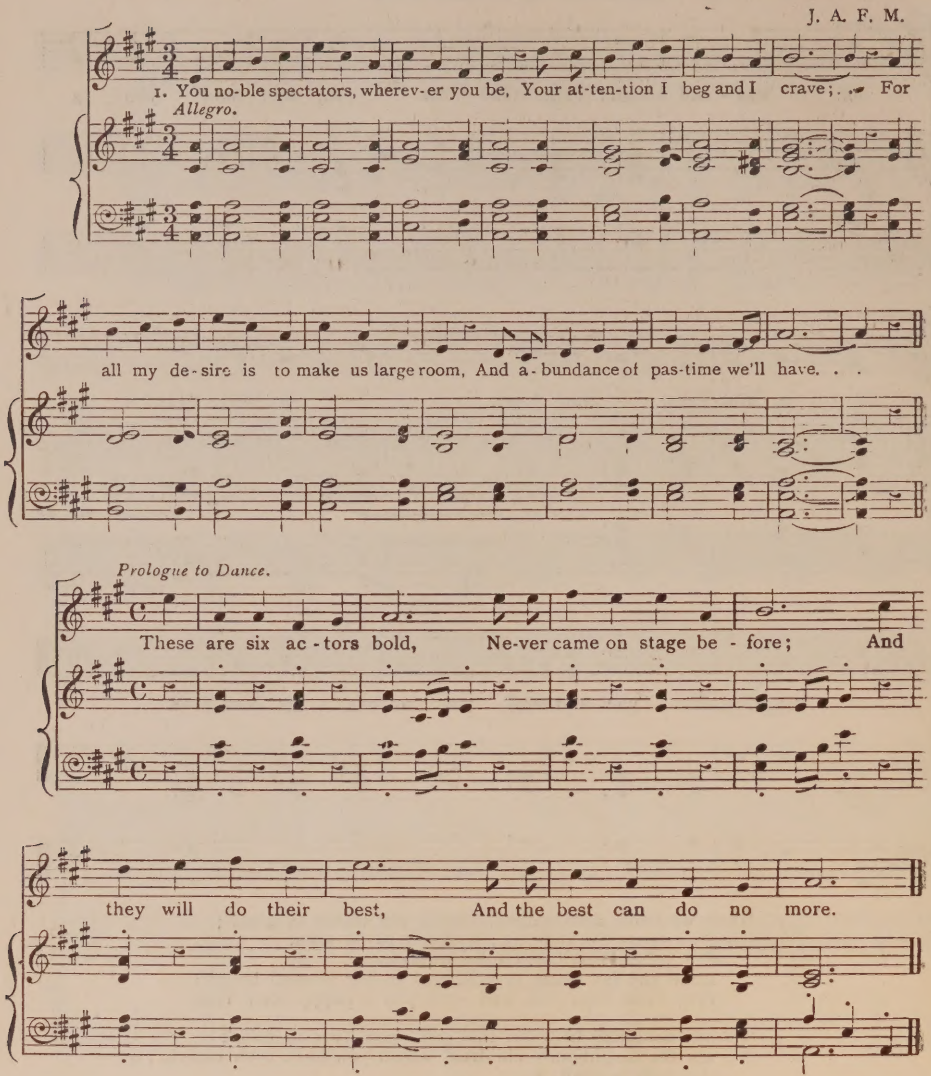
4 Bring us out the table, and spread it with the cloth;
Bring us out the bread and cheese, and a bit of your Christmas loaf.
Our jolly wassail, &c.

5 God bless the master of the house, and the mistress too;
Also the little children, which round the table grew.
Our jolly wassail, &c.

(Words and tune from H. M. Bower, Esq.)

This song is sung about Anston, in South Yorkshire, and about Galphay, near Ripon. The children carry green boughs, and wave them over their heads, asking for a New Year's gift. The version given is that sung at Anston. Compare the "Souling Song" (Cheshire), p. 30; the "Peace-Egging Song" (Lancashire), p. 22; and other ditties of the same kind. A Shrewsbury version, more nearly resembling the "Souling Song," is given in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 568, and a different tune is given there.

Sword Dance Song. [YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING.


J. A. F. M.
1. You no-ble spectators, wherev-er you be, Your at-ten-tion I beg and I crave; . . For
Allegro.
all my de-sire is to make us large room, And a-bundance of pas-time we'll have. . .
Prologue to Dance.
These are six ac-tors bold, Ne-ver came on stage be-fore; And
they will do their best, And the best can do no more.

1 You noble spectators, wherever you be,
Your attention I beg and I crave:
For all my desire is to make us large room,
And abundance of pastime we'll have.

2 I am the second Samson, in Judges you'll find,
Who delights in his darling so dear;
What a blockhead was I for to tell her my mind,
And so gallant and quick you shall hear.

3 The first he comes on like a ranting young lad— [*Bowing to the first of the six dancers.*
He conquers wherever he goes;
He's scarned by his enemies to be controlled.
And his name it is King William Raw.

4 The next is his brother, you might think they were twins, [*No. 1 bows to No. 2*
I thought by the world they would fight;
When these two Philistians seizèd on me,
You'd ha' thought they had ruined me quite.

5 The third is a man of some more milder blood, [*No. 2 bows to No. 3.*
Some pity there's lodged in his breast;
He oftentimes threatened to do me some good,
But he doesn't (*qy.* durstn't ?) for fear of the rest.

6 The fourt' he comes on like a ranting young lad, [*No. 3 bows to No. 4.*
He's like some great gestical stand;
It was he that gave orders that I should be polled,
So they fettered my feet and my hands.

7 The fift' is as cruel as cruel can be, [*No. 4 bows to No. 5.*
The others and him did revise (*qy.* advise ?):
It was he that gave orders I should no more see,
So they instantly bored out my eyes.

8 The sixt' is no better at all than the rest, [*No. 5 bows to No. 6.*
He was the first breeder of strife;
If any of you then had been in my place,
You'd ha' been glad to com'd off with your life.

9 These are the six lords that first ruined me,
Without the consent of my dear;
But I will come even with them by-and-bye
So gallant and quick you shall hear.

10 When they were all merry carousing with wine,
When first down for Samson did call;
He pulled down the house, slew all at that time,
So there was an end of 'em all.

[*After singing the above, the Clown takes the dancers out one by one, to form the dancing party, and then sings the following Prologue to the Dance itself.*

These are six actors bold,
Never came on stage before;
And they will do their best,
And the best can do no more.

You've seen them all go round,
Think on 'em what you will;
Music strike up and play
"T' aud lass fra Dallowgill."

(Words and tune from H. M. Bower. Esq.)

The tune generally played for the dance was "My love she's but a lassie yet," but the tune of the Prologue has so much of the Morris Dance character that it very possibly served to dance to. The instruments are two fiddles and a small drum; the musicians and Clown are dressed in blue calico jackets with red braid and a pink sash or hem, white calico trousers with red stripe, and a pink cap; the dancers wear pink jackets with blue braid and sash, white trousers with red stripe, and a blue cap. This was a traditional performance by the old inhabitants of Kirby Malzeard, near Ripon. Mr. Bower says: "Taken down by me from old Thomas Wood, of Kirby Malzeard, who sings and repeats it. But he will have nothing to do with the present Christmas sword-dancers, or "Moowers," who, he says, 'have never had the full of it, and don't dress properly, nor do it in any form, being a bad, idle company; but were originally taught by him to make up his numbers at the Ripon Millenary Festival.'"

Mr. Bower sends another version of the words, from Skelton, near Ripon, with some characteristic differences of text. The scheme is the same, and from the phrase "I am the second Samson" it would seem that this song is only a part of a larger play in which the seven worthies took part. In the Skelton version the first verse is omitted, but there is a second verse as follows:—

"A foxtail, a foxtail is not on my back to be seen;
Although I go ragged and wear a fool's cap
Who knows but I am loved by the Queen."

The stanza is obviously corrupt, but it may have contained a reference to the exploit related in Judges xv. Verse 3, which is without meaning in the version given above, runs—

"Here comes the first lad that laid hands upon me,
Although I was grieved to the heart;
As I sat asleep on my dear darling's knee
The barber was playing his part."

In verse 6 occurs the more reasonable "bound" for "polled." The swollen last line of verse 8 is given as—

"You would have been matched to come off with your life."

Verse 9 is omitted, and the first two lines of verse 10 run thus—

"As they were a carousing so merry with wine,
So loud out for Samson did call;"

and the Prologue to the Dance is in a different metre from that given above, as follows:—

"Come Fiddlers, be your strings advancing,
When you hear me sweetly sing
Pretty lads come fall a-dancing
When you hear the fiddle-string."

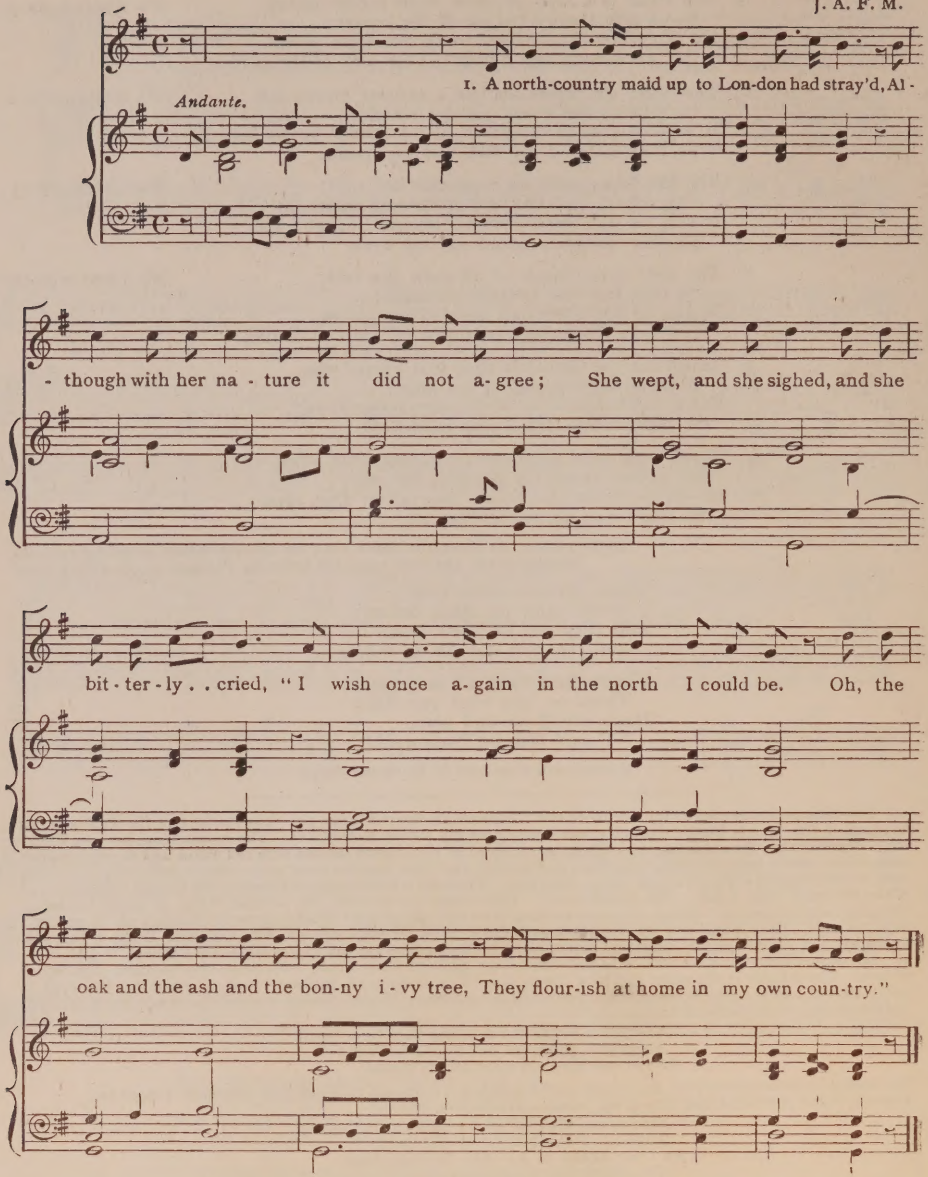
This version was written down by John Fawcett, farm foreman in the service of Captain Hincks, of Brecon-boro', near Thirsk.

Formerly the dresses were adorned with many ribbons, as were also the head-dresses. which were like tall hats with cockades or plumes.

A North-Country Maid

[WESTMORELAND.

J. A. F. M.


Andante.
1. A north-country maid up to Lon-don had stray'd, Al-
though with her na-ture it did not a-gree; She wept, and she sighed, and she
bit-ter-ly . . cried, "I wish once a-gain in the north I could be. Oh, the
oak and the ash and the bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try."

1 A NORTH-COUNTRY maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
She wept, and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,
"I wish once again in the north I could be.
Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

2 "While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing,
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.
Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

3 "No doubt did I please, I could marry with ease,
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
Oh, the oak and the ash," &c.

(Tune from Miss Wakefield; words in Chappell, and many collections.)

A more beautiful and characteristic tune to these words is one of the best-known English ballads, and is to be found in all collections.

SONGS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN COUNTIES.

LANCASHIRE :—"King Arthur;" "Peace-Egging Song" (Nos. 1 and 2); "Green Gravel;" "There was a Pig went out to dig."

CHESHIRE :—"The Cheshire Man;" "The Souling Song;" "I will give you the Keys of Heaven."

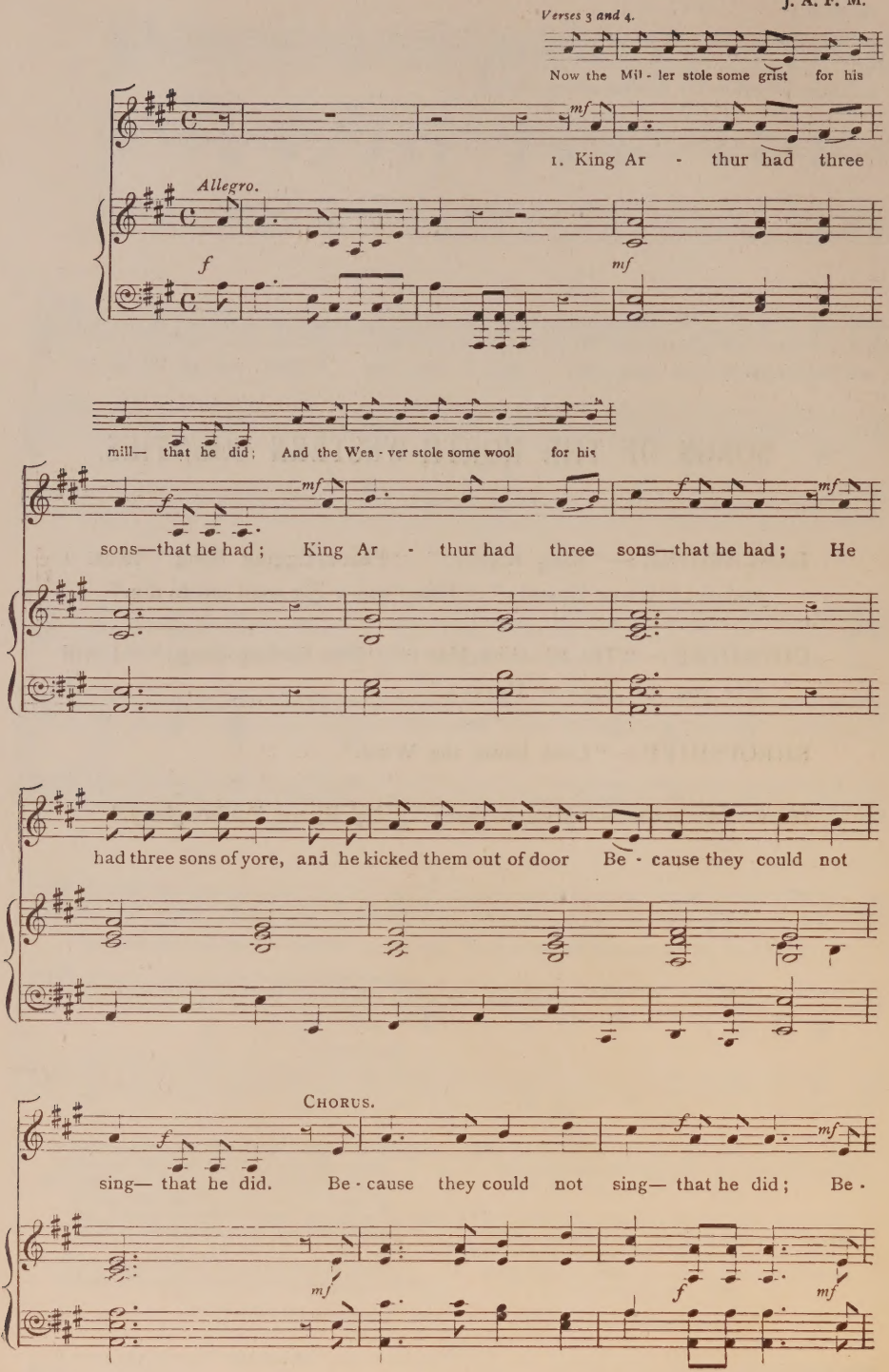
SHROPSHIRE :—"Cold blows the Wind."

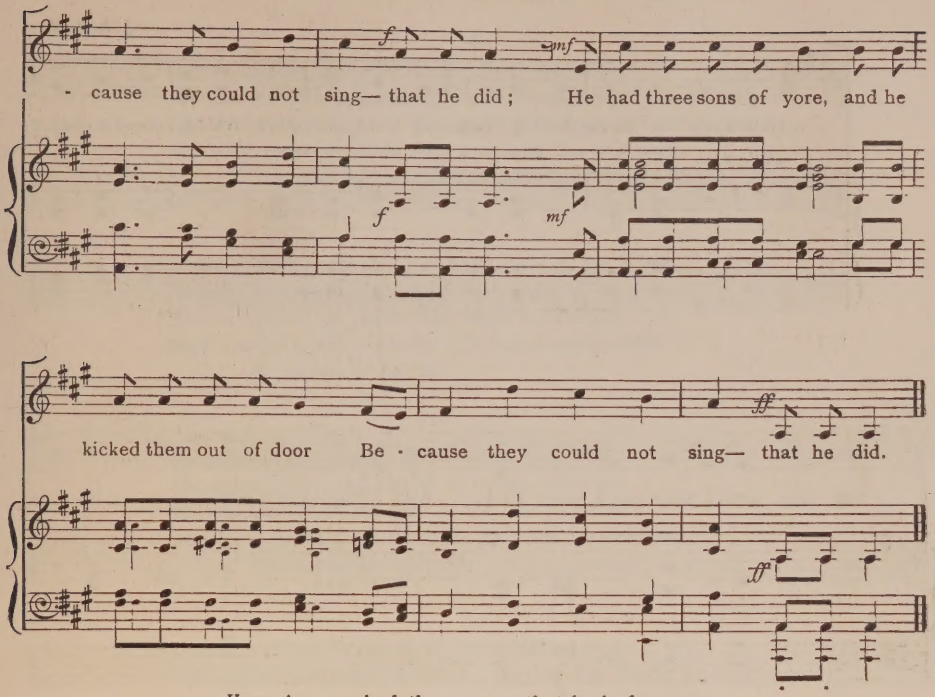
ISLE OF MAN :—"Mylecharane;" "Ny Kirree Fo-Sniaghtey."

King Arthur.

[LANCASHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


Verses 3 and 4.
Now the Mil - ler stole some grist for his
mf
1. King Ar - thur had three
Allegro.
f
mf
mill— that he did; And the Wea - ver stole some wool for his
f
mf
sons—that he had; King Ar - thur had three sons—that he had; He
had three sons of yore, and he kicked them out of door Be - cause they could not
CHORUS.
f
sing— that he did. Be - cause they could not sing— that he did; Be -
mf
f
mf


- cause they could not sing— that he did; He had three sons of yore, and he
kicked them out of door Be - cause they could not sing— that he did.

1 KING ARTHUR had three sons—that he had;
King Arthur had three sons—that he had;
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them out of door
Because they could not sing—that he did.
Chorus.—Because they could not sing—that he did;
Because they could not sing—that he did;
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them out of door
Because they could not sing—that he did.

2 The first he was a Miller—that he was;
The second he was a Weaver—that he was;
And the third he was a little Tailor boy,
And he was mighty clever—that he was.
Chorus.—And he was mighty clever, &c.

3 Now the Miller stole some grist for his mill—that he did;
And the Weaver stole some wool for his loom—that he did;
And the little Tailor boy, he stole some corduroy,
For to keep those three rogues warm—that he did.
Chorus.—For to keep, &c.

4 Oh the Miller he was drowned in his dam—that he was;
And the Weaver he was killed at his loom—that he was;
And old Nick he cut his stick with the little Tailor boy
With the broadcloth under his arm—that he did.
Chorus.—With the broadcloth, &c.

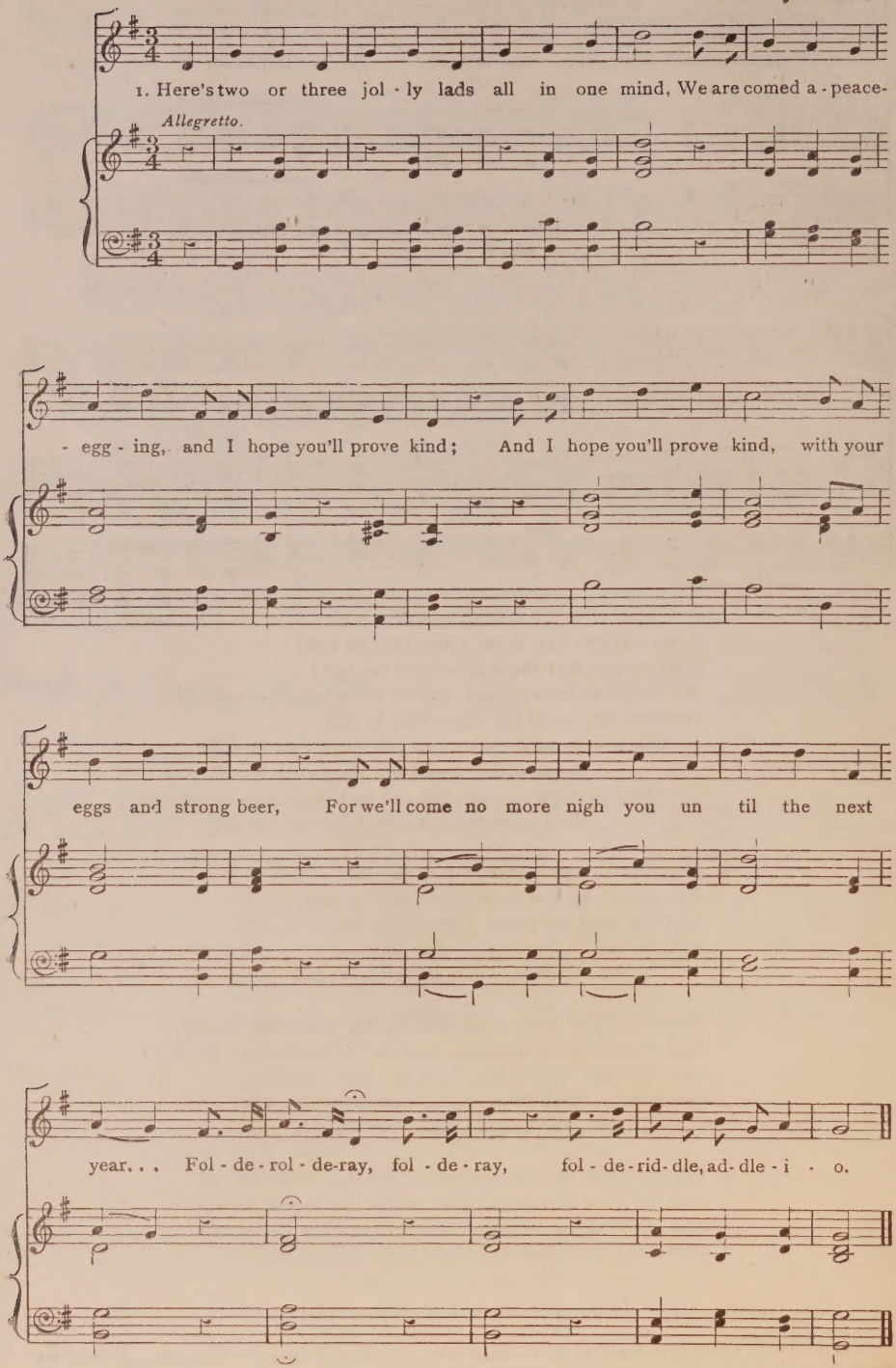
(Words and tune from R. L. Harrison, Esq.)

The small notes in the accompaniment are intended to be used when no chorus is forthcoming, or when the chorus is sung in unison. The large notes are intended to be sung by a four-part choir.

Peace-Egging Song, No. 1.

[LANCASHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


1. Here's two or three jol - ly lads all in one mind, We are comed a - peace-
Allegretto.
- egg - ing, and I hope you'll prove kind; And I hope you'll prove kind, with your
eggs and strong beer, For we'll come no more nigh you un til the next
year. . . Fol - de - rol - de-ray, fol - de - ray, fol - de - rid - dle, ad - dle - i - o.

PEACE-EGGING SONG, No. 1.

1.

HERE'S two or three jolly lads all in one mind,
We are comed a-peace-egging, and I hope you'll prove kind;
And I hope you'll prove kind, with your eggs and strong beer.
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, fol-de-ray, fol-de-riddle, addle-i-o.

2.

O the next that comes in is Lord Nelson, you'll see.
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee;
And a star on his breast like silver doth shine—
And I hope you'll remember it's peace-egging time.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

3.

O the next that comes in is a jolly Jack Tar,
He sailed with Lord Nelson a-during last war;
He's arrived from the sea old England to view,
And he's comed a-peace-egging with our jovial crew.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

4.

O the next that comes in is Lord Collingwood.
He fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood;
He fought with Lord Nelson through sorrow and woe—
And I hope you'll reward us before we do go.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

5.

O the next that comes in is old Tosspot you see,
He's a valiant old man in every degree;
He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail,
But all his delight is in drinking mulled ale.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

6.

Then in comes old miser, all with her brown bags;
For fear of her money she wears her old rags.
So mind what you're doing and see that all's right;
If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell and good night
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

7.

Come ladies and gentlemen that sits by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire;
Put your hands in your pockets and pull out your purse.
And give us a trifle, you'll not be much worse.
Fol-de-rol-de-ray, &c.

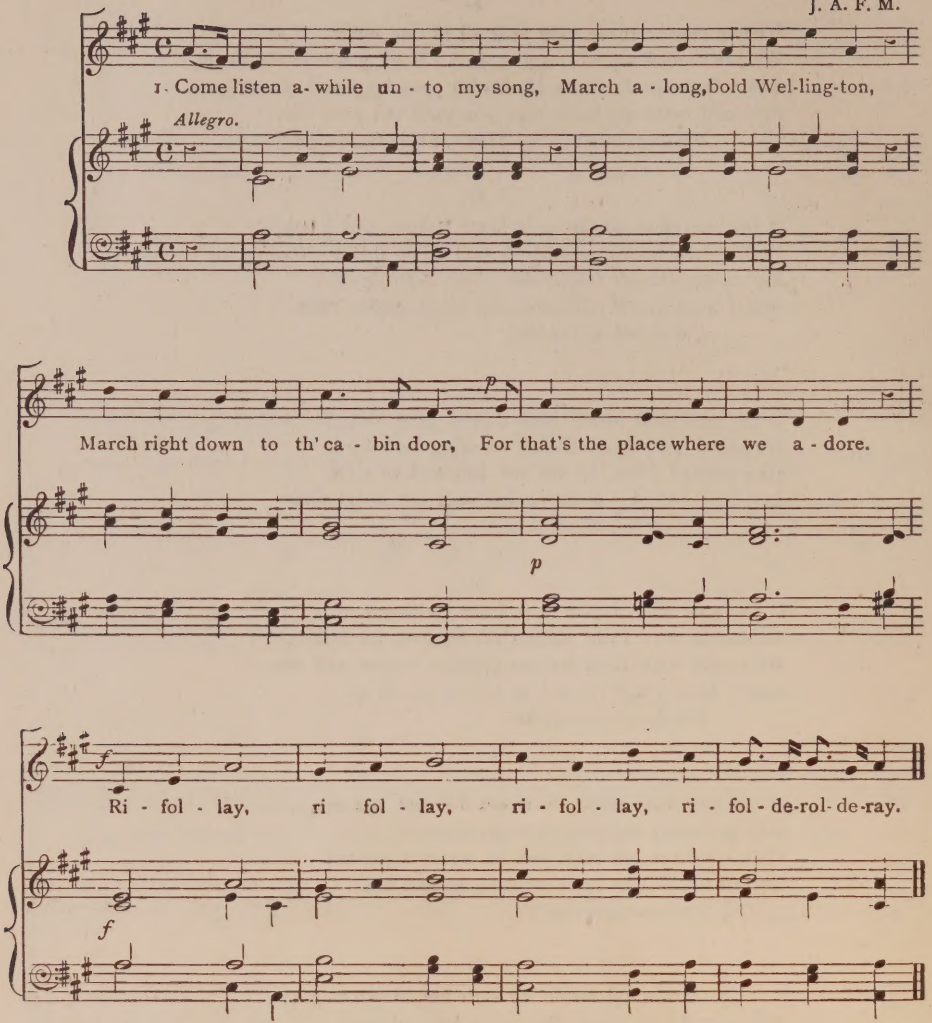
(Words and tune from Miss Margaret Royds, Heysham.)

For Note on the Costumes, &c., see next song.

Peace-Egging Song, No. 2.

[LANCASHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


1. Come listen a-while un-to my song, March a-long, bold Wel-ling-ton,
Allegro.
March right down to th' ca-bin door, For that's the place where we a-dore.
p
Ri-fol-lay, ri fol-lay, ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-de-rol-de-ray.
f
f

1.

COME listen awhile unto my song,
March along, bold Wellington,
March right down to the cabin door,
For that's the place where we adore.
Ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-de-rol-de-ray.

2.

O the next that comes in, Soldier bold,
In his hand he carries a sword,
A shining star on his right breast.
And a bonny bunch of roses around his wrist.
Ri-fol-lay, &c.

3.

O the next that comes in, Sailor bold,
He has sailed the ocean round,
England Ireland, France, and Spain.
And now returns to old England again.
Ri-fol-lay, &c.

4.

O the next that comes in's General Hill
He can neither fight nor kill,
He took a slash from whence he came
And all the people cried a shame.
Ri-fol-lay, &c.

5.

O the next that comes in's Never Fear,
He wants a peace-egg once a year,
He wants a peace-egg for to go.
To treat young lasses you may know.
Ri-fol-lay, &c.

6.

O the next that comes in our old lass,
Sits in the alehouse jug and glass;
Sits in the alehouse from morn till night,
And in her glass she takes her delight.
Ri-fol-lay, &c.

(Words and tune from Miss Margaret Royds, Heysham.)

The Peace-Egg is obviously a version of a mumming play, differing chiefly in the fact that it is performed at Easter instead of Christmas. The name is a corruption of Pasche-Egg, or Easter Egg. At Heysham it is performed by five or six children, or, on some occasions, by a company of men, numbering at least a dozen. It is still kept up in Holy Week, except on Good Friday; and not long ago even that day was no exception. Now-a-days the costume is simply a night shirt worn over the clothes, ornamented with tags of coloured ribbon and paper, sewn in all directions. The performers wear masks, and one of them is always an old woman (see last verse of both songs). She is generally arm-in-arm with a shabby old man, who has his back stuffed out with straw. The "Singer-in" (compare "Open the Door" in the Morris-Dancers' Play given in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 484 *ff.*) starts first, and walks round by himself in a circle, singing the first verse. With each succeeding verse another joins him, until at last they are all singing and walking round, the old man and woman last. They stand still to sing the extra verse, "Come ladies and gentlemen" (the last verse of Song 1, which, it should be observed, forms the last verse of both songs), and then run off with money and eggs to the next house. As in all performances of the kind, there is a tradition in the memory of old inhabitants of much more elaborate ceremonies being gone through. The correct dress of this one is said to have been white stockings with sandal shoes, white breeches (with the exception of the old woman, let us hope), and white smock-frocks. The old man had, besides his straw hump, straw wrapped round his legs, and a long straw tail. The players used to fight with swords; and at one period (nearly seventy years ago), a doctor was introduced with a magic bottle, for restoring the slain. He had to touch the fallen man, and say:—

'I've a bottle in my pocket of Alicampane,
Jump up, Saint George, and fight again."

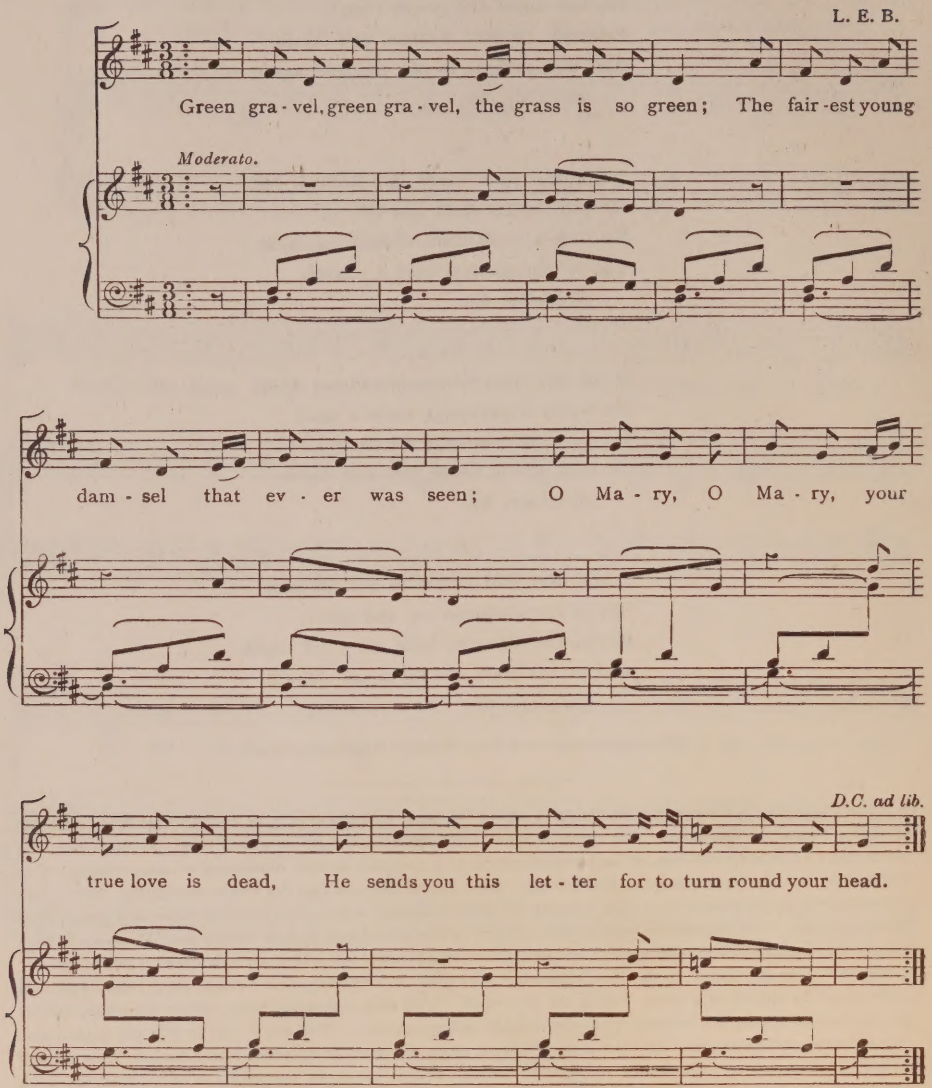
This incident (which appears in many existing versions of the play) was an innovation, borrowed from another set of actors who used to come on Easter Monday from another village twelve miles away.

For more information concerning the custom of "Peace-Egging," see *Folk Lore Record* vol. iii., part I., p. 87; and Bohn's *Brand*, vol. i. p. 176.

Green Gravel.

[LANCASHIRE.

(CHILDREN'S GAME-SONG.)


L. E. B.
Green gra - vel, green gra - vel, the grass is so green; The fair - est young
Moderato.
dam - sel that ev - er was seen; O Ma - ry, O Ma - ry, your
D.C. ad lib.
true love is dead, He sends you this let - ter for to turn round your head.

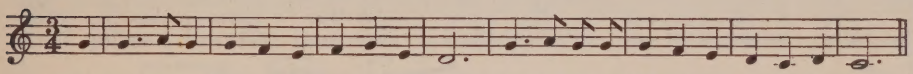
Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green;
The fairest young damsel that ever was seen;
O Mary, O Mary, your true love is dead,
He sends you this letter for to turn round your head

(Words and tune from Mrs. Harley, Bewdley.)

A circle of children stand hand in hand, one child in the middle; they sing, and at the words "turn round your head," the child named by the one in the middle has to turn face outwards and join hands again. The game goes on till all the children are turned face outwards.

The following version is sung in Derbyshire; and another tune for the same words is given by Miss Burne in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, pp. 510 and 656.

AROUND THE GREEN GRAVEL.



1. Around the green gra-vel the grass is so green; All the pretty fair maids are plain to be seen;

Wash them in milk, and clothe them in silk, . . Write their names down with a gold pen and ink.

2 All but {poor Mary / Miss Jenny} her sweetheart is dead;
She has left off her wedding to turn round her head.

In a Worcestershire version of this game, contributed by Mrs. Harley, a second verse is given, as follows:—

"O mother, O mother, do you think it is true?"
"O yes, child, O yes, child!" "Then what shall I do?'
"We'll wash you in milk, we'll dress you in silk,
And write down your name with a gold pen and ink."

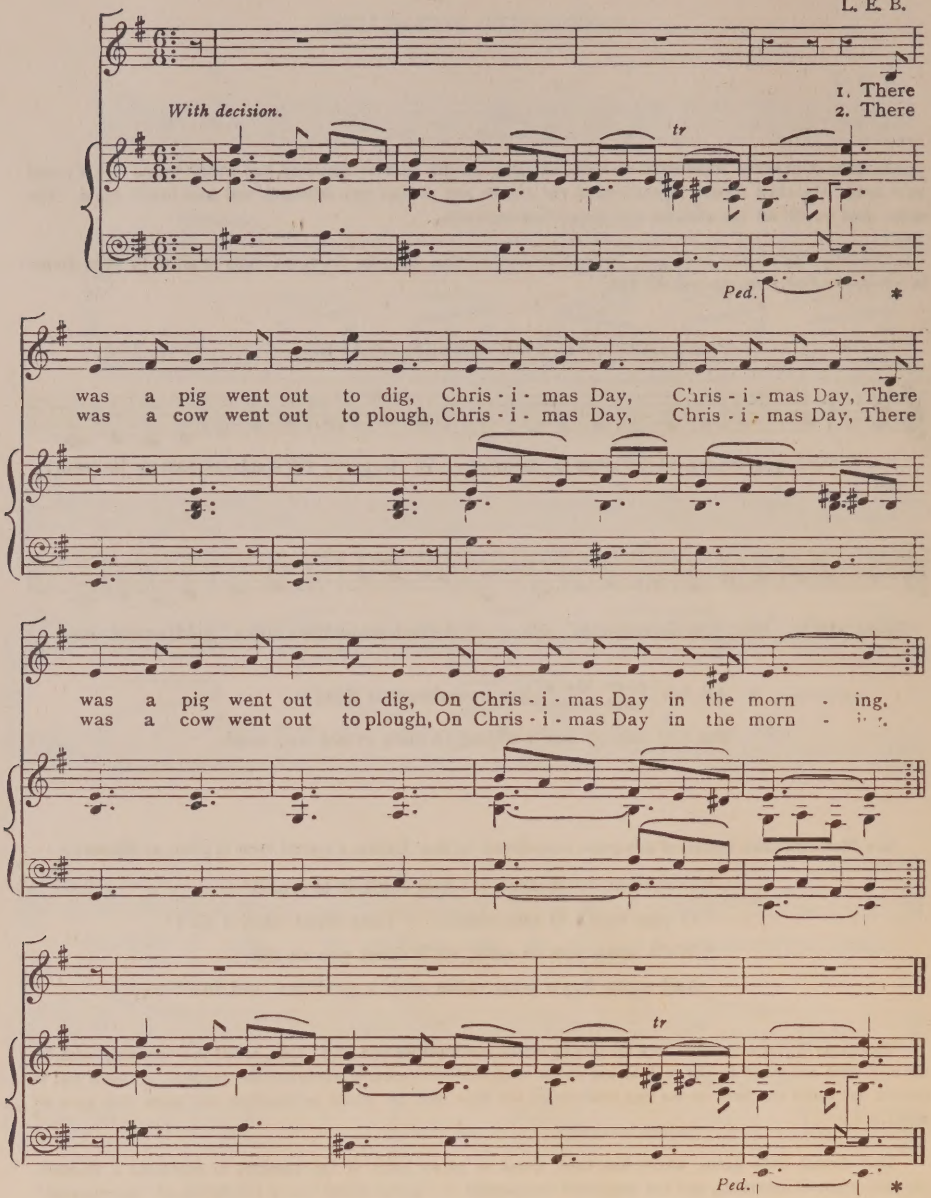
This game is played by girls only, all joining hands and dancing in a ring. One, called the "mother," who, by the way, does not stand in the middle, but in the ring, names the girls in any order she pleases. As each girl is named, she turns her back on the ring and covers her face with her hands or pinafore; the game then goes on without her.

This dismal little game, which has been found in many parts of the country, is obviously a dramatic representation of mourning, and the suggested explanation of "green gravel" as a corruption of "green grave" is almost undoubtedly the right one. In the Scottish lowlands, about a hundred years ago, the attendants on a corpse newly laid out went out of the death-chamber, *returning into it backwards*. Is there possibly a reference to this or a similar custom in the words "turn round your head" in this game?

There was a Pig went out to dig.

[LANCASHIRE.

L. E. B.


With decision.
1. There
2. There
tr
Ped.
*
was a pig went out to dig, Chris - i - mas Day, Chris - i - mas Day, There
was a cow went out to plough, Chris - i - mas Day, Chris - i - mas Day, There
was a pig went out to dig, On Chris - i - mas Day in the morn - ing.
was a cow went out to plough, On Chris - i - mas Day in the morn - ing.
tr
Ped.
*

1 THERE was a pig went out to dig,
Chrisimas Day, Chrisimas Day,
There was a pig went out to dig,
On Chrisimas Day in the morning.

2 There was a cow went out to plough,
Chrisimas Day, &c.;

3 There was a sparrow went out to harrow
Chrisimas Day, &c.;

4 There was a drake went out to rake,
Chrisimas Day, &c.;

5 There was a crow went out to sow,
Chrisimas Day, &c.;

6 There was a sheep went out to reap,
Chrisimas Day, &c.;

7 There was a minnow went out to winnow,
Chrisimas Day, &c.

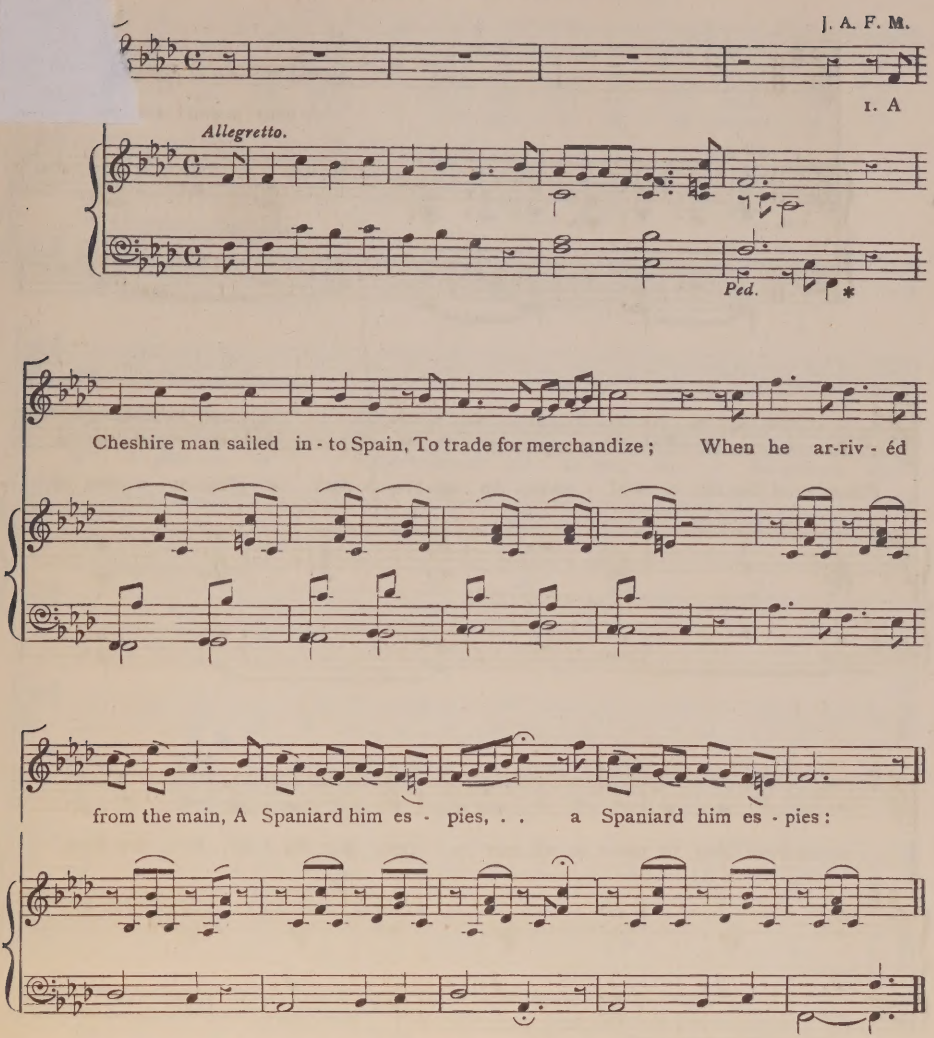
(Words and tune from Miss M. H. Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*

"There are no words, properly speaking, after the first verse, but rhymes are invented according to the pleasure of the singer."

The Cheshire Man.

J. A. F. M.

1. A


Allegretto.
Ped.
*
Cheshire man sailed in - to Spain, To trade for merchandize; When he ar-riv - éd
from the main, A Spaniard him es - pies, . . a Spaniard him es - pies:

1 A CHESHIRE man sailed into Spain,
To trade for merchandize;
When he arrivéd from the main,
A Spaniard him espies:

Who said, "You English rogue, look here!
What fruit and spices fine
Our land produces twice a year!
Thou hast not such in thine."

3 The Cheshire man ran to his hoard,
And fetched a Cheshire cheese;
And said, "Look here, you dog! behold!
We have such fruits as these.

4 "Your fruits are ripe but twice a year,
As you yourself do say;
But such as I present you here,
Our land brings twice a day."

5 The Spaniard in a passion flew,
And his rapier took in hand;
The Cheshire man kick'd up his heels
Saying, "Thou'rt at my command."

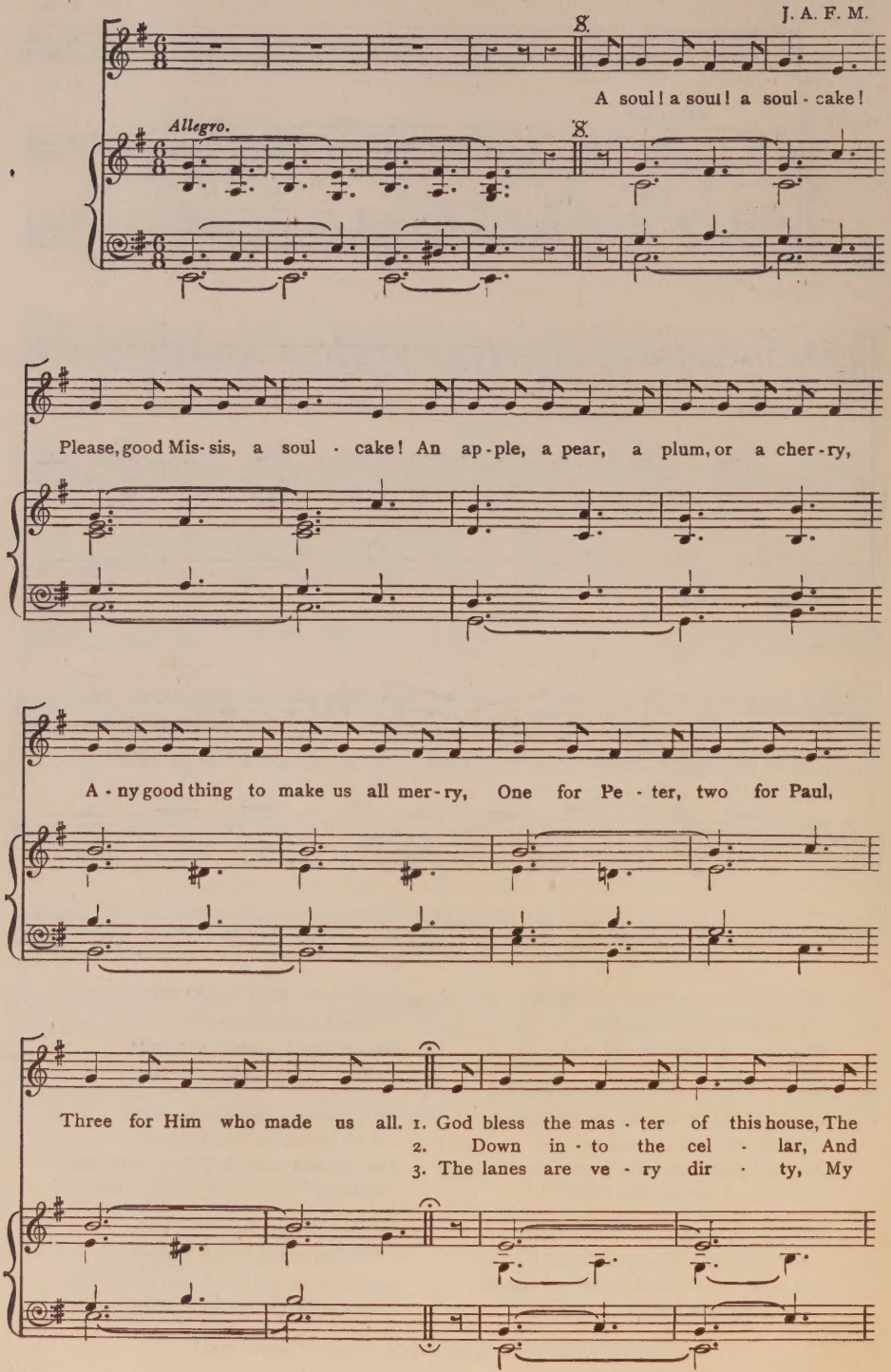
6 So never let the Spaniard boast
While Cheshire men abound;
Lest they should teach him to his cost
To dance a Cheshire round.

(Words and tune from E. Jones' *Popular Cheshire Melodies*, 1798.)

The Souling Song.

[CHESHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


A soul! a soul! a soul - cake!
Allegro.
Please, good Mis- sis, a soul - cake! An ap - ple, a pear, a plum, or a cher - ry,
A - ny good thing to make us all mer - ry, One for Pe - ter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all. 1. God bless the mas - ter of this house, The
2. Down in - to the cel - lar, And
3. The lanes are ve - ry dir - ty, My

THE SOULING SONG.

mist - e - ress al - so: And all the lit - tle child - ren That
see what you can find, If the bar - rels are not emp - ty, We
shoes are ve - ry thin, I've got a lit - tle pock - et To
round your ta - ble grow. Like - wise young men and maid - ens, Your cat - tle and your
hope you will prove kind. (We hope you will prove kind, With your ap - ples and strong
put a pen - ny in. If you have - n't got a pen - ny, A ha'-pen-ny will
D.S.
store; And all that dwells with - in your gates, We wish you ten times more.
beer, And we'll come no more a - soul - ing Till this time next year.)
do; If you have - n't got a ha' - pen - ny, It's God bless you!

A SOUL! a soul! a soul-cake!
Please, good Missis, a soul-cake!
An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry,
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.

1 God bless the master of this house,
The misteress also,
And all the little children
That round your table grow.
Likewise young men and maidens,
Your cattle and your store;
And all that dwells within your gates,
We wish you ten times more.
A soul-cake, &c.

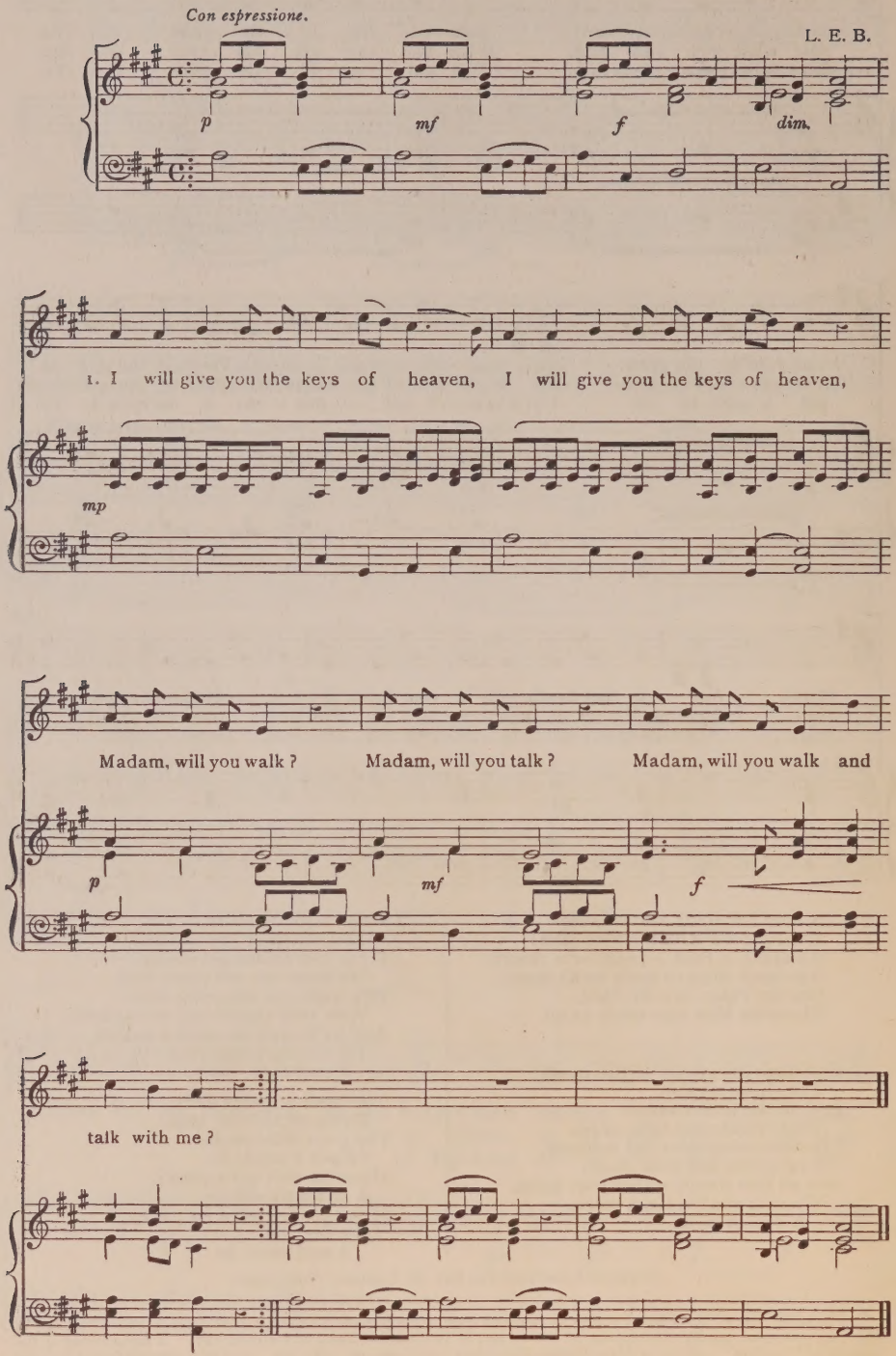
2 Down into the cellar,
And see what you can find,
If the barrels are not empty,
We hope you will prove kind.
(We hope you will prove kind,
With your apples and strong beer,
And we'll come no more a-souling
Till this time next year.)
A soul-cake, &c.

3 The lanes are very dirty,
My shoes are very thin,
I've got a little pocket
To put a penny in.
If you haven't got a penny,
A ha'penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
It's God bless you!
A soul-cake, &c.

(Words and tune from the Rev. M. P. Holme. Tattenhall.)

The latter part of the second stanza is restored from Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 385. The rest of the song was sung, exactly as it stands, by a little girl in Tattenhall School, in October, 1891. A full account of the custom of "souling" is given by Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folk Lore*, pp. 378—390. It is still practised on All-Souls' Day in the district referred to, and traces of the custom are to be found in many parts of England. See also Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*, pp. 238 and 249.

I will give you the keys of heaven. CHESHIRE.]



1.

He. I will give you the keys of heaven,
I will give you the keys of heaven,
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?

She. Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Yet I will not walk; no, I will not talk;
No, I will not walk or talk with thee.

2.

He. I will give you a blue silk gown,
To make you fine when you go to town;
Madam, &c.

She. Though you give me a blue silk gown,
To make me fine when I go to town;
Yet, &c.

3.

He. I will give you a coach and six,
Six black horses as black as pitch;
Madam, &c.

She. Though you give me a coach and six,
Six black horses as black as pitch;
Yet, &c.

4.

He. I will give you the keys of my heart,
And we will be married till death us do part;
Madam, &c.

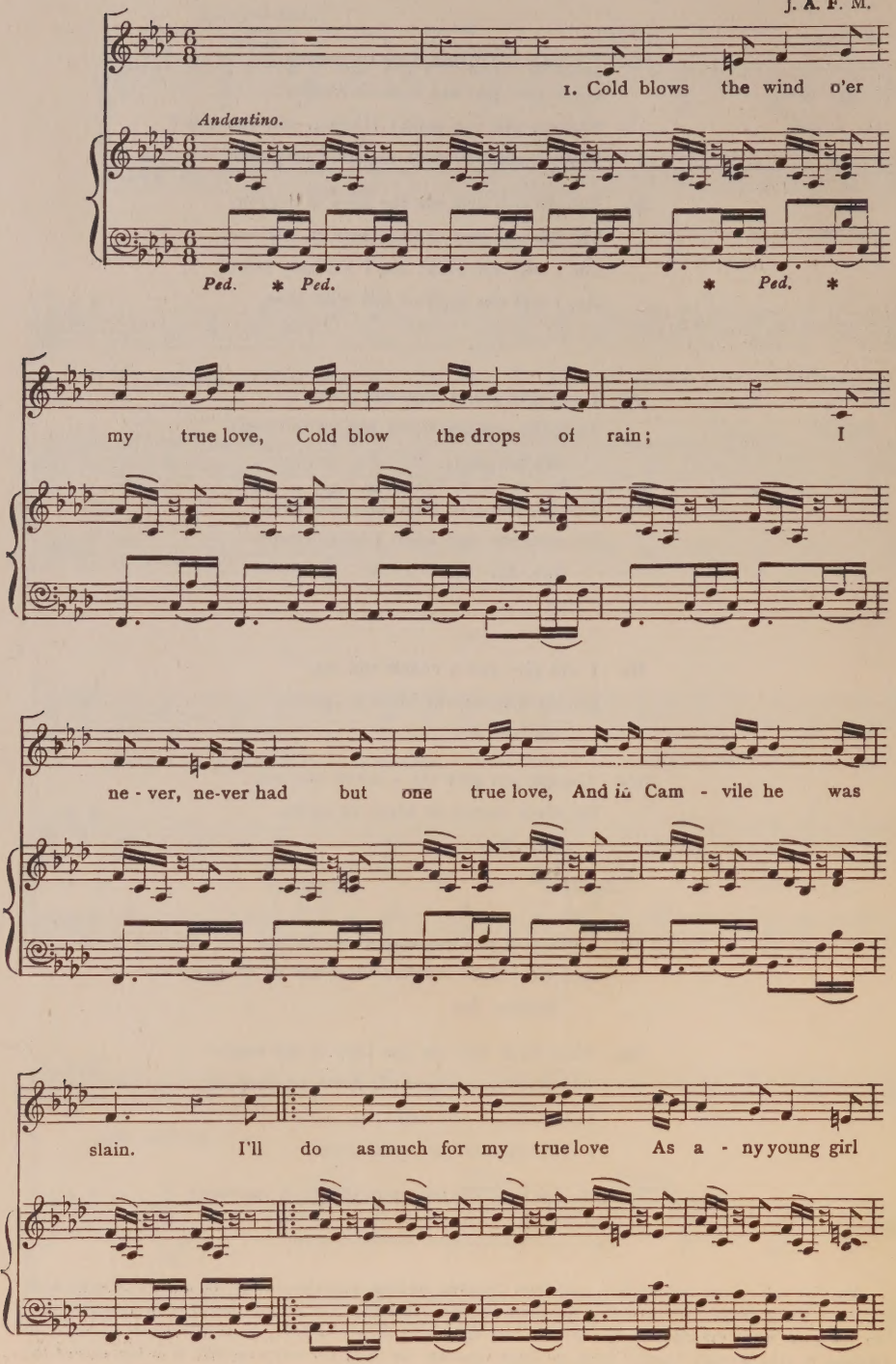
She. Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart,
And we'll be married till death us do part;
I will walk, I will talk;
I will walk and talk with thee.

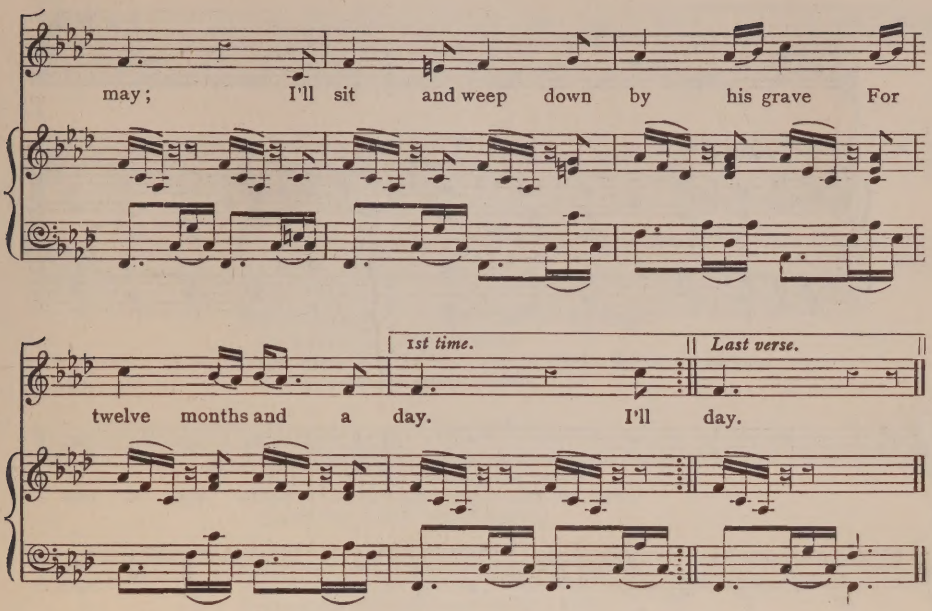
(From the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who had it from the Rev. F. Partridge.)

The first two stanzas and the tune come from Cheshire, the other verses were forgotten, but are restored from an East country version. In a version sent from Masham, Yorkshire, the second line of verse 1 runs: "To lock the gates when the clock strikes seven." See Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*, p. 21; Chambers's *Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 213; Mason's *Country Songs*, for other versions. In many the lady's cupidity is at last excited by some especially magnificent offer, and, on her consenting, the man refuses to have anything to do with her.

Cold blows the Wind. [SHROPSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


1. Cold blows the wind o'er
Andantino.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
my true love, Cold blow the drops of rain; I
ne - ver, ne-ver had but one true love, And in Cam - vile he was
slain. I'll do as much for my true love As a - ny young girl



1 "COLD blows the wind o'er my true love,
Cold blow the drops of rain;
I never, never had but one true love,
And in Camvile he was slain.
I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may;
I'll sit and weep down by his grave
For twelve months and a day."

2 But when twelve months were come and gone,
This young man he arose,
"What makes you weep down by my grave?
I can't take my repose."
"One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips.
One kiss is all I crave;
One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips,
And return back to your grave."

3 "My lips they are as cold as clay,
My breath is heavy and strong;
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,
Thy days would not be long!"
"O don't you remember the garden grove,
Where we was used to walk?
Pluck the finest flower of them all,
'Twill wither to a stalk."

4 "Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon keep,
And water from a stone,
And white milk from a maiden's breast
That babe bare never none."
"Go dig me a grave both wide, and deep,
(As quickly as you may)
I will lie down in it and take one sleep
For a twelvemonth and a day."

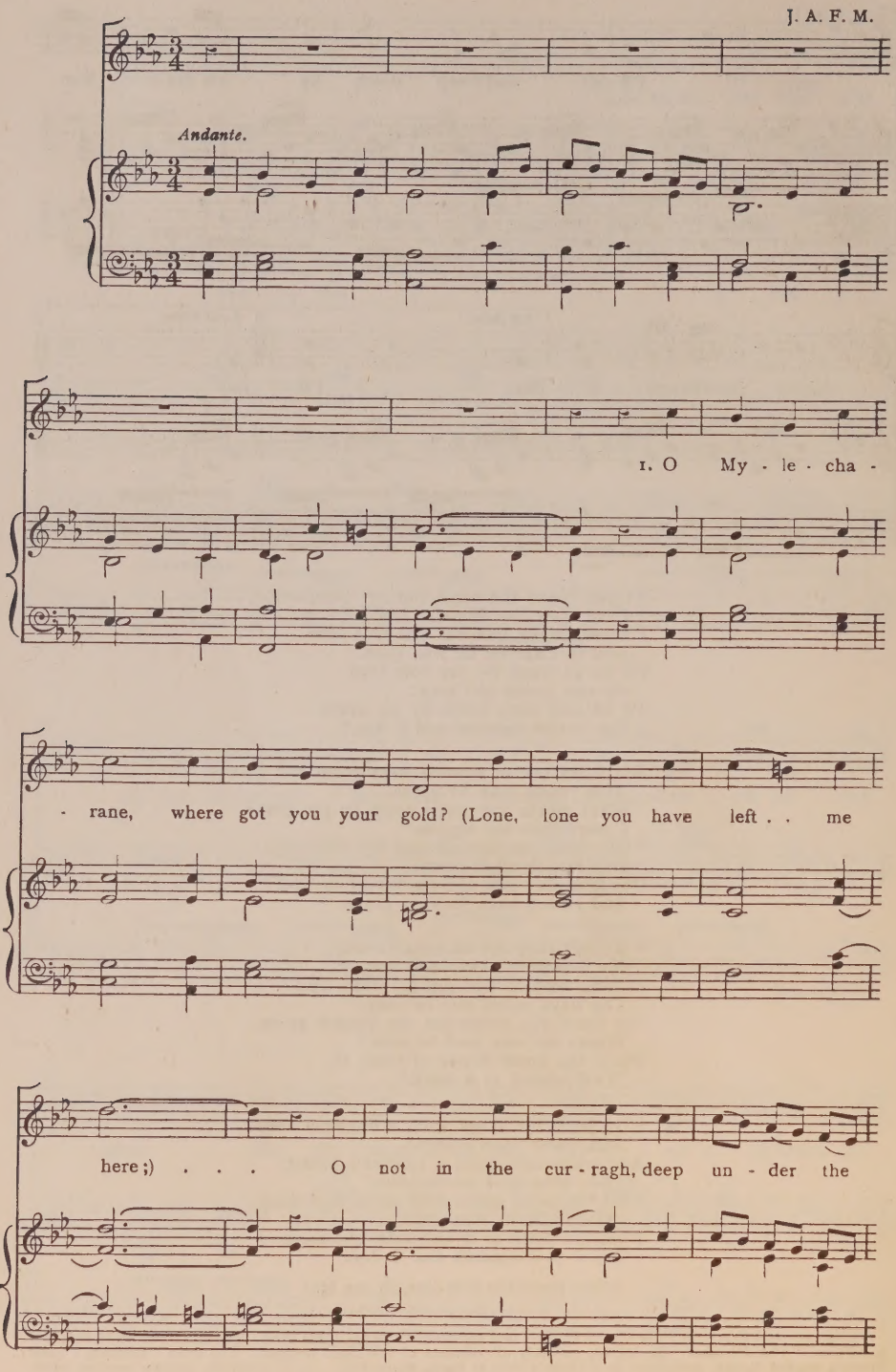
(From *Shropshire Folk Lore*, pp. 542, 651.)

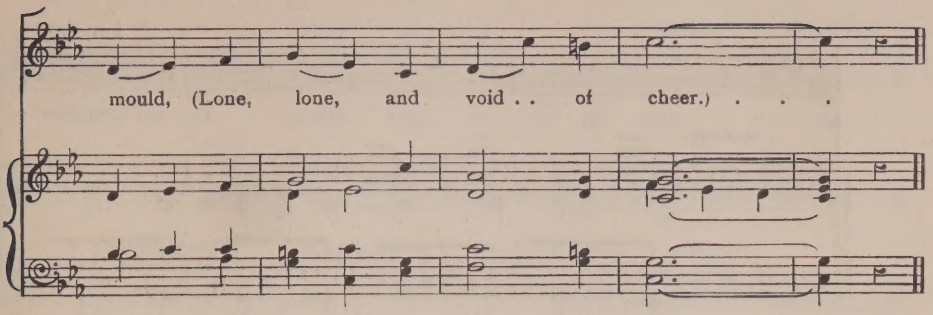
Compare with this tune, "By chance it was I met my love," in *Songs of the West*. These, as well as "Lazarus" p. 102), and "The Thresher" (p. 68), are possibly all versions of the same original. The tune "Gilderoy" (See Ritson's *Scotish Songs*), published in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, is probably another version, more nearly resembling "The Thresher."

Mylecharane.

[Isle of Man.

J. A. F. M.





O VYLECHARANE! c' raad hooar oo dty stoyr,
My-lomarcan daag oo mee;
Nagh dooar mee' sy churragh eh dowin, dowin dy liooar,
As my-lomarcan daag oo mee.

[*Translation.*]

1 O Mylecharane, where got you your gold?
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
O not in the curragh, deep under the mould,
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

2 O Mylecharane, where got you your stock?
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
O not in the curragh from under a rock.
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

3 O Mylecharane, where got you your goods?
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
O not in the curragh, from under the sods.
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

4 Two pairs of stockings and one pair of shoes,
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
For twenty-six years old Mollie did use.
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

5 His stockings were white, but his sandals, alack!
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
Were not of one colour—one white, t'other black.
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

6 One sandal was white, and t'other dark brown.
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
But he'd two of one colour for kirk and for town
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

7 "O father, I really can't walk by your side,
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
If you go to the church in those sandals of hide."
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

8 "O daughter, my dear, if my brogues give you pain.
(Lone, lone you have left me here;)
There's that in the coffer will make you look fain."
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

9 A million of curses on Mylecharane,
Lone, lone you have left me here;)
The first who gave tocher to daughter in Man.
(Lone, lone, and void of cheer.)

(The Tune from "Mylecharane," arranged, &c., by Elizabeth Cookson, the Words from *Notes and Queries*, Ser. 4, ii. 469, said to be translated by George Borrow. Mylecharane was a miser who lived in the Curragh of Jurby; he was the first Manxman who gave a fortune to a daughter.)

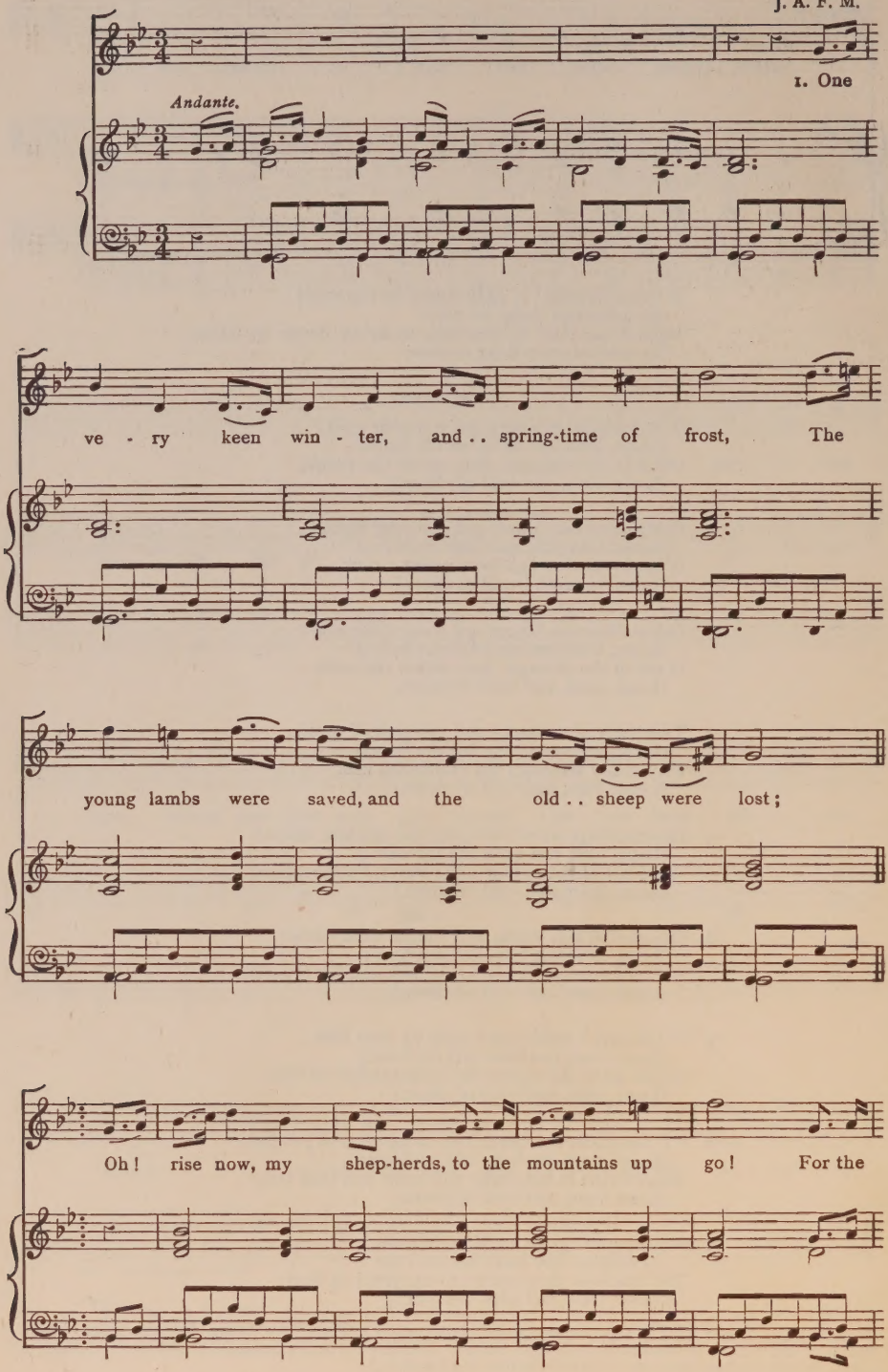
My Kirree Fo-Sniaghtey.

[Isle of Man

J. A. F. M.

1. One

Andante.


ve - ry keen win - ter, and . . spring-time of frost, The
young lambs were saved, and the old . . sheep were lost;
Oh! rise now, my shep-herds, to the mountains up go! For the

LURG geurey dy niaghtey as arragh dy rio
Va ny shenn chirree marroo's n' eayin veggey bio;
Oh! irree shiu guillyn, as gow shiu dyn clieu,
Ta ny kirree fo-sniaghtey shen va nyn draid reeve.

[*Translation.*]

1 ONE very keen winter, and spring-time of frost,
The young lambs were saved, and the old sheep were lost;
Oh! rise now, my shepherds, to the mountains up go!
For the sheep are all buried deep under the snow.

2 Then Nicholas Raby, when sick he was lying,
"In Braid-farrane-fing the sheep are now dying."
Oh! rise now, &c.

3 Thus spoke Nicholas Raby as he went up to sleep,
"My best wishes light on my two thousand sheep."
Oh! rise now, &c.

4 "I have sheep that in mountainous passes do roam,
Wild sheep in the vales that will never come home."
Oh! rise now, &c.

5 Then up rose the men of Kirk-Lonan with speed;
In the pass of Berroll they found the sheep dead.
Oh! rise now, &c.

6 Then the men of Kirk Lonan and Kirk Christ too,
Found in Agneash's hollow young lambkins a few.
Oh! rise now, &c.

7 In the front were the wethers, next the rams did appear,
And the ewes heavy laden, to make up the rear.
Oh! rise now, &c.

8 I've one sheep for Christmas, two for Lent I'll put by,
And two or three more for the time when I die.
Oh! rise now, &c.

(Words and Tune from Quayle C. Farrant, Esq., Greeba Towers, St. John's, Isle of Man.)

SONGS OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

STAFFORDSHIRE :—"Lord Thomas."

DERBYSHIRE :—"The Derby Ram;" "The Spider."

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE :—"The Nottinghamshire Poacher."

LEICESTERSHIRE :—"I'll tell you of a fellow."

RUTLANDSHIRE :—"Now Robin, lend to me thy bow."

HUNTINGDONSHIRE :—Vacant.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE :—"In Bethlehem;" "The Seeds of Love;" "The beautiful Damsel;" "Lord Bateman."

OXFORDSHIRE :—"'Twas early one morning;" "The good old Leathern Bottle;" "The Thresher and the Squire;" "Turmut-hoeing."

WARWICKSHIRE :—"Bedlam City;" "The Garden Gate."

WORCESTERSHIRE :—"Sweet William;" "Poor Mary;" "The Three Dukes."

HEREFORDSHIRE :—"A Virgin unspotted."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE :—"Feast Song;" "Shepherds' Song."

MONMOUTHSHIRE :—Vacant.

Lord Thomas.

[STAFFORDSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.

1. Lord
Allegro.
f
Thomas he was a bold for-est-er, A-chas-ing of the king's deer; Fair
mf
E-leanor she was a fine woman, And Lord Tho-mas loved her dear. It
happened on.. a high ho-li-day, As ma-ny an-o-ther be-side, Lord
p
Tho-mas he went un-to fair E-lea-nor, That should have been his sweet bride.

1 LORD THOMAS he was a bold forester,
A-chasing of the king's deer;
Fair Eleanor she was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas loved her dear.

* * * * * *

It happened on a high holiday,
As many another beside,
Lord Thomas he went unto fair Eleanor,
That should have been his sweet bride.

* * * * * *

2 "What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she said
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news unto thee."
"O God forbid," fair Eleanor cried,
"That ever such thing should be done!
I thought to ha' been the bride my own sel
And thee to ha' been the bridegroom."

* * * * *

3 She dressed herself in rich attire,
Her merry-men all in green;
In every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.
And when she raught* to Lord Thomas's door,
So boldly she tirled at the pin;
O who was so ready as Lord Thomas
For to let fair Eleanor in?

4 He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He took her into the drawing-room,
And fixed her above them all.

* * * * * *

The brown girl had a knife in her hand,
It was both keen and sharp;
And 'twixt the long ribs and the short
She pricked fair Eleanor's heart.

5 "O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he says
"Methinks you look wondrous wan,
Which you used to have as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on."
"O are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says;
"Or cannot you very well see?
O cannot you see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down to my knee?"

6 Lord Thomas having a sword in his hand,
It was both keen and small:
He took off the brown girl's head
And threw it against the wall.
He sticked the haft against the floor,
The point against his own heart;
O never so soon did three lovers meet,
And never so soon did part!

7 Lord Thomas was buried in the lower chancel,
Fair Eleanor in the higher;
Out of Lord Thomas there grew a wild rose,
And out of her a briar.
They grew so high, they grew so wide,
They raught* to the chancel-top;
And when that they could grow no higher,
They knit of a true-lovers' knot.

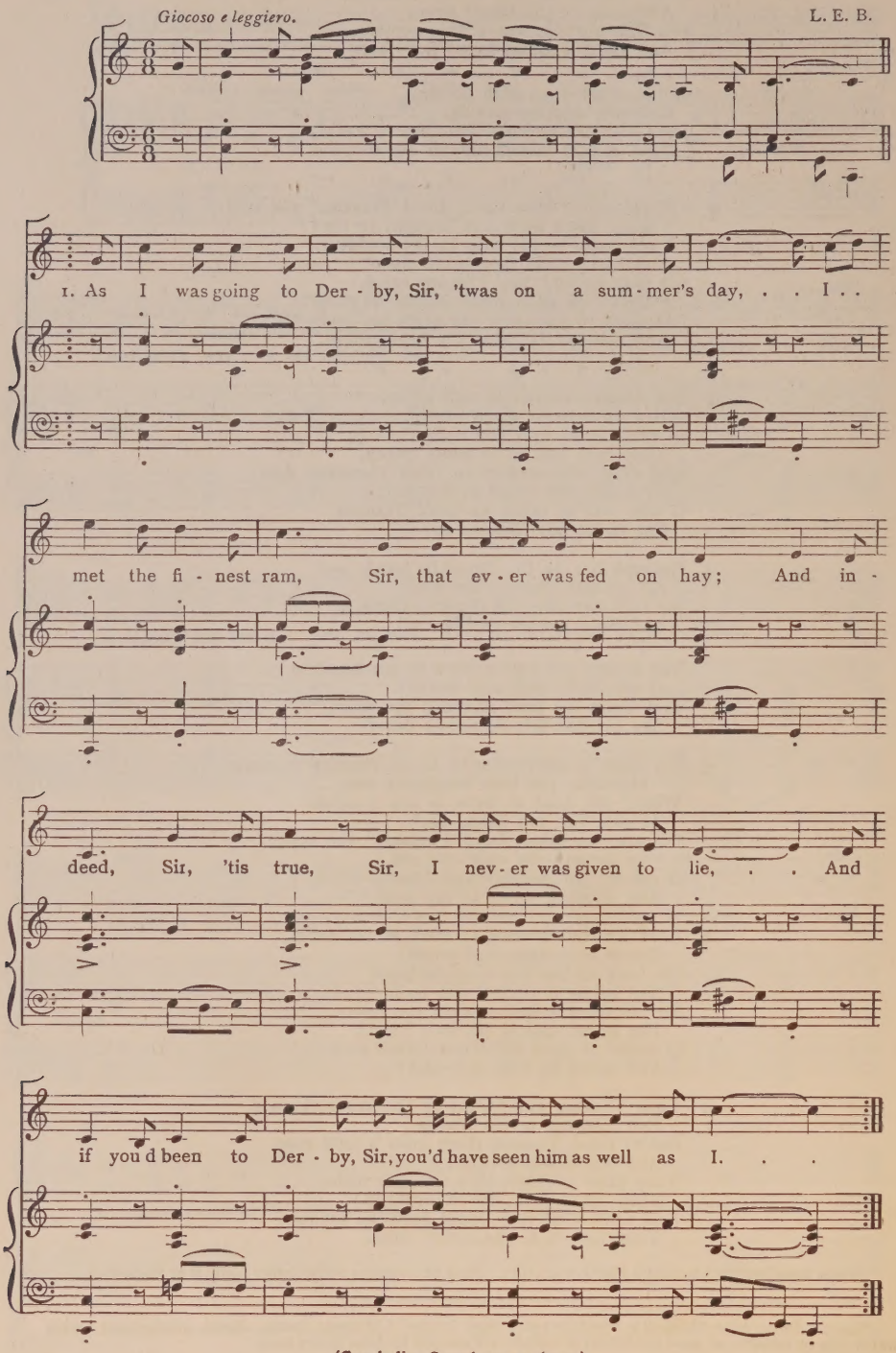
[From Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 651. Sung by a woman whose father learnt it at Eccleshall.]

The air differs from Chappell's, which is taken from Sandys' *Christmas Carols*. Some unimportant verses which may be found in all good collections of ballads, are omitted by Miss Burne here.

* Reached.

The Derby Ram.

(Introduced together with the "Hobby Horse" in the *Christmas Plays of Derbyshire and Notts.*)


Giocoso e leggiero.
L. E. B.
1. As I was going to Der - by, Sir, 'twas on a sum - mer's day, . . I . .
met the fi - nest ram, Sir, that ev - er was fed on hay; And in -
deed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I nev - er was given to lie, . . And
if you'd been to Der - by, Sir, you'd have seen him as well as I. . .

(Concluding Symphony as above.)

1 As I was going to Derby, Sir, 'twas on a summer's day,
I met the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay;
And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given to lie,
And if you'd been to Derby, Sir, you'd have seen him as well as I

2 It had four feet to walk on, Sir, it had four feet to stand,
And every foot it had, Sir, did cover an acre of land.
And indeed, Sir, &c.

3 The horns that were on its head, Sir, held a regiment of men,
And the tongue that was in its head, Sir, would feed them every one.
And indeed, Sir, &c.

4 The wool that was on its back, Sir, made fifty packs of cloth,
And for to tell a lie, Sir, I'm sure I'm very loth.
And indeed, Sir, &c.

5 The wool that was on its sides, Sir, made fifty more complete,
And it was sent to Russia to clothe the Emperor's fleet.
And indeed, Sir, &c.

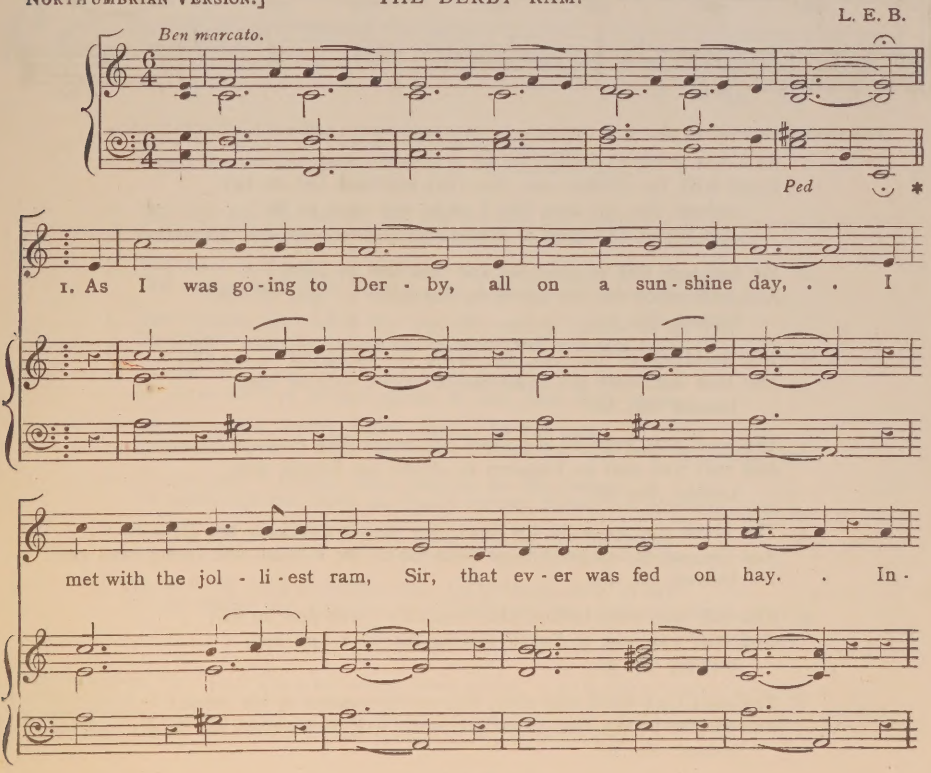
6 The tail was fifty yards, Sir, as near as I can tell,
And it was sent to Rome, Sir, to ring Saint Peter's Bell.
And indeed, Sir, &c.

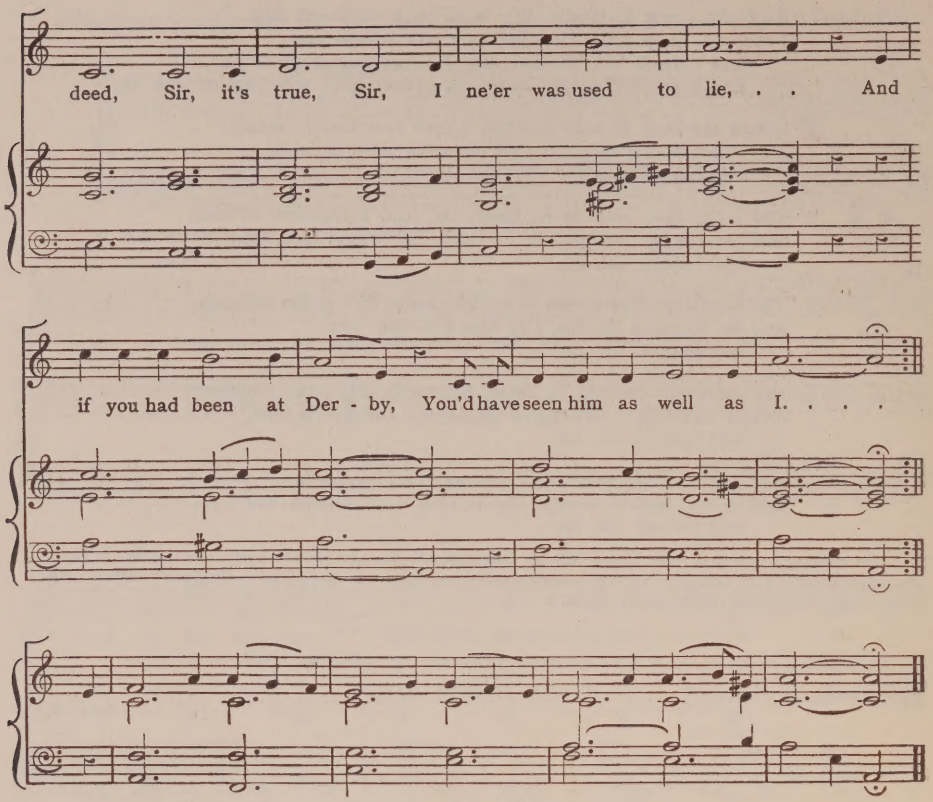
(The words and tune from Miss Mason, Morton, near Retford. See also Jewitt's *Derbyshire Ballads*, p. 115, and *Notes and Queries*, I. ii. 71, 235. The tune bears a strong resemblance to that given in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* for the Hobby Horse Dance.

The following Northumbrian version is sufficiently characteristic to be given in full:—

NORTHUMBRIAN VERSION.] THE DERBY RAM.

L. E. B.





This version was learnt by Mrs. A. J. Hipkins from her grandmother, a native of Northumberland :—

1 As I was going to Derby, all on a sunshine day,
I met with the jolliest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.
Indeed, Sir, it's true, Sir, I ne'er was used to lie,
And if you had been at Derby, you'd have seen him as well as I.

2 He had four feet to gang on, and four feet to stand ;
And every foot that he sat down did cover an acre of land.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

3 The backbone of this ram, Sir, made the mainmast of a ship ;
And that did carry the finest sail in all the British fleet.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

4 The wool that grew on his sides, Sir, made fifty packs complete
And that was sent to Flanders to clothe the British fleet.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

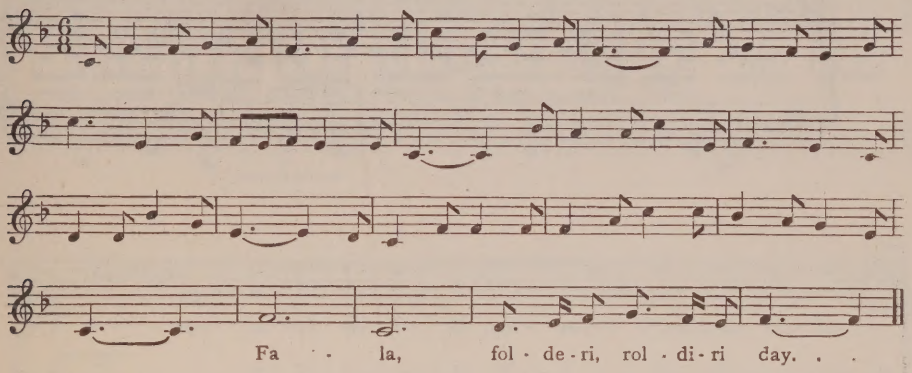
5 The horns that grew on his head, Sir, they grew up to the sky ;
And the eagles did build their nests there, for I heard the young ones cry.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

6 The tail that hung behind him, was fifty yards and an ell ;
And that was sent to Derby to ring the town kirk bell.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

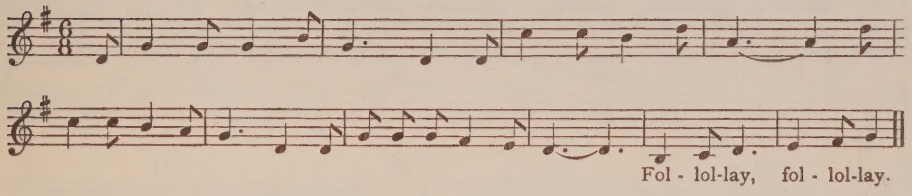
7 The men that killed this ram, Sir, was drownded in his blood :
And all the people that looked on were washed away in the flood.
Indeed, Sir, &c.

Yet another version of this interesting ballad must be given; it comes from a mumming play acted about Auston and Thorpe in South Yorkshire, and was given to Mr. H. M. Bower by Mrs. Hartley of Galphay. The first version of the tune, sung at Thorpe Salvin thirty years ago, seems to indicate the omission of the passage "And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir," though the shorter chorus only is given with both Yorkshire tunes. The second tune is from Auston. It is to be noted that the syllables Fa-la, etc., are to be pronounced "Fa-lay":—

I. THE OLD TUP.



II. THE OLD TUP.



1 As I was going to Derby, upon a market day,
I met the finest tup, Sir, that ever was fed with hay.
Fol-lol-lay.

2 The tup was fat behind, Sir, the tup was fat before,
And every time it put its foot down, it covered an acre or more.

3 The wool that grew on its back, Sir, reached up into the sky,
The eagles built their nests in, for I heard the young ones cry.

4 The butcher that killed the tup, Sir, was in danger of his life,
He called unto the company, to bring him a larger knife.

5 All the old women in Derby, came begging for his ears,
To make them a leather apron, to last them forty years.

6 *All the men i' Derby, came begging for his eyes,
To punch up and down all Derby streets, for they was of football size.

7 All the lads i' Derby, came begging for his blether,
To punch up and down all Derby streets, instead of punching leather.

8 *All the old women i' Derby, came begging for his bones,
To suck the marrow out of them, to nourish their old bones.

9 So now my song is ended, and I've nothing more to say,
If you please will you give us a Christmas box, and then we'll go away

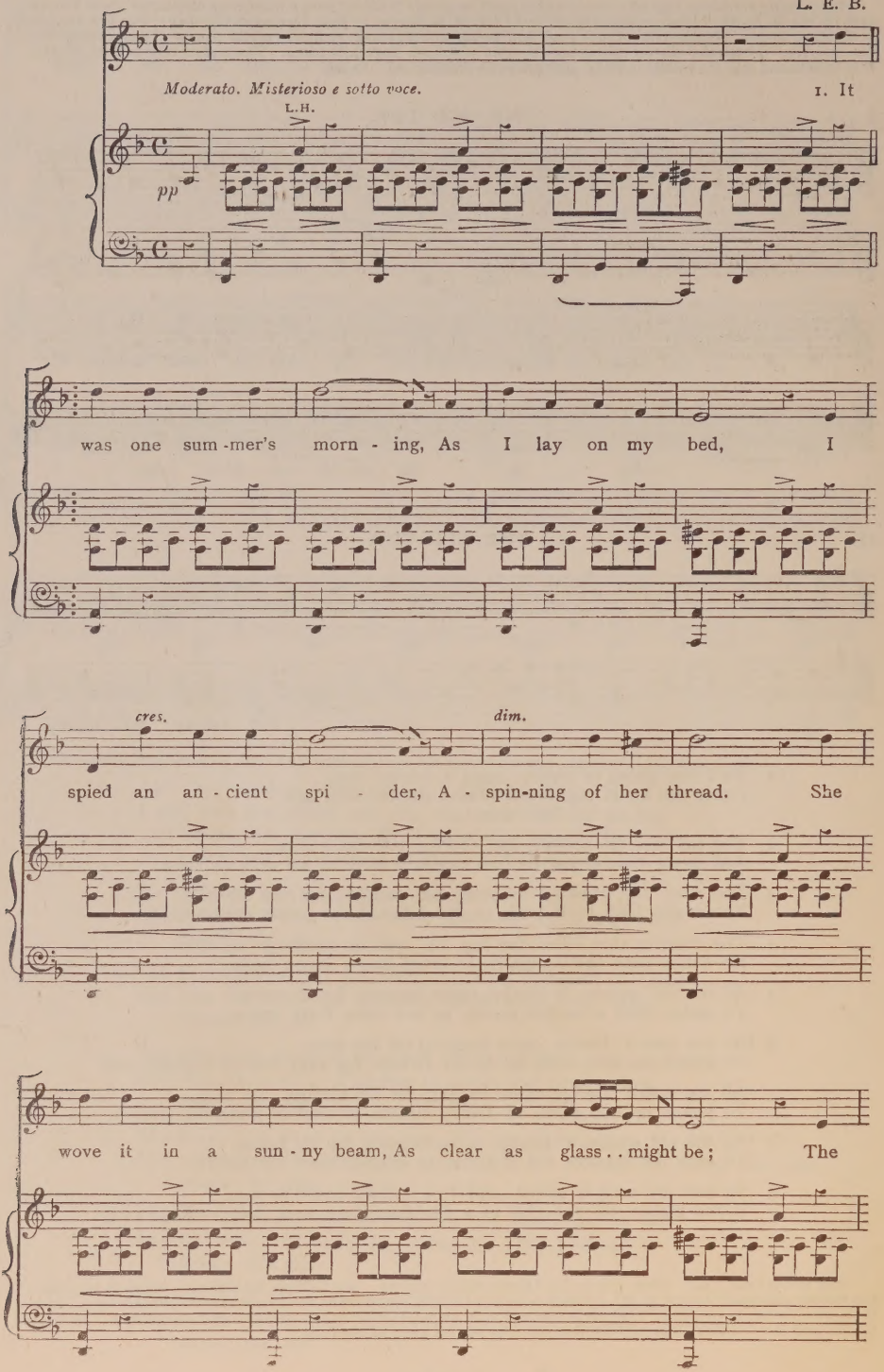
---

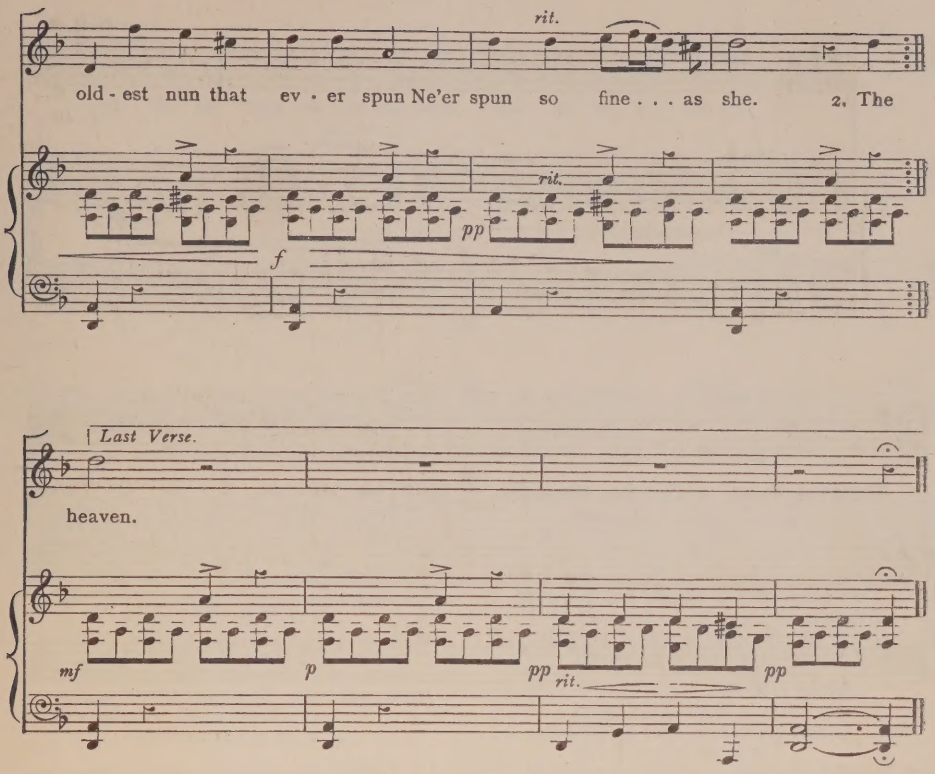
The verses from * to * occur only in the Thorpe Salvin version. Dr. Callcott set some of the words as a glee; the melody employed is none of the versions here given, but it may contain a reminiscence of the opening common to the two Yorkshire versions. It is worth notice that in his form of the words, the butcher "was up to his knees in blood," and that "the boy that held the pail, Sir, was carried away by the flood."

The Spider.

[DERBYSHIRE.

L. E. B.


Moderato. Misterioso e sotto voce.
1. It
L.H.
pp
was one sum-mer's morn - ing, As I lay on my bed, I
cres.
dim.
spied an an - cient spi - der, A - spin-ning of her thread. She
wove it in a sun - ny beam, As clear as glass . . might be; The



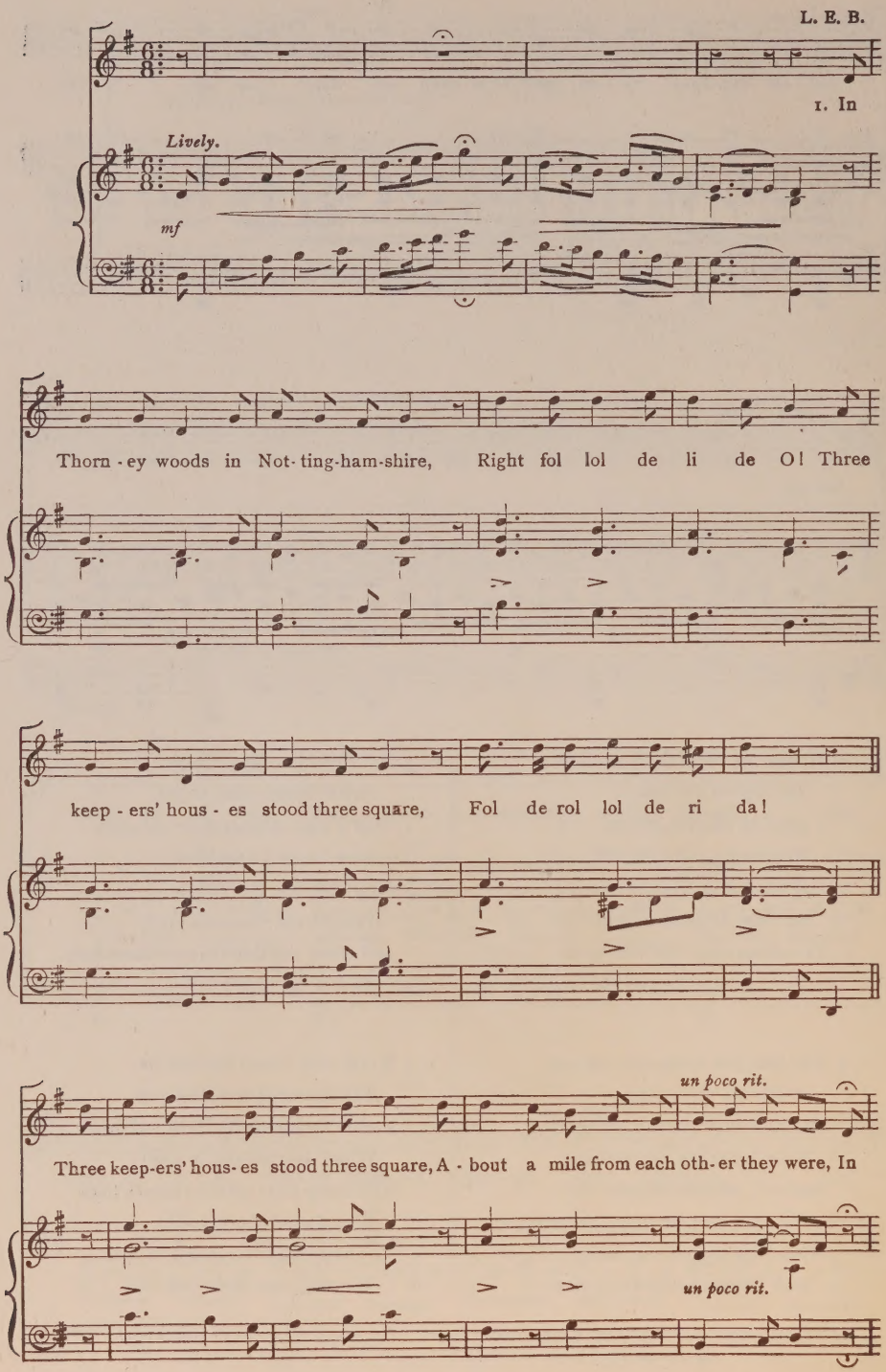
1 It was one summer's morning,
As I lay on my bed,
I spied an ancient spider,
A-spinning of her thread.
She wove it in a sunny beam,
As clear as glass might be;
The oldest nun that ever spun
Ne'er spun so fine as she.

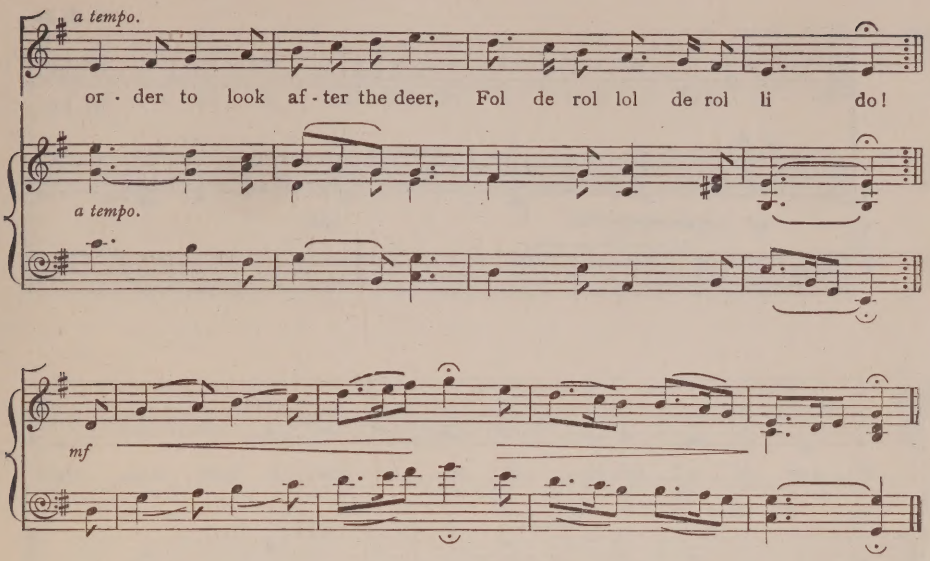
2 The first that came into the net,
A silly fly, was slain;
The next that came, a hornet bold,
Soon broke the net in twain.
And so I ofttimes wonder why
Are poor men brought to shame,
While rich men live in vanity,
And all men praise their name.

3 O if I had but Agur's wish,
And it might come to me,
That I were neither poor nor rich,
How happy I should be!
For riches are but vanity,
I heard the wise man cry,
And when you think to hold them fast,
Away from you they fly.

4 If rich men would advisèd be,
And stewards would be just,
And to their tenants frank and free,
When they are put in trust;
The hump from off the camel's back
Would easily be shaven;
The camel pass the needle's eye,
The rich man enter heaven.

(From Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*. The words, taken down from a peasant, were disentangled and partly re-written by the Rev. Canon Edward Mason.)


L. E. B.
1. In
Lively.
mf
Thorn - ey woods in Not- ting-ham-shire, Right fol lol de li de O! Three
keep - ers' hous - es stood three square, Fol de rol lol de ri da!
un poco rit.
Three keep-ers' hous- es stood three square, A - bout a mile from each oth- er they were, In
un poco rit.



1 IN Thorney woods in Nottinghamshire,
Right fol lol de li de O!
Three keepers' houses stood three square,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
Three keepers' houses stood three square,
About a mile from each other they were,
In order to look after the deer,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

2 I and my dogs went out one night,
Right fol lol de li de O!
The moon and stars they shone so bright,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
O'er hedges, ditches, gates and stiles,
With my two dogs close at my heels,
To look for a buck in Parkmoor fields,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

3 The very first night I had bad luck,
Right fol lol de li de O!
For my very best dog in the breast got stuck,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
He came to me so limping lame,
He was not able to follow the game,
How sorry I was to see the same!
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

4 I searched his wounds, and found them slight,
Right fol lol de li de O!
'Twas done by the keeper out of spite,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
I took my pikestaff in my hand,
And ranged the woods to find the man,
To see whether I his hide could tan,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

5 When I had rangèd all that night,
Right fol lol de li de O!
Until the next morning it was daylight,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
When I had rangèd all that night,
Until the next morning it was daylight,
I thought it high time to take my flight,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

6 Then I went home, and went to bed,
Right fol lol de li de O!
And limping Jack sent in my stead,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
In Parkmoor fields, oh there he found
A brave fat buck running over the ground,
And my two dogs soon pulled him down,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

7 I listened awhile to hear their note,
Right fol lol de li de O!
Jack drew a quivy, and cut his throat,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
How you'd have laughed to see limping Jack,
Come hopping along with a buck on his back,
And hide it under the miller's haystack,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

8 We sent for the butcher to dress up our game
Right fol lol de li de O!
And likewise another to sell the same,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
A very fine haunch we offered for sale,
'Twas to an old woman that sold bad ale,
And, hang her! she brought us all to jail,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

9 Now sessions are over, assizes are near,
Right fol lol de li de O!
Now Jack and I we must appear,
Fol de rol lol de ri da!
Your bucks and does may range so free,
But hares and rabbits they are for me;
A poacher's life is the life for me,
Fol de rol lol de rol li do!

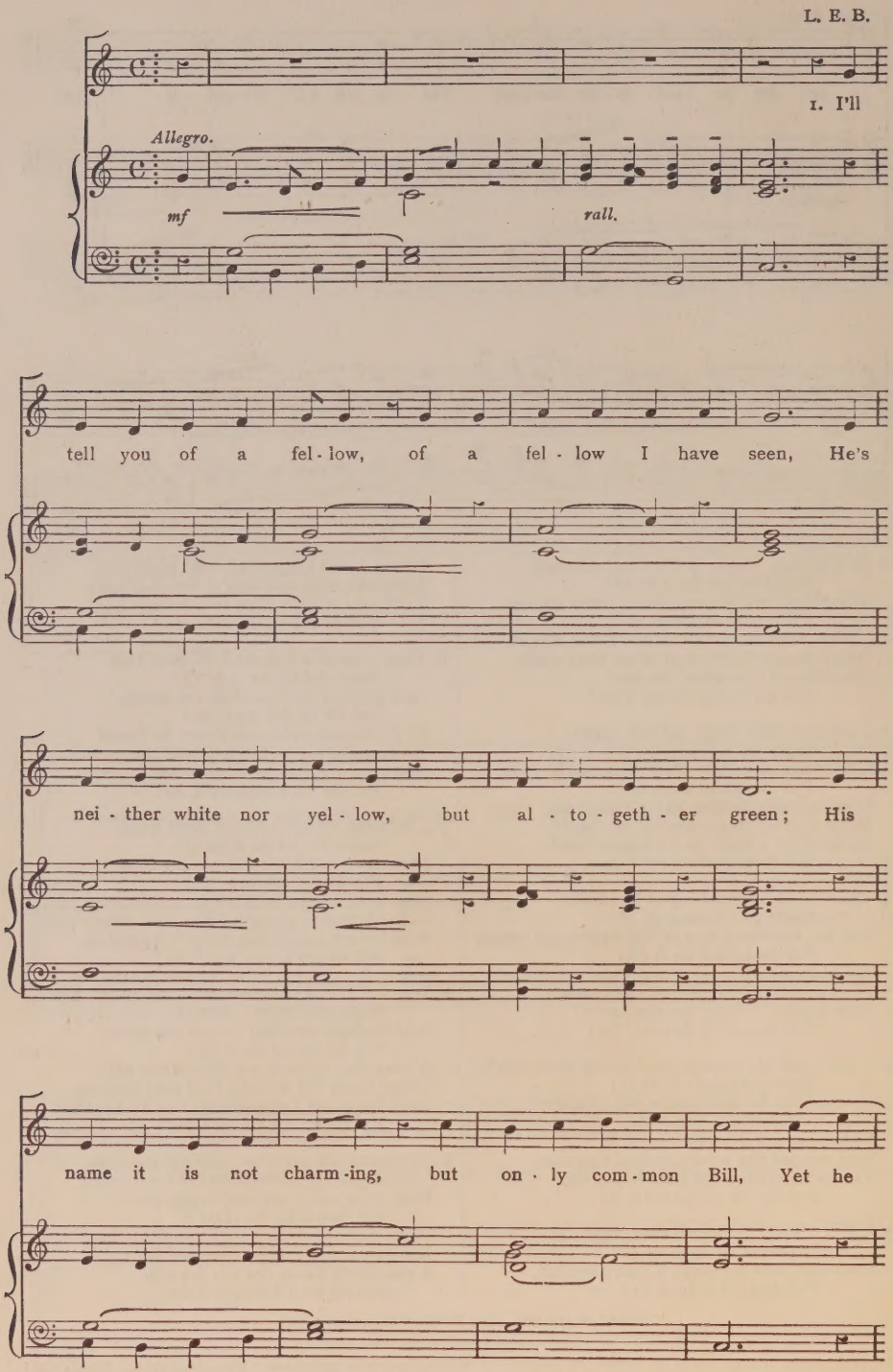
(Noted by the Rev. John Broadwood, before 1840.)

This song, though learnt in Sussex, is properly a Nottinghamshire song; see "Thonehagh-Moor Woods" a celebrated Nottinghamshire Poacher's song, in Bell's *Songs of Peasantry*, p. 214.

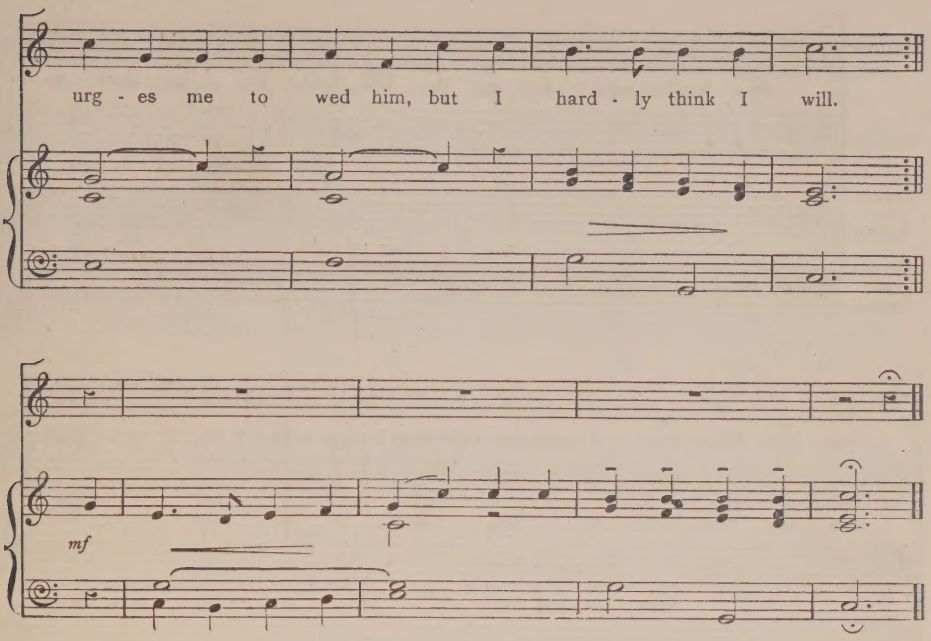
I'll tell you of a fellow.

[LEICESTERSHIRE.

L. E. B.


1. I'll
Allegro.
mf
rall.
tell you of a fel - low, of a fel - low I have seen, He's
nei - ther white nor yel - low, but al - to - geth - er green; His
name it is not charm - ing, but on - ly com - mon Bill, Yet he

I'LL TELL YOU OF A FELLOW.



1 I'LL tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen,
He's neither white nor yellow, but altogether green;
His name it is not charming, but only common Bill,
Yet he urges me to wed him, but I hardly think I will.

2 Last night he came to see me, he made so long a stay,
That I really thought the blockhead would never go away;
He said it would be jolly as we journey up the hill
To go hand in hand together, but I hardly think I will.

3 He talkèd of devotion, devotion pure and deep,
To me it seemed so silly, I nearly fell asleep,
The tears the creature wasted was enough to turn a mill,
Yet he urges me to have him, but I hardly think I will.

4 He told me of a cottage, of a cottage in the trees,
And don't you think this fellow fell down upon his knees?
He said we should be happy as we journey up the hill
To be always with each other, but I hardly think I will.

5 You know I would not choose him, but that I'm fairly in it,
For he says if I refuse him he could not live a minute;
And there are the commandments which say you must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over, and I really think I will.

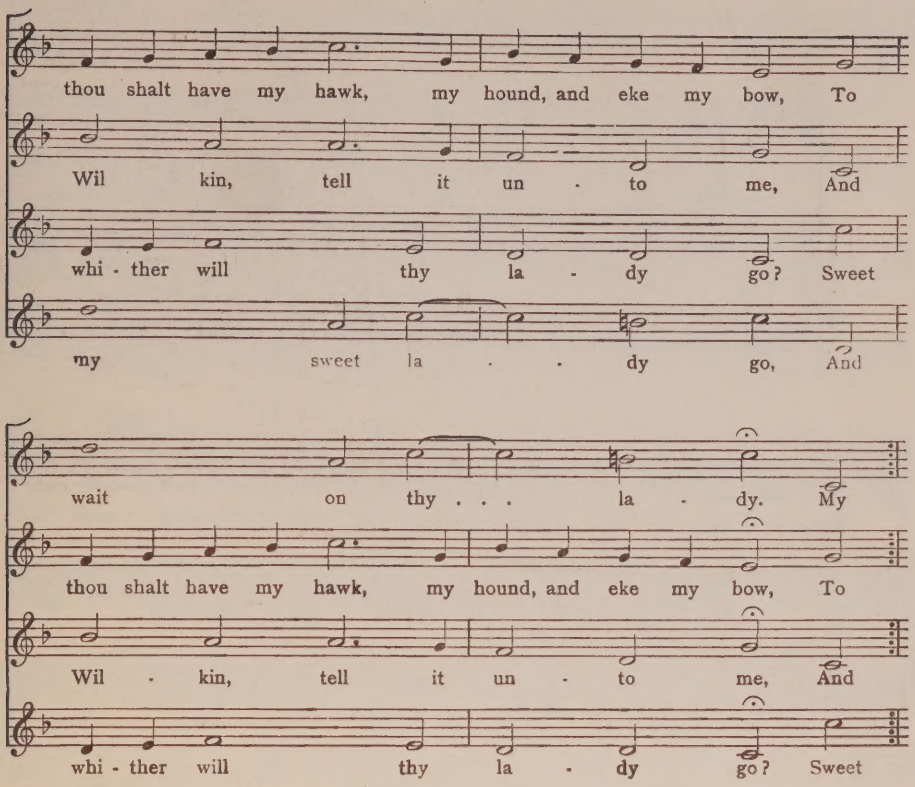
(From Mrs. Wilson, near King's Langley, Herts, who had it from a Leicestershire maidservant.)

The song is obviously of far more modern date than most of those in the present collection.

Now Robin, lend to me thy bow. [Rutlandshire.

Treble.
Now Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Ro - bin, lend to
Treble.
Now Ro-bin, lend to
Treble or Tenor.
Treble or Tenor.
me thy bow, For I must now a - hunt - ing with my la - dy go, With
me thy bow, Sweet Ro - bin, lend to me thy bow, For
Now Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet
Now
my sweet la - dy go. And whither will thy
I must now a - hunt - ing with my la - dy go, With my sweet la -
Ro - bin, lend to me thy bow, For I must now a - hunt - ing
Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Ro - bin, lend to
la - dy go? Sweet Wil - kin, tell it un - to me; And
- dy go. And whither will thy la - dy go? Sweet
with my la - dy go, With my sweet la - dy go. And
me thy bow, For I must now a - hunt - ing with my la - dy go, With

NOW ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.


thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow, To
Wil kin, tell it un - to me, And
whi - ther will thy la - dy go? Sweet
my sweet la - - dy go, And
wait on thy . . . la - dy. My
thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow, To
Wil - kin, tell it un - to me, And
whi - ther will thy la - dy go? Sweet

1 Now Robin, lend to me thy bow,
Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow,
For I must now a-hunting with my lady go,
With my sweet lady go.

2 And whither will thy lady go?
Sweet Wilkin, tell it unto me;
And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow,
To wait on thy lady.

3 My lady will to Uppingham,
To Uppingham forsooth will she;
And I myself appointed for to be the man,
To wait on my lady.

4 Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewed,
Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me;
But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
For angering of thy lady.

5 My hounds shall be led in the line,
So well I can assure it thee;
Unless by view of strain some pursue I may find,
To please my sweet lady.

6 With that the lady she came in,
And will'd them all for to agree;
For honest hunting never was accounted sin,
Nor never shall for me.

(From *Pammelia*, pub. 1609.)

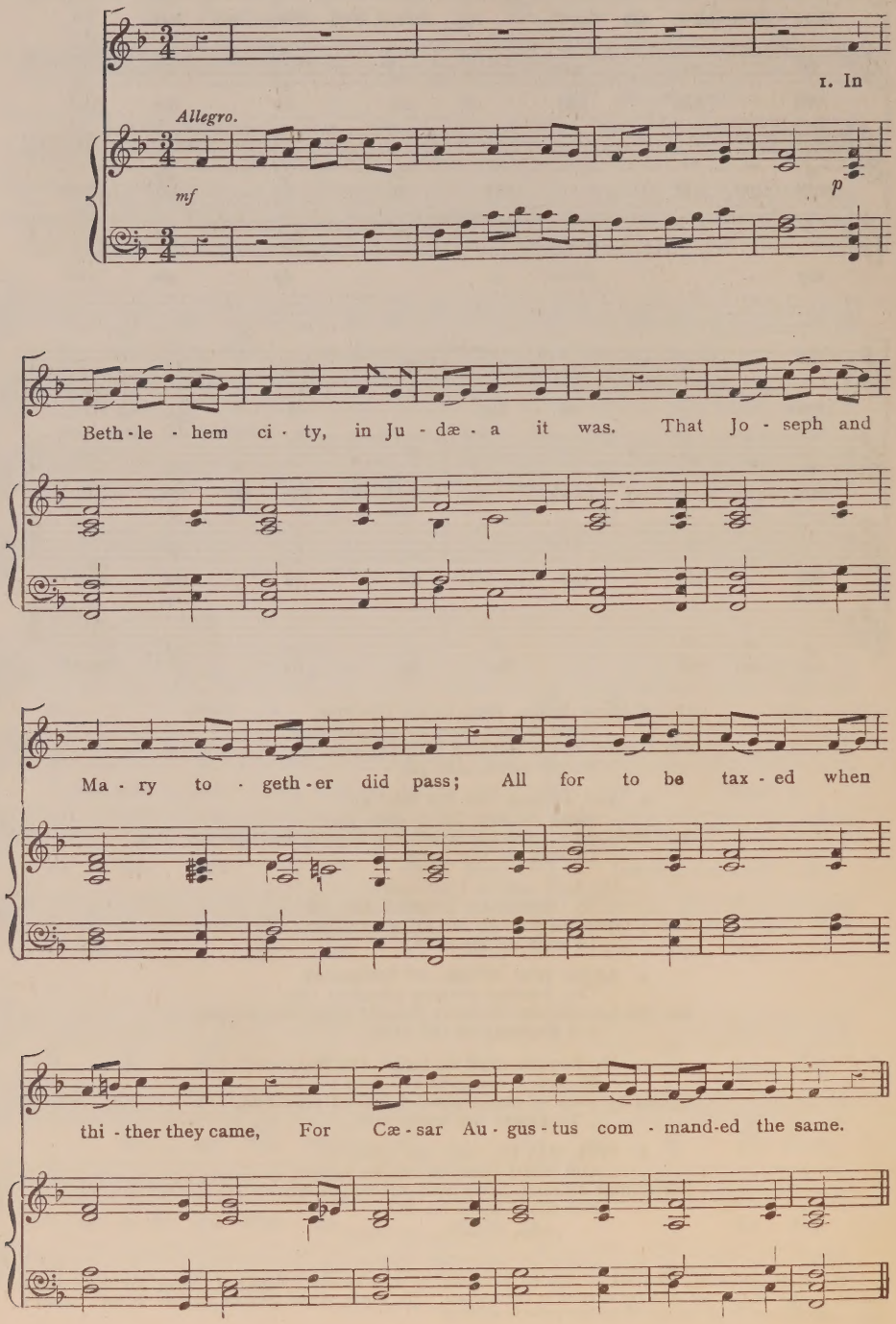
The inclusion of this fine canon may be pardoned, in view of the difficulty of finding any more direct representative of Rutland than the allusion to Uppingham. The words should be sung straight through by each part, each leaving off as the end of the last verse is reached.

In Bethlehem City.

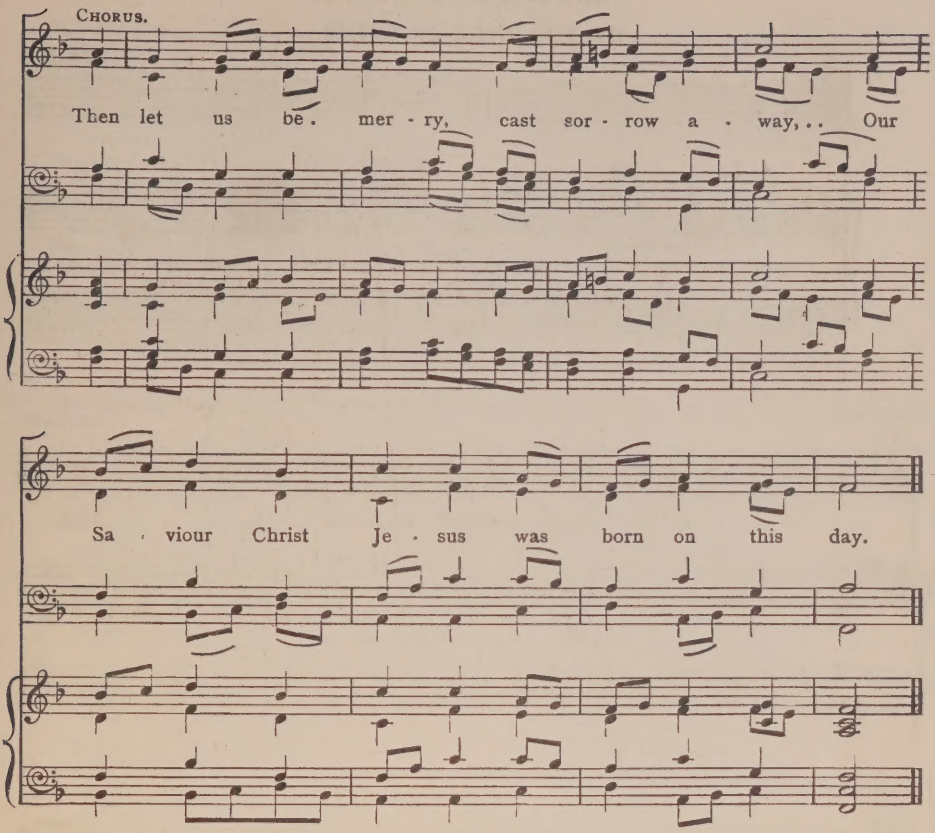
[NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

(CAROL.)

J. A. F. M.


1. In
Allegro.
mf
p
Beth-le-hem ci-ty, in Ju-dæ-a it was. That Jo-seph and
Ma-ry to-geth-er did pass; All for to be tax-ed when
thi-ther they came, For Cæ-sar Au-gus-tus com-mand-ed the same.

IN BETHLEHEM CITY.



1 IN Bethlehem city, in Judæa it was,
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd when thither they came,
For Cæsar Augustus commanded the same.
Chorus.—Then let us be merry, cast sorrow away,
Our Saviour Christ Jesus was born on this day.

2 But Mary's full time being come as we find,
She brought forth her first-born to save all mankind;
The inn being full of the heavenly Guest,
No place could she find to lay Him to rest.
Chorus.—Then let us, &c.

3 Blest Mary, blest Mary, so meek and so mild,
All wrapped up in swathing this heavenly Child,
Contented she laid where oxen do feed,
The great God of nature approved of the deed.
Chorus.—Then let us, &c.

4 To teach us humility all this was done,
To learn us from hence haughty pride for to shun,
The manger His cradle Who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace and of love.
Chorus.—Then let us, &c.

5 Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Vast numbers of angels did stand in the sky;
So merry were talking, so sweetly did sing,
"All glory and praise to the heavenly King!"
Chorus.—Let us sing, &c.

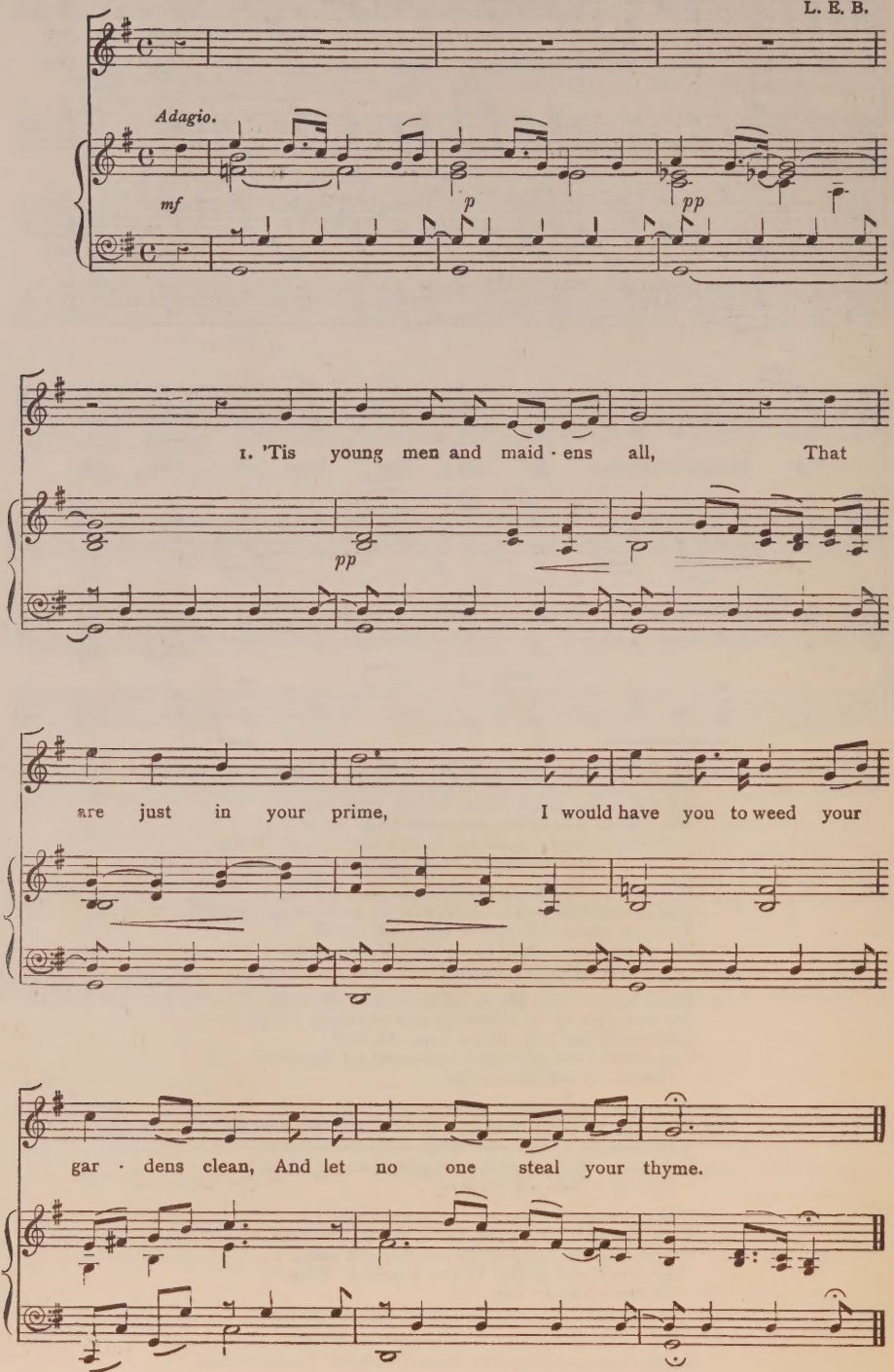
(From Mrs. Wilson, near King's Langley, Herts.)

Compare words and tune of "A Virgin Unspotted" (Herefordshire).

The Seeds of Love;

OR, THE SPRIG OF THYME.

L. E. B.


Adagio.
mf
p
pp
1. 'Tis young men and maid · ens all, That
pp
are just in your prime, I would have you to weed your
gar · dens clean, And let no one steal your thyme.

1 'Tis young men and maidens all,
That are just in your prime,
I would have you to weed your gardens clean,
And let no one steal your thyme.

2 For thyme is the finest thing
That does flourish by night and by day,
But there came by such a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.

3 And now I've no old thyme left,
No room for to plant any new,
For on the same spot where my old thyme stood,
It is all overrun with rue.

4 The running, running rue,
It's the rue that has ruined me,
And I ofttimes wish in the place where it stands
I had gained a jolly oak-tree.

5 My gardener stood by me,
I asked him to choose for me,
There's the lily, pink, and red rosebud,
I refused these flowers all three.

6 In June is the red rosebud,
And that's no flower for me,
The red rosebud I will pluck up,
And plant a jolly oak-tree.

7 Stand up, oh you jolly, jolly oak!
Don't wither and don't die!
For I'll prove true to the one that I love,
As the stars that are in the sky.

(Words and tune from Mrs. Wilson, of King's Langley, Herts, a native of Northamptonshire.)

The following widely different version of the same song is in the *Crampton Ballads*, Vol. V., in the British Museum:—

1 I SOWED the seeds of love,
It was all in the spring,
In April, in May, and in June likewise,
When small birds they do sing.

2 My garden is well-planted
With flowers everywhere;
I have not liberty to choose for myself,
The flowers that I love so dear.

3 My gardener stood by me,
I asked him to choose for me,
He chose for me the violet, the lily, and the pink,
But those I refused all three.

4 The violet I forsook,
Because it faded so soon,
The lily and the pink I did overlook,
And vowed I'd stay till June.

5 In June there's a red rosebud,
And that's the flower for me,
For often I have plucked the red rosebud
Till I gained the willow-tree.

6 The willow-tree will twist,
And the willow-tree will twine,
I wish I was in that young man's arms,
That had this heart of mine!

7 My gardener stood by,
And told me to take great care,
For in the middle of a red rosebud
There grows a sharp thorn there.

8 I told him I'd take great care,
Till I did feel the smart,
For often have I plucked at the red rosebud,
Till it pierced me to the heart.

9 I'll make a posy of hyssop,
No other can I touch,
That all the world may plainly see
I loved one flower too much.

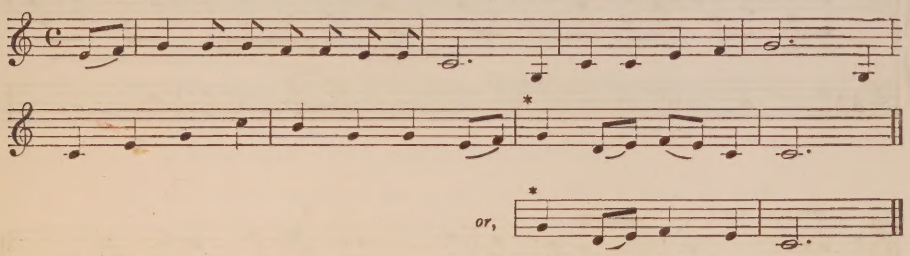
10 My garden is run over,
Where shall I plant anew?
For my bed that once was covered with thyme
Is all overrun with rue.

11 I locked my garden gate,
And resolved to keep the key,
But a young man came a-courting me,
And stole my liberty.

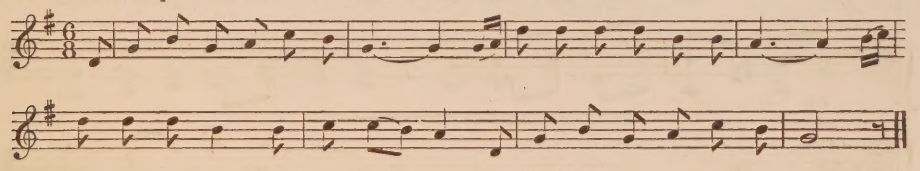
12 Come you false young man,
Who left me to complain,
The grass that's trodden under foot
In time will grow again.

Two other tunes, from different districts, are here appended:—

SUSSEX AND SURREY.] THE SEEDS OF LOVE.



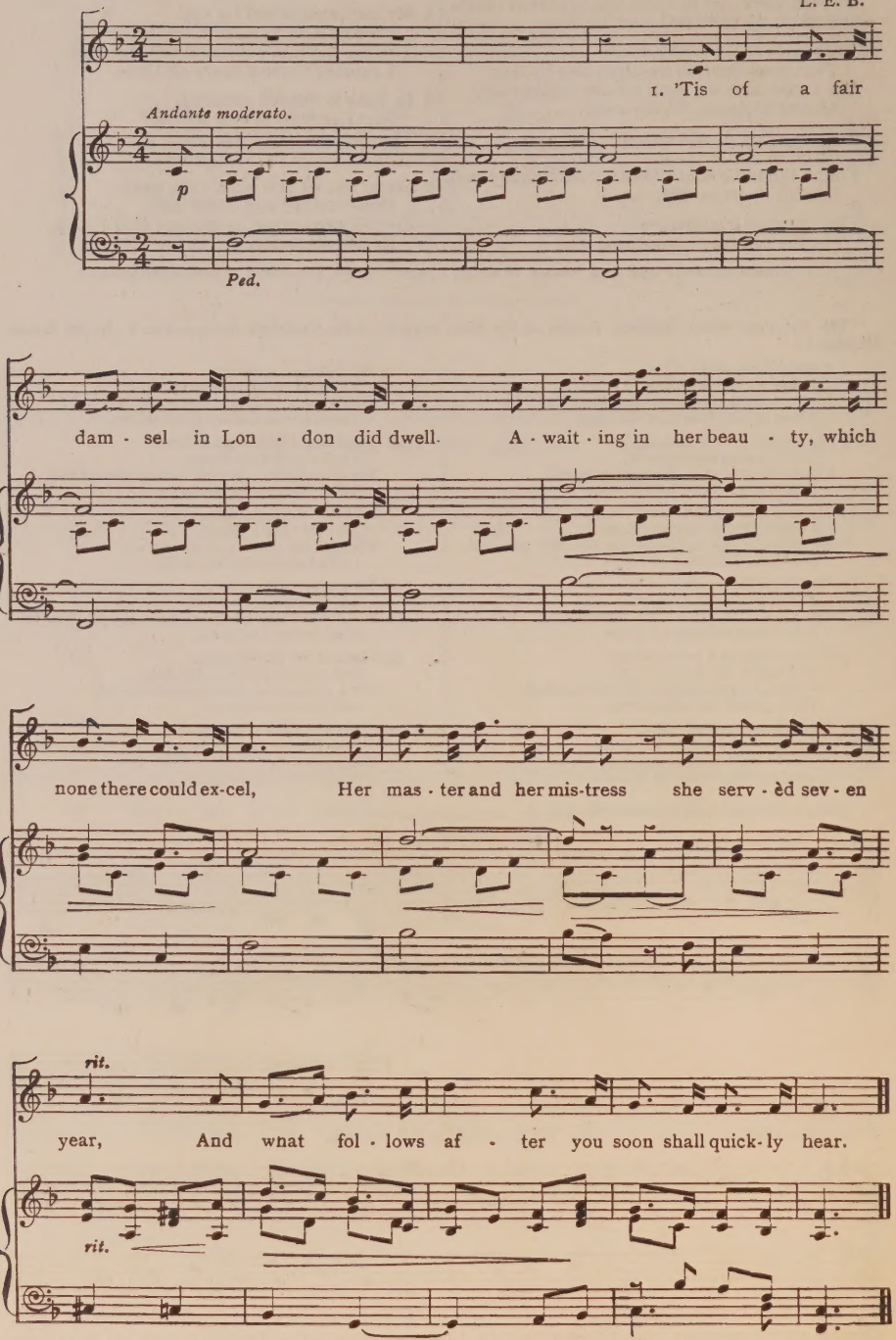
WEST COUNTRY.] THE SEEDS OF LOVE.



Compare Albyn's *Anthology*, 1816; Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, &c.; Baring Gould's *Songs of the West*; Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*.

OR, THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE.

L. E. B.


1. 'Tis of a fair
Andante moderato.
p
Ped.
dam - sel in Lon - don did dwell. A - wait - ing in her beau - ty, which
none there could ex-cel, Her mas - ter and her mis-tress she serv - èd sev - en
rit.
year, And what fol - lows af - ter you soon shall quick - ly hear.
rit.

1 'Tis of a fair damsel in London did dwell,
A-waiting in her beauty, which none there could excel.
Her master and her mistress she servèd seven year,
And what follows after you soon shall quickly hear.

2 She packed up her box with her red cloak and gown,
She packed up her box all to leave London town,
Her red cloak and gown, and the rest of her clothes,
And with her box upon her head from service she goes.

3 She put her box upon her head, and carried it along,
The first that she met was an able man and strong,
He said, "My pretty fair maid, pray will you come with me,
And I'll put you in a nearer way across this country?"

4 He took her by the hand, and he led to a lane,
He said, "My pretty fair maid, I'll tell you plump and plain,
Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or else this very moment I'll take away your life."

5 The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow,
Saying, "Where shall I wander, or where shall I go?"
And while this young fellow was feeling for his knife,
This beautiful damsel she took away his life.

6 She put her box upon her head, and with it trudged along,
The next that she met was a noble gentleman,
He said, "My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late,
Or what was that noise that I heard at yonder gate?

7 "That box upon your head to yourself does not belong,
To your master or your mistress you have done something wrong,
To your master or your mistress you have done something ill,
For one moment from trembling you cannot keep still."

8 "This box upon my head to myself it does belong,
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing wrong;
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing ill,
But I fear in my heart that a young man I did kill.

9 "He demanded my money, and I soon let him know,
For while he was fumbling I proved his overthrow;"
She took him by the hand and led him to the place
Where this able young fellow lay bleeding on his face.

10 This gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got;
He had three loaded pistols, some powder, and some shot,
Beside three loaded pistols, some powder, and some ball,
A knife, and a whistle some robbers for to call.

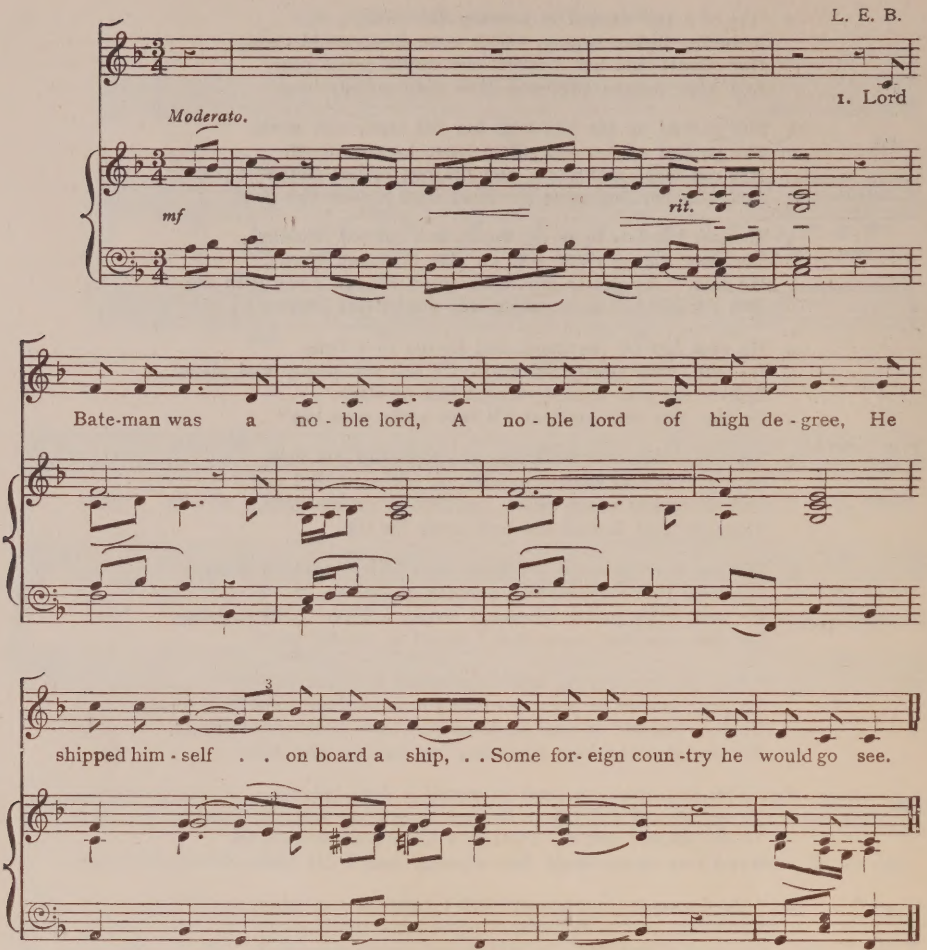
11 He put the whistle to his mouth, and he blew it loud and shrill,
Then four stout and able fellows came tripping o'er the hill;
This gentlemen shot one of them, and that most speedily,
And this beautiful young damsel she shot the other three.

12 When this noble gentleman saw all the robbers dead,
He took the damsel by the hand, and thus to her he said,
"I'll take you for my own bride, for the deed that you have done,
In taking of your own part, and firing off your gun."

(Words and tune from Mrs. Wilson.)

Found in many ballad sheets, where it is called "The Undaunted Female." See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* under head of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee," p. 173.

Lord Bateman. [Northamptonshire.


L. E. B.
1. Lord
Moderato.
mf
rit.
Bate-man was a no - ble lord, A no - ble lord of high de - gree, He
shipped him - self . . on board a ship, . . Some for- eign coun -try he would go see.

1 Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

2 He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken into prison,
Until of his life he was quite weary.

3 In this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout, it grew so strong;
And he was chained all by the middle
Until his life was almost gone.

4 The turnkey* had one only daughter.
The fairest that all eyes did see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And said Lord Bateman she would set free.

---

* Or, "The Turk, he."

5 "Have you got houses, have you got land,
Does half Northumberland belong to you?
What would you give to that fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free?"

6 "I have got houses, I have got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
All this I would give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set me free."

7 She took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine;
And all the healths she drank with him,
"I wish, Lord Bateman, that you was mine.

8 "Seven years I will make a vow,
Seven years I will keep it strong;
If you will wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man."

9 Seven years been gone and past,
And fourteen days to keep it strong,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And said, Lord Bateman she would go see.

10 And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
There she boldly rang the bell;
"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud young porter,
"Who's there I pray now unto me tell."

11 "Is this, is this Lord Bateman's castle?
And is his lordship here within?"
"O yes, it is Lord Bateman's castle,
And he's just now returned with a new bride in."

12 "Tell him to send me a slice of bread
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not to forget the fair young lady
That did release him when close confined."

13 Away, away went this proud young porter,
Away, away, away went he;
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Then on his bended knees fell he.

14 "What news, what news have you, my porter,
What news have you brought unto me?"
"There is one of the fairest creatures
That ever my two eyes did see.

15 "She has got rings on every finger,
And on one she has got three;
She's as much gay gold all about her middle
As would buy half Northumberlee.

16 She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not to forget that fair young lady
Who did release you when close confined."

17 Then up and spoke the young bride's mother,
That was never heard to speak so free;
"You'll not forget my only daughter,
If so Sophia has crossed the sea."

18 Lord Bateman then flew in a passion,
And broke his sword in splinters three
"She came to me with horse and saddle,
And she may go back with coach and three."

19 Then he prepared another wedding,
With both their hearts so full of glee;
"I'll give up all my father's riches,
If so Sophia has crossed the sea."

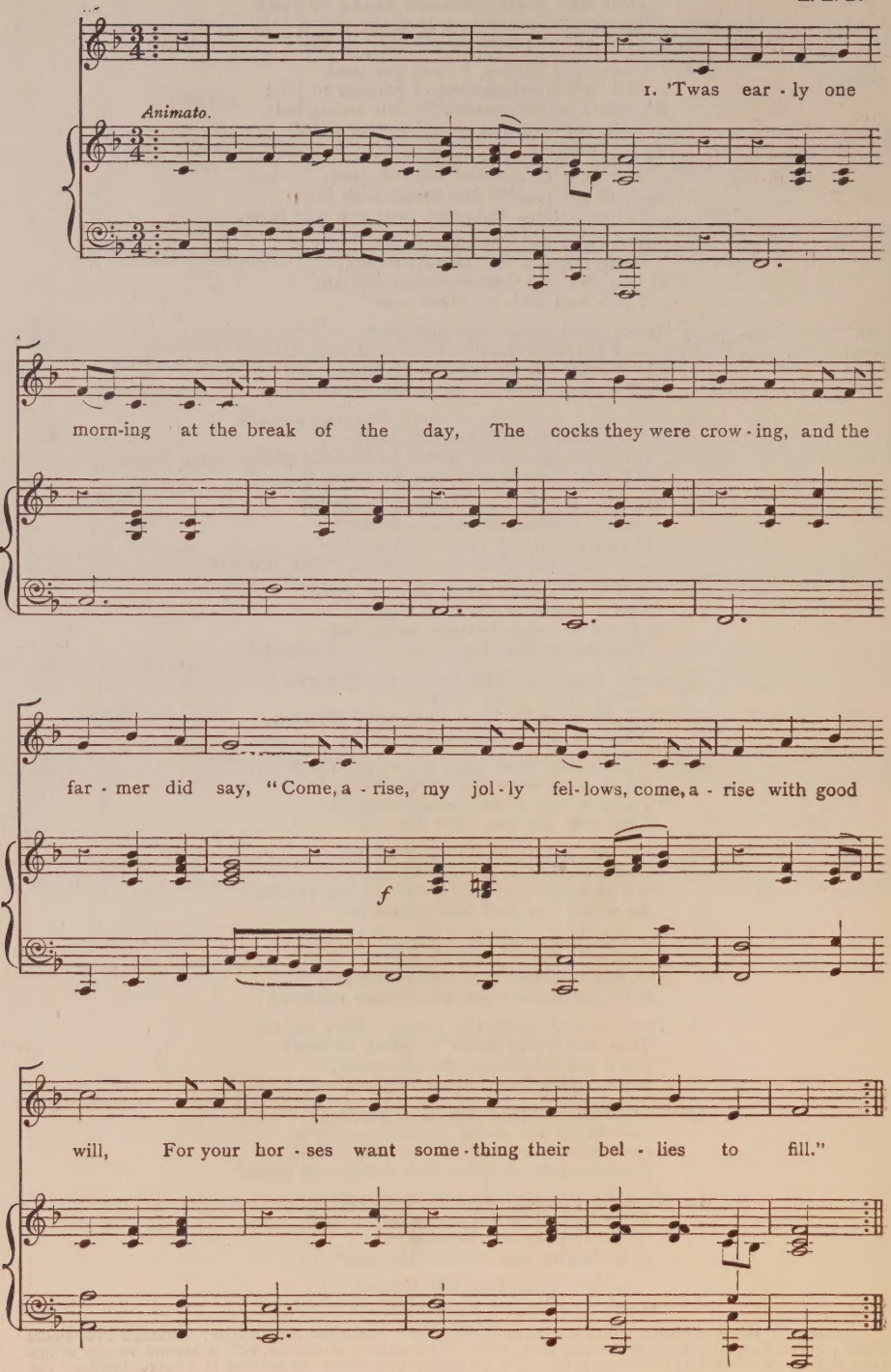
(Tune from Mrs. Wilson.)

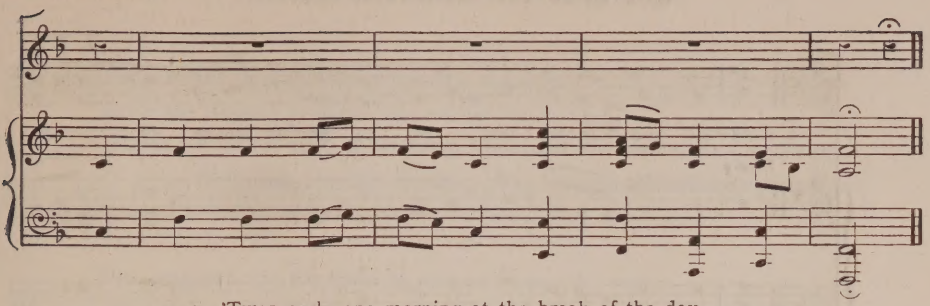
Versions of this well-known ballad are given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*; Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*; *Sussex Songs* (a version of the tune here given); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, &c. A corrupt version of this tune is given in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 651. For full information, under the heading of "Young Beichan," see Child's *English and Scotch Ballads*, the *Ballad Book* (*Golden Treasury Series*), &c.

'Twas early one morning.

[Oxfordshire

L. E. B.


1. 'Twas ear - ly one
Animato.
morn-ing at the break of the day, The cocks they were crow - ing, and the
far - mer did say, "Come, a - rise, my jol - ly fel - lows, come, a - rise with good
f
will, For your hor - ses want some - thing their bel - lies to fill."



1 'TWAS early one morning at the break of the day,
The cocks they were crowing, and the farmer did say,
"Come, arise, my jolly fellows, come, arise with good will,
For your horses want something their bellies to fill."

2 When four o'clock came, my boys, up we did rise,
And off to the stable we merrily flies,
With rubbing and scrubbing our horses we go,
For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

3 When six o'clock came, boys, at breakfast we met,
With cold beef and pork we heartily ate,
With a piece in our pocket I'll swear and I'll vow,
For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

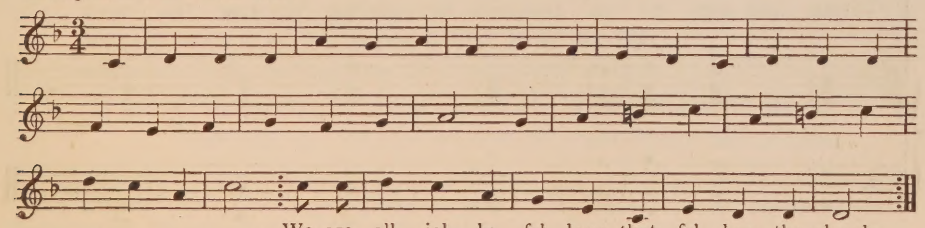
4 Our master came to us, and thus he did say,
"What have you been doing, boys, all this long day?
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
You are all lazy fellows that follows the plough."

5 Our carter turns round, and he thus makes reply:
"We have all ploughed our acre, you have told us a lie,
We have all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
We are all jolly fellows that follows the plough."

6 The master turned round, and he laughed at the joke;
"It is past two o'clock, boys, it is time to unyoke:
Unharness your horses and rub them down well,
Then I'll give you a jug of my very best ale."

7 So all you young men, wheresoever you be,
Come take this advice, and be rulèd by me,
Never fear your good master, wherever you go,
We are all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

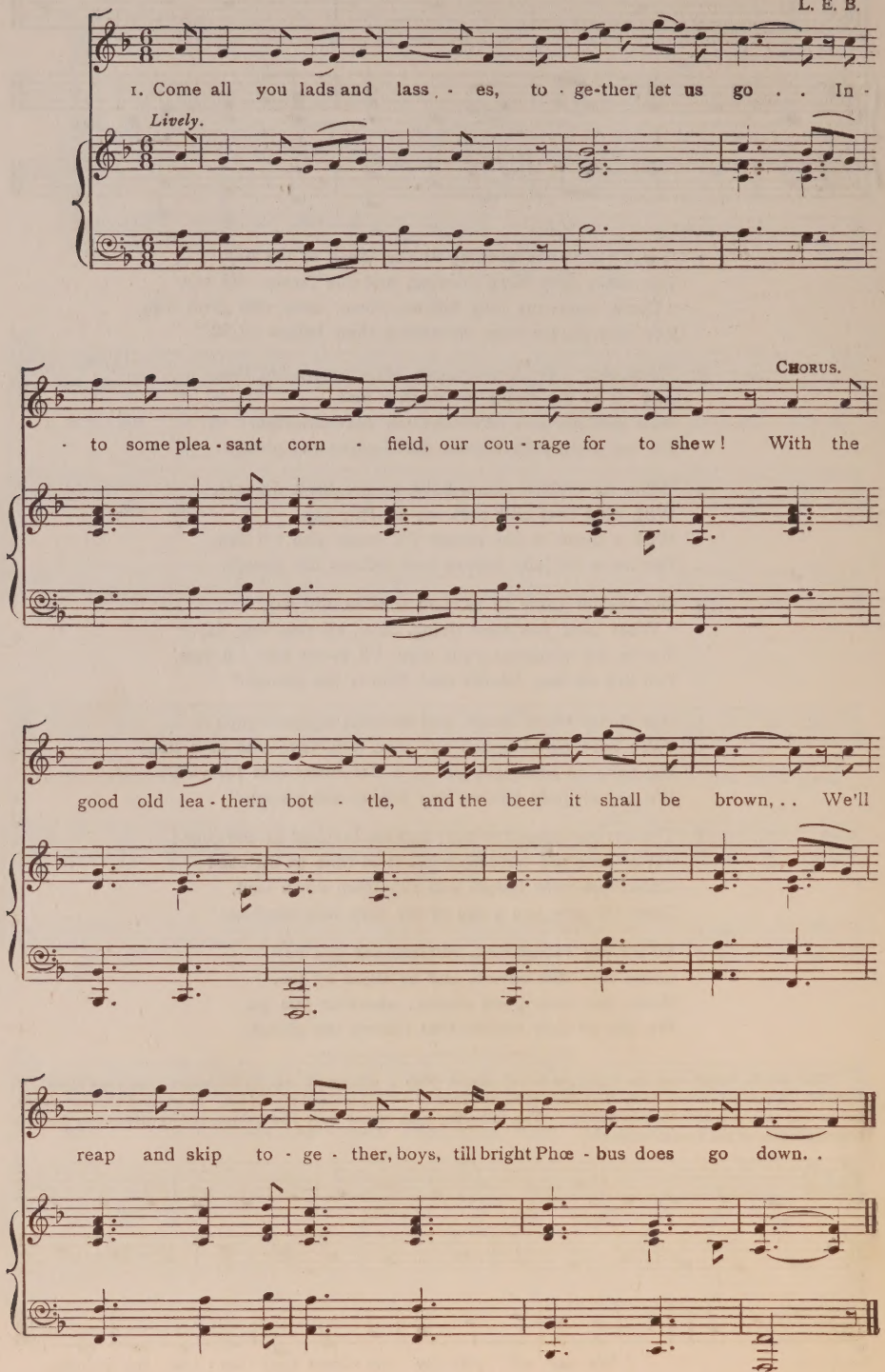
(The words, which may be found on ballad sheets, from a gardener's boy in Berkshire; the tune from Mr. Bennell. A correspondent from Berkshire gives the tune of "Villikins and his Dinah" as another to these words, and to that tune it is also sung in Surrey. The following tune comes from Hampshire, and is interesting from its shewing traces of the Dorian mode:—



The good old Leathern Bottle.

[Oxfordshire.

L. E. B.


1. Come all you lads and lass - es, to - ge-ther let us go . . In -
Lively.
Chorus.
- to some plea - sant corn - field, our cou - rage for to shew! With the
good old lea - thern bot - tle, and the beer it shall be brown, . . We'll
reap and skip to - ge - ther, boys, till bright Phœ - bus does go down. .

1.

COME all you lads and lasses, together let us go
Into some pleasant cornfield, our courage for to shew,
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

2.

With reaphook and the sickle so well we'll clear the land,
The farmer says, "Well done, my lads, here's liquor at your command."
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

3.

By daylight in the morning, when birds do sweetly sing,
They are such charming creatures, they make the valley ring,
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

4.

Then in comes lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray;
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

5.

See how she gathers, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill the farmer's barns.
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

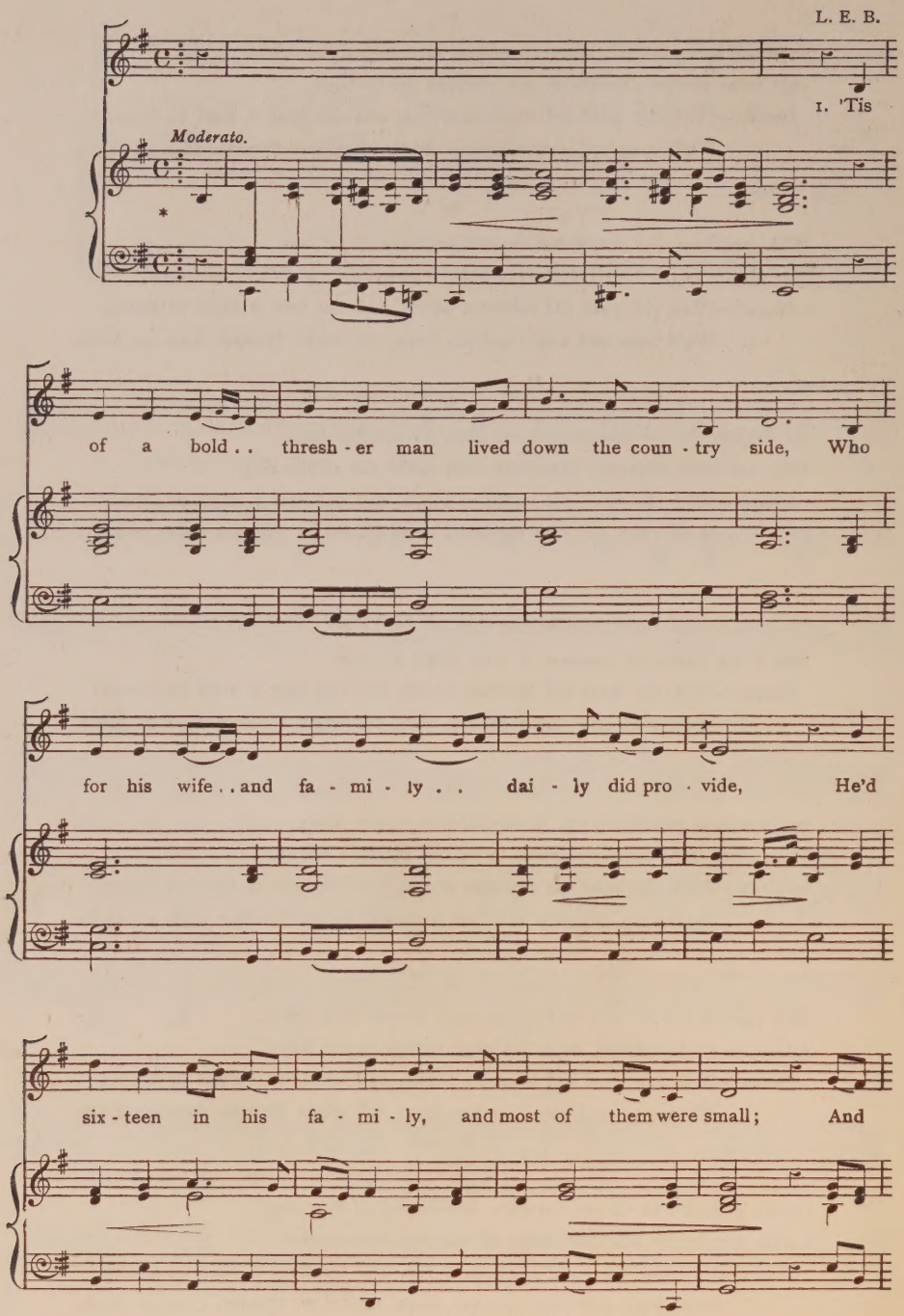
6.

Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn.
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

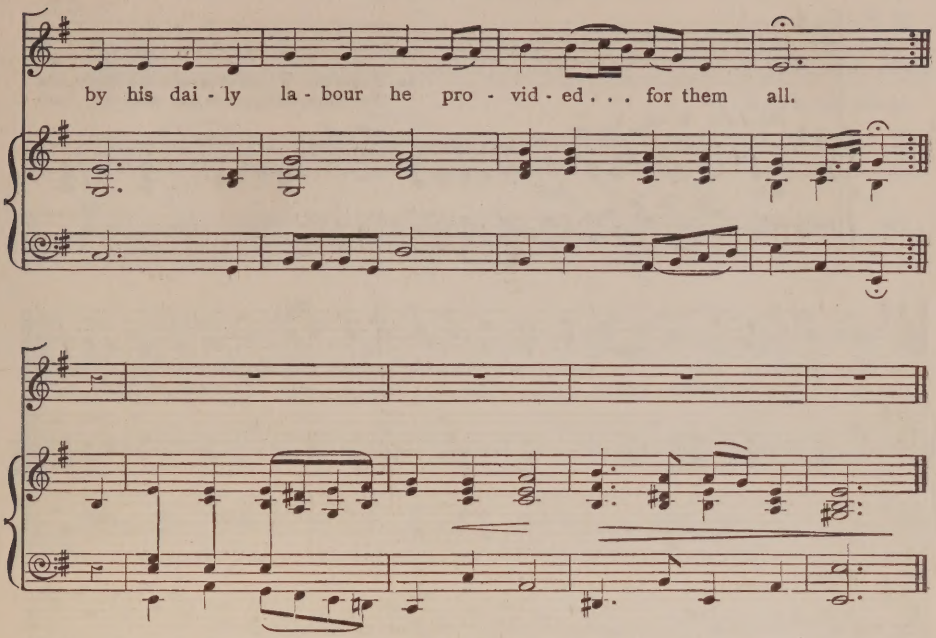
7.

Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men,
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.
Chorus.—With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phœbus does go down.

The tune, first verse and part of second, from Mr. Bennell; the remainder from Mr. Heywood Sumner's "Besom Maker." The words are given again as "The Reaphook and the Sickle" (Hampshire, p. 148.)


L. E. B.
1. 'Tis
Moderato.
of a bold . . thresh - er man lived down the coun - try side, Who
for his wife . . and fa - mi - ly . . dai - ly did pro - vide, He'd
six - teen in his fa - mi - ly, and most of them were small; And

* The Symphony is the same as the last four bars of Chappell's tune (see next page), and is introduced to show the D sharp in that version.



1 'Tis of a bold thresherman lived down the country side,
Who for his wife and family daily did provide,
He'd sixteen in his family, and most of them were small;
And by his daily labour he provided for them all.

2 As this poor man was returning from his labour one day,
He met a wealthy squire, who thus to him did say;
"O thresherman! O thresherman! will you kindly tell to me
How you maintain your wife, and your large family?"

3 "I arise, Sir, every morning, at the break of the day,
I work like a slave, all for the smallest of pay,
And from hedging or from ditching to the milking of a cow,
There's nothing comes amiss to me from the harrow to the plough

4 "When I go home at night, Sir, as tired as can be,
The youngest of my family he sits upon my knee;
And all the rest come prattling round me as I sing with joy,
And this is all the comfort that a poor man can enjoy.

5 "There's my wife, gentle creature, as faithful as can be,
We live like two turtledoves, and never disagree.
But still the times grow harder, and I am very poor,
I hardly know how to keep the wolf from the door."

6 "Now since you have spoken so well of your wife,
I'll make you live happy the rest of your life,
Here's sixty acres of good land I'll freely give to thee,
To maintain your wife and your large family."

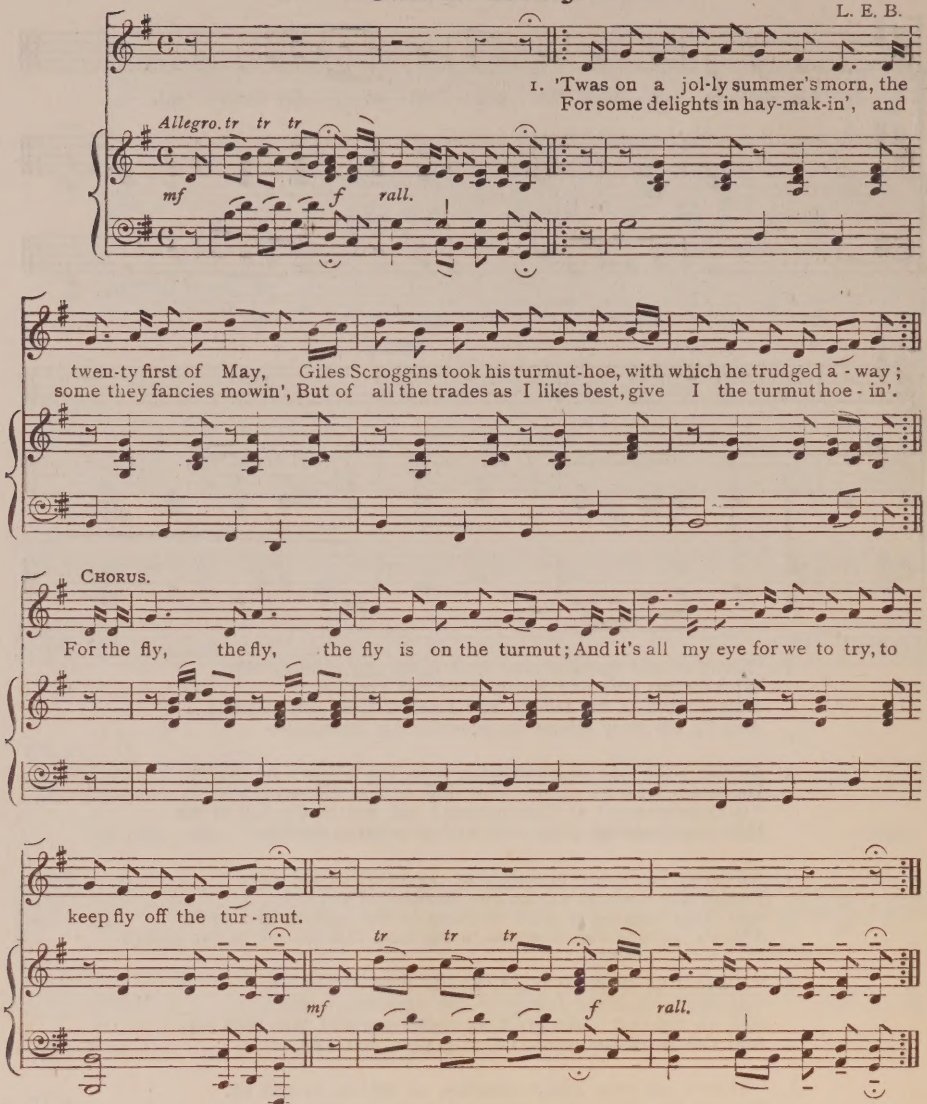
(Words and tune from Mr. R. Bennell.)

A version of the words called "The Nobleman and the Thresherman" is in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*. See also *Sussex Songs*, where another tune is given. Chappell, in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, gives a tune similar to this, as "We are poor frozen-out gardeners." This tune is a variant of "Lazarus," given under Middlesex, p. 102 for notes on similar tunes, see under "Cold blows the wind" (*Shropshire*), p. 34.

Turmut-hoeing.

[OXFORDSHIRE.

L. E. B.


1. 'Twas on a jol-ly summer's morn, the
For some delights in hay-mak-in', and
Allegro. tr tr tr
mf
f
rall.
twen-ty first of May, Giles Scroggins took his turmut-hoe, with which he trudged a - way;
some they fancies mowin', But of all the trades as I likes best, give I the turmut hoe - in'.
CHORUS.
For the fly, the fly, the fly is on the turmut; And it's all my eye for we to try, to
keep fly off the tur - mut.
tr tr tr
mf
f
rall.

1 'TWAS on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty-first of May,
Giles Scroggins took his turmut-hoe, with which he trudged away;
For some delights in haymakin', and some they fancies mowin,
But of all the trades as I likes best, give I the turmut-hoein'.
Chorus.—For the fly, the fly, the fly is on the turmut;
And it's all my eye for we to try, to keep fly off the turmut.

2 Now the first place as I went to work, it were at Farmer Tower's,
He vowed and sweared and then declared, I were a first-rate hoer.
Now the next place as I went to work, I took it by the job.
But if I'd ha' knowed it a little afore, I'd sooner been in quod.
Chorus.—For the fly, &c.

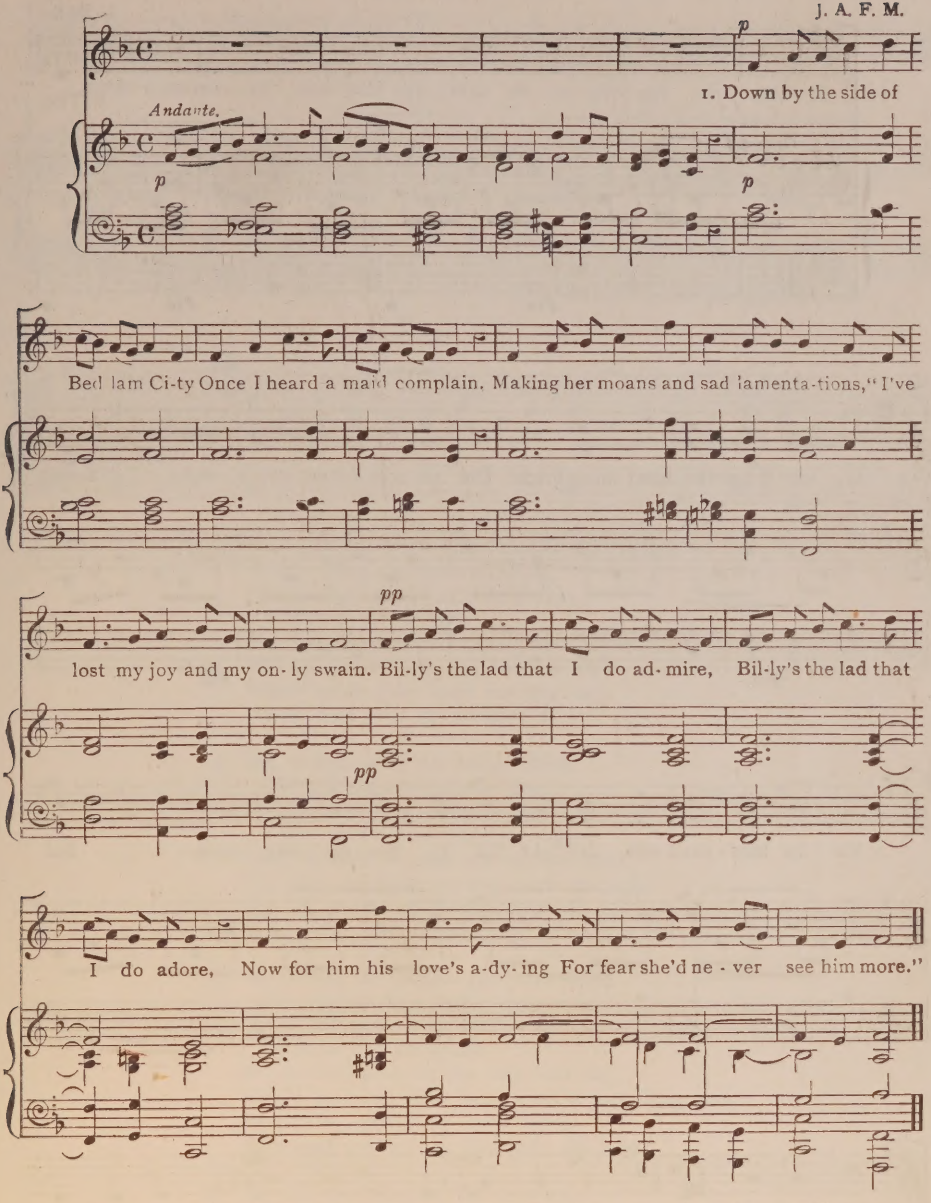
3 When I was over at yonder farm, they sent for I a-mowin,
But I sent word back I'd sooner have the sack, than lose my turmut-hoein'.
Now all you jolly farming lads as bides at home so warm,
I now concludes my ditty with wishing you no harm.
Chorus.—For the fly, &c.

(Words and tune from Mr. R. Bennell.)

This is a favourite song among soldiers, and is popular in many counties.

Bedlam City.

J. A. F. M.


Andante.
p
1. Down by the side of
Bed lam Ci-ty Once I heard a maid complain. Making her moans and sad lamenta-tions," I've
pp
lost my joy and my on-ly swain. Bil-ly's the lad that I do ad-mire, Bil-ly's the lad that
I do adore, Now for him his love's a-dy-ing For fear she'd ne-ver see him more."

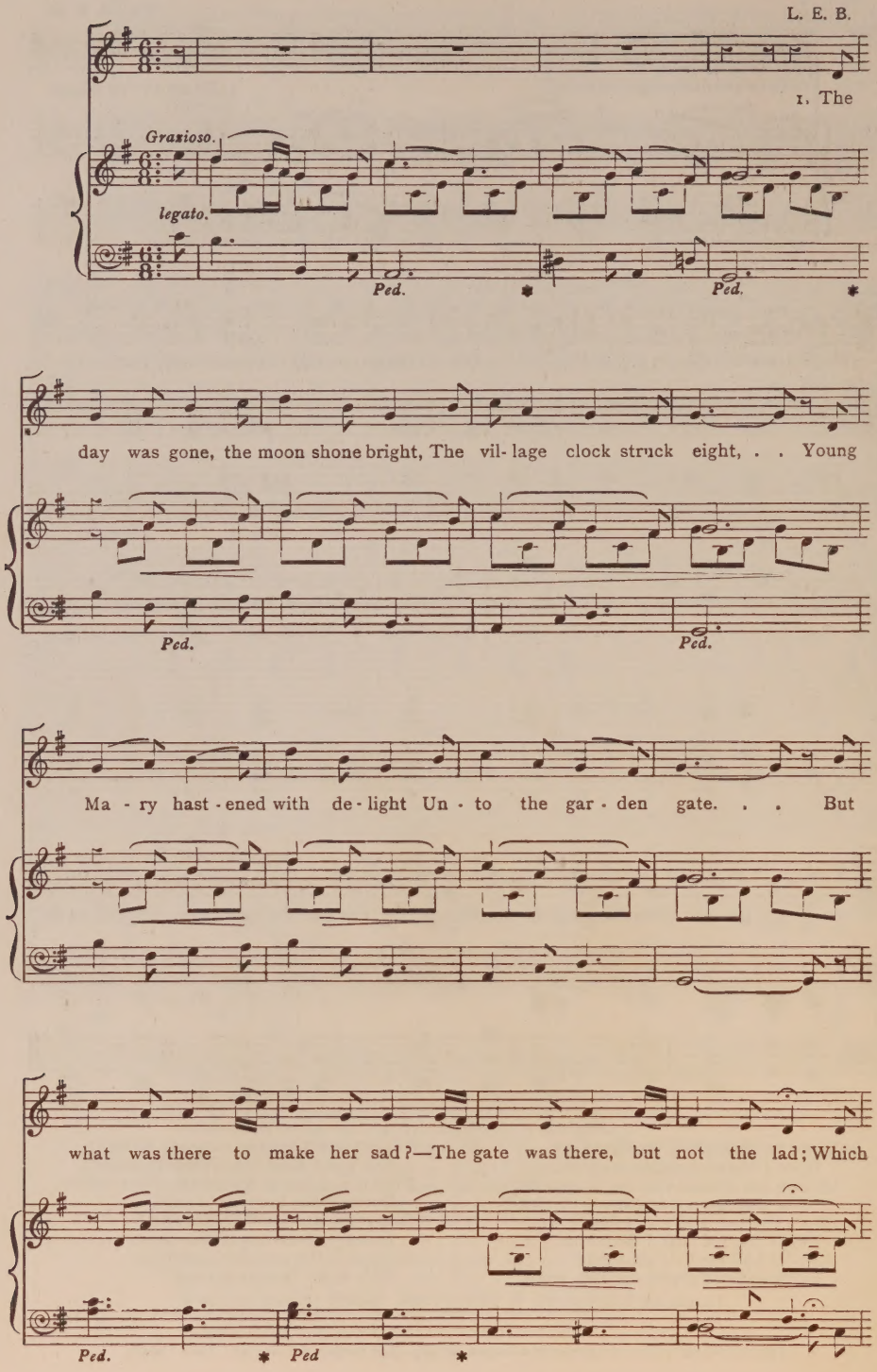
1 Down by the side of Bedlam City
Once I heard a maid complain,
Making her moans and sad lamentations,
"I've lost my joy and my only swain.
Billy's the lad that I do admire,
Billy's the lad that I do adore,
Now for him his love's a-dying
For fear she'd never see him more."

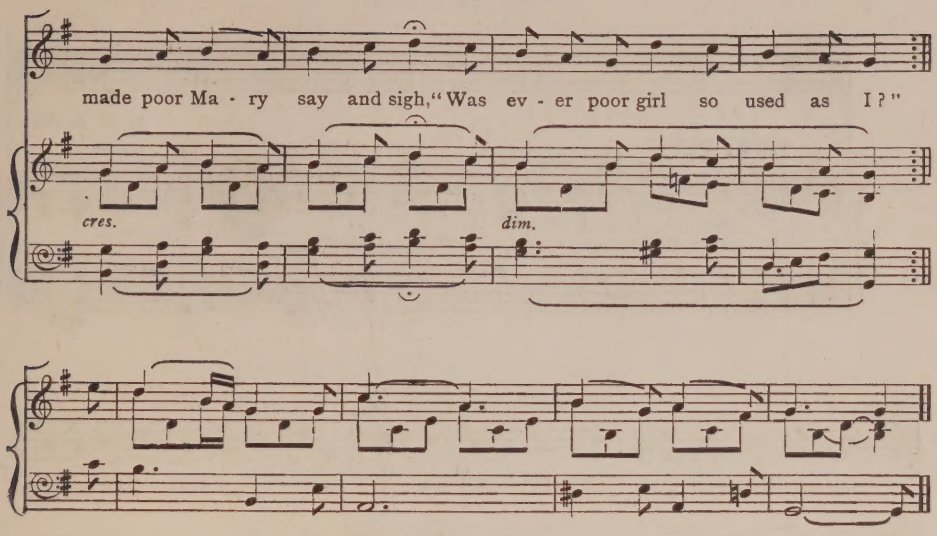
2 "Don't you hear the cannons rattle?
Don't you hear the trumpets sound?
Billy is a-dying in the midst of the battle,
Dying of his bleeding wound.
Don't you see my Billy coming?
Don't you see in yonder cloud?
Billy with the angels round him,
Billy in his bloody shroud!"

(Words and tune from Mr. F. Scarlett Potter, Halford, Shipston-on-Stow.)

This is evidently but a fragment of a longer ballad. The tune is a little like "Billy Taylor."

L. E. B.


1. The
Grazioso.
legato.
Ped.
Ped.
day was gone, the moon shone bright, The vil-lage clock struck eight, . . Young
Ped.
Ped.
Ma-ry hast-ened with de-light Un-to the gar-den gate. . . But
what was there to make her sad?—The gate was there, but not the lad; Which
Ped.
Ped



1 THE day was gone, the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight,
Young Mary hastened with delight
Unto the garden gate.
But what was there to make her sad?—
The gate was there, but not the lad;
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,
"Was ever poor girl so used as I?"

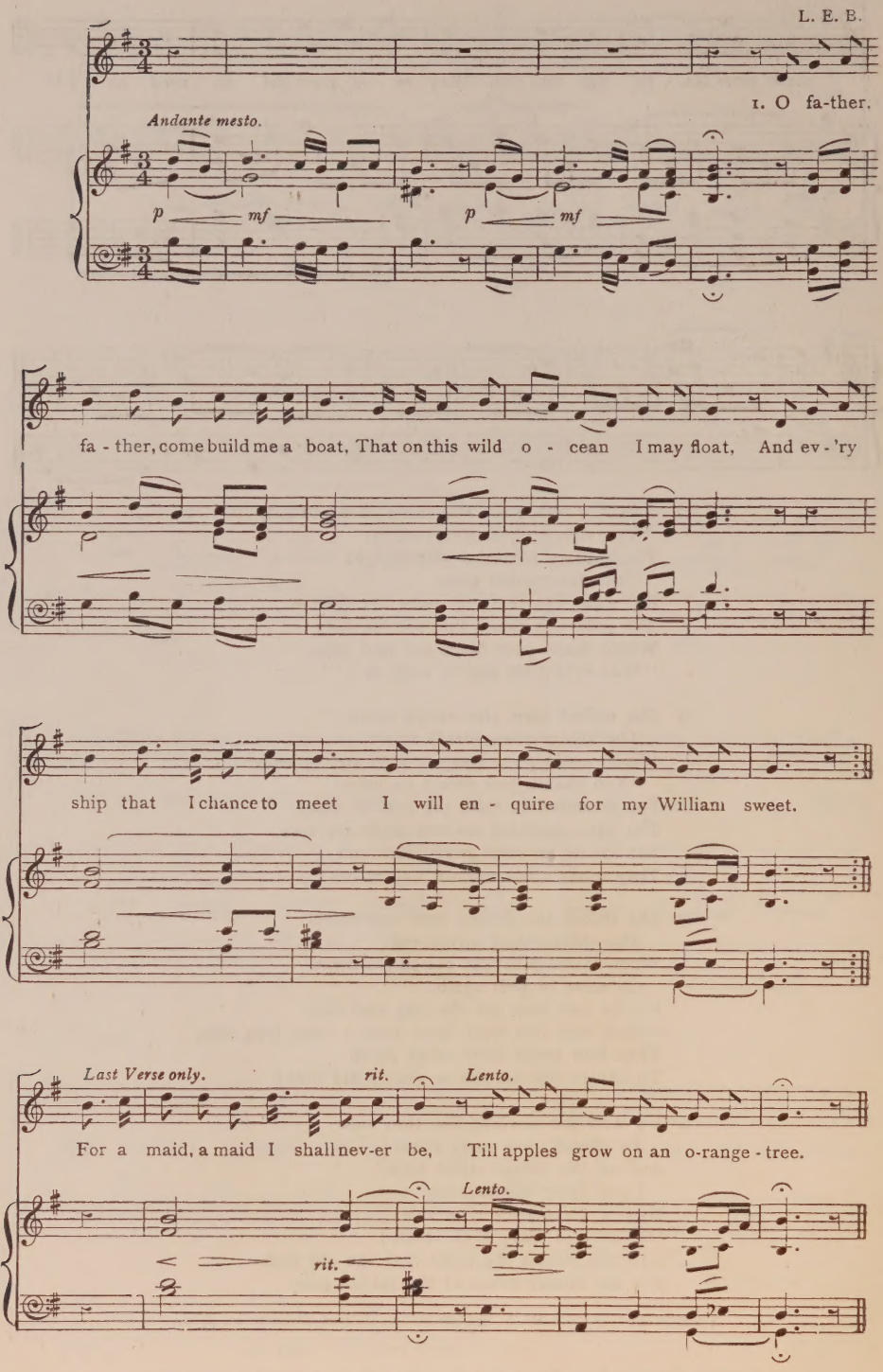
2 She waited here, she waited there,
The village clock struck nine;
Which made poor Mary to sigh and to swear
"You shan't, you shan't be mine;
You promised to meet me here at eight,
You have deceived me and made me wait,
But I'll let all such sweethearts see
They never shall make a fool of me."

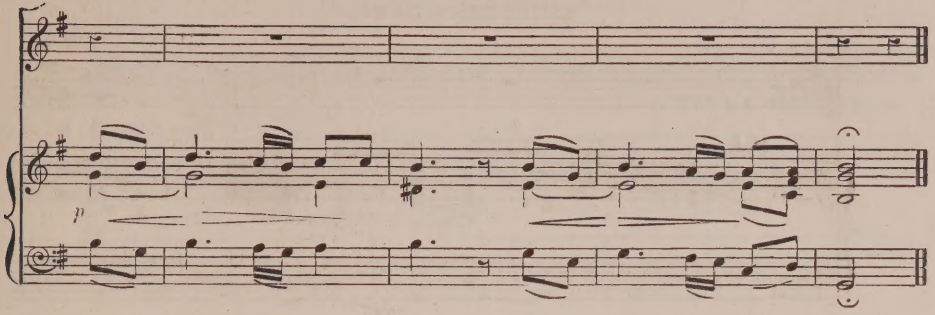
3 She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck ten,
When William caught her in his arms,
Oh ne'er to part again.
For he had been for the ring that day
Which took him from home such a long, long way,
Then how could Mary cruel prove
To banish the lad she so dearly did love?

4 Up with the morning sun they rose
To church they went away,
And all the village joyful were,
Upon their wedding-day.
Now in a cot by a river side,
William and Mary both reside;
And she blesses the night that she did wait
For her absent swain at the garden gate.

(Words and tune from Mr. F. Scarlett Potter, Halford, Shipston-on-Stow.)

A version is given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, and may be found on ballad sheets


L. E. B.
1. O fa-ther.
Andante mesto.
p mf p mf
fa - ther, come build me a boat, That on this wild o - cean I may float, And ev - 'ry
ship that I chance to meet I will en - quire for my William sweet.
Last Verse only.
rit.
Lento.
For a maid, a maid I shall nev-er be, Till apples grow on an o-range - tree.
Lento.
rit.



1 O FATHER, father, come build me a boat,
That on this wild ocean I may float,
And every ship that I chance to meet
I will enquire for my William sweet.

2 I had not sailed more than half an hour
Before I met with a man on board (man of war?)
"Kind captain, captain, come tell me true,
Is my sweet William on board with you?"

3 "Oh no, fine lady, he is not here,
That he is drownèd most breaks my fear,*
For the other night when the wind blew high
That's when you lost your sweet sailor boy."

4 I'll set me down, and I'll write a song,
I'll write it neat, and I'll write it long,
And at every word I will drop a tear,
And in every line I'll set my Willie dear.

5 I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I was a sweet maid again,
But a maid, a maid I never shall be
Till apples grow on an orange-tree.
For a maid, a maid I shall never be,
Till apples grow on an orange-tree.

Words and tune, with notes, from Mrs. Harley. Bewdley.)

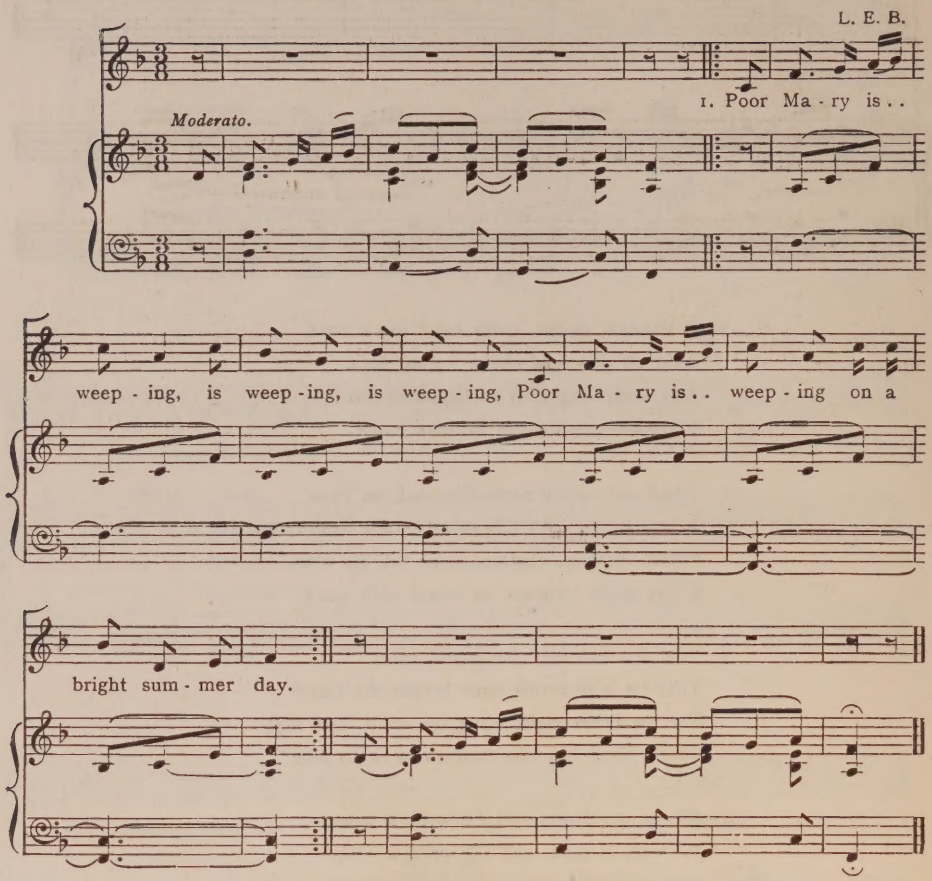
This song is a great favourite with the boys of Bewdley, who can give no account of it, except that "there was an old man as used to sing it." The best singer when he has ended the song always turns to the audience, remarking emphatically "Till apples grows on an orange-tree." probably the usual custom of the old ballad-singers

* It makes me fear?

Poor Mary.

[Worcestershire.

(CHILDREN'S GAME.)



1 Poor Mary is weeping, is weeping, is weeping,
Poor Mary is weeping on a bright summer day.

2 Pray tell me what you're weeping for, weeping for, weeping for,
Pray tell me what you're weeping for on a bright summer day.

3 I'm weeping for my true love, my true love, my true love,
I'm weeping for my true love on a bright summer day.

4 Stand up and choose your lover, your lover, your lover,
Stand up and choose your lover on a bright summer day.

5 Go to church with your lover, your lover, your lover,
Go to church with your lover on a bright summer day.

6 Be happy in a ring, love, a ring, love, a ring, love,
Kiss both together, love, on this bright summer day.

(Words and tune from Mrs. Lawson, Upton-on-Severn.)

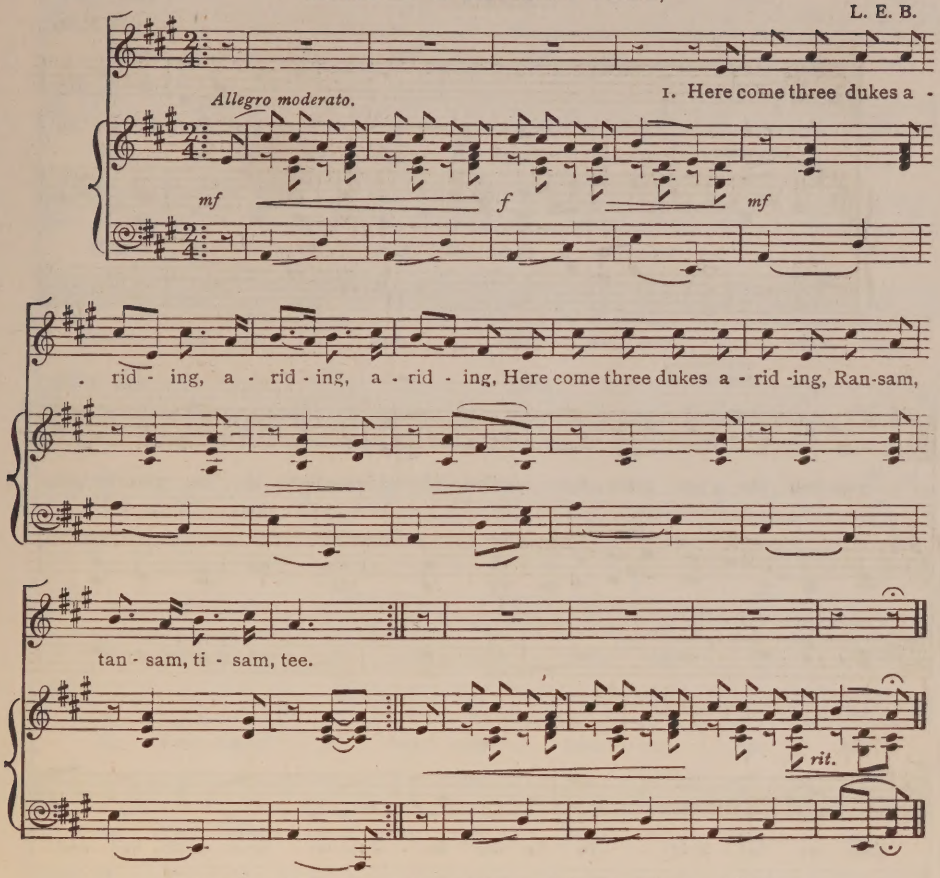
In a version sent from Masham, Yorkshire, in which the name is "Poor Sally," &c., the last verse runs thus:—

"So now we've got a ship across, ship across, ship across,
So now we've got a ship across, on a bright shiny day."

The Three Dukes.

(CHILDREN'S CHOOSING GAME.)

L. E. B.


Allegro moderato.
1. Here come three dukes a -
mf
f
mf
. rid - ing, a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, Here come three dukes a - rid -ing, Ran-sam,
tan - sam, ti - sam, tee.
rit.

Duke. 1 Here come three dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
Here come three dukes a-riding,
Ransam, tansam, tisam, tee.

Children. 2 Pray, what is your good will, Sir, &c.

Duke. 3 My will is for to marry, &c.

Children. 4 Pray, whom will you marry, &c.

Duke. 5 You're all too black and brown for me, &c.

Children. 6 We're quite as white as you, Sir, &c.

Duke. 7 You're all as stiff as pokers, &c.

Children. 8 We can bend as well as you, Sir, &c.

Duke. 9 Go through the kitchen and through the hall,
And take the fairest of them all.
The fairest one that I can see
Is (Jemima Spriggins,*) so come to me.

(Words from Mrs. Lawson, Upton-on-Severn.)

In this choosing game one child, representing the duke, advances towards a line of children who hold hands and walk backwards and forwards in front of him. He names the child he wishes for, who takes his hand and joins him in his song. In most versions the duke sings "Go through the kitchen," &c. to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," better known as "Here we go round the mulberry bush." The game goes on till all the children are won over to the duke's side. The above tune is that sung in many counties to these words; a version is given in the Hon. E. M. Plunket's *Merrie Games in Rhyme.* A very elaborate form of the game is sent from Masham, Yorkshire, in which the whole thing is gone through, first with one duke, then with two, and lastly with three. After choosing the child by name, the dialogue, "I will buy thee a watch and chain" (See "I will give you the keys of heaven." Cheshire, p. 32), is gone through, as far as the offers are concerned, the chosen child replying "No" to each.

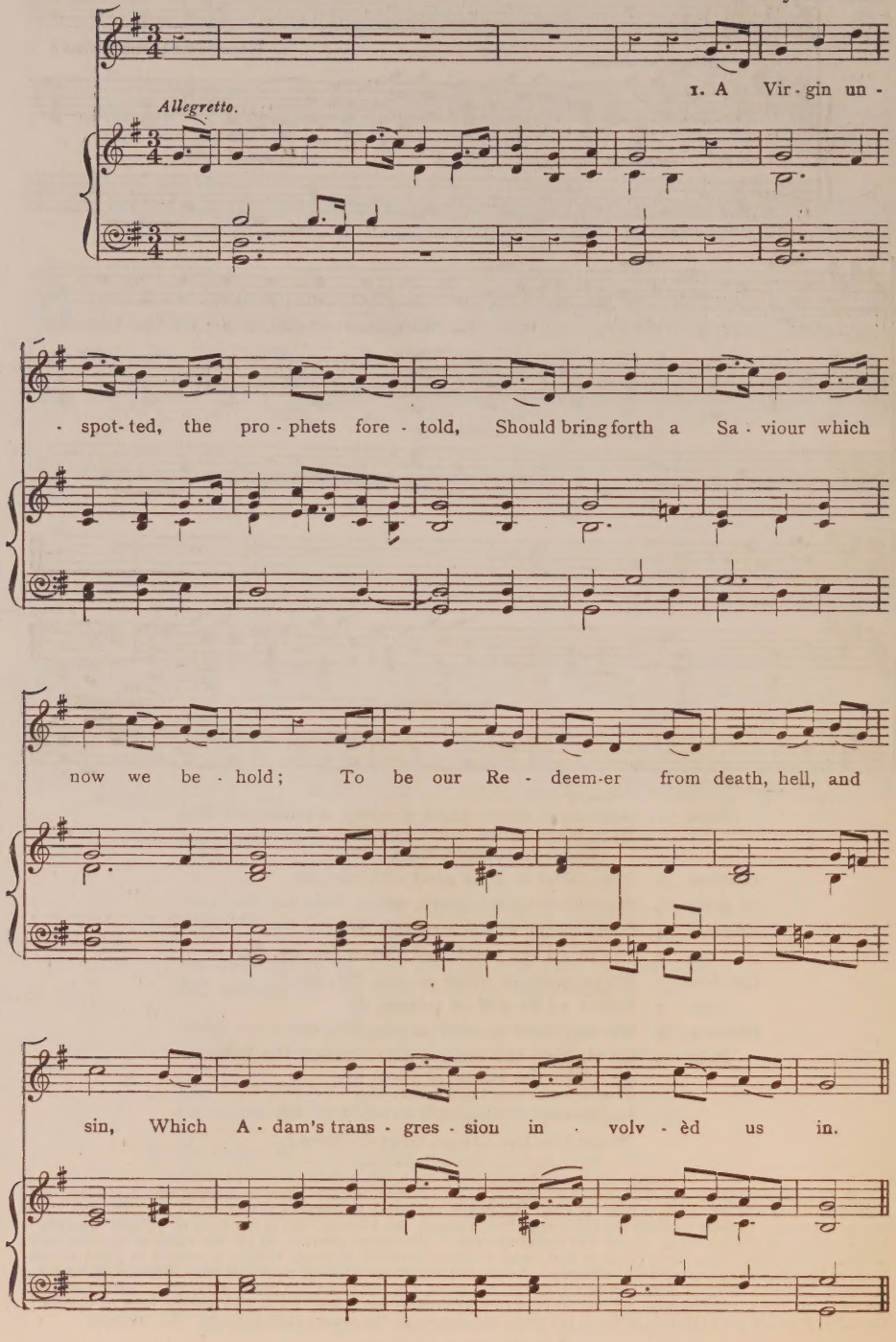
* Naming the child chosen

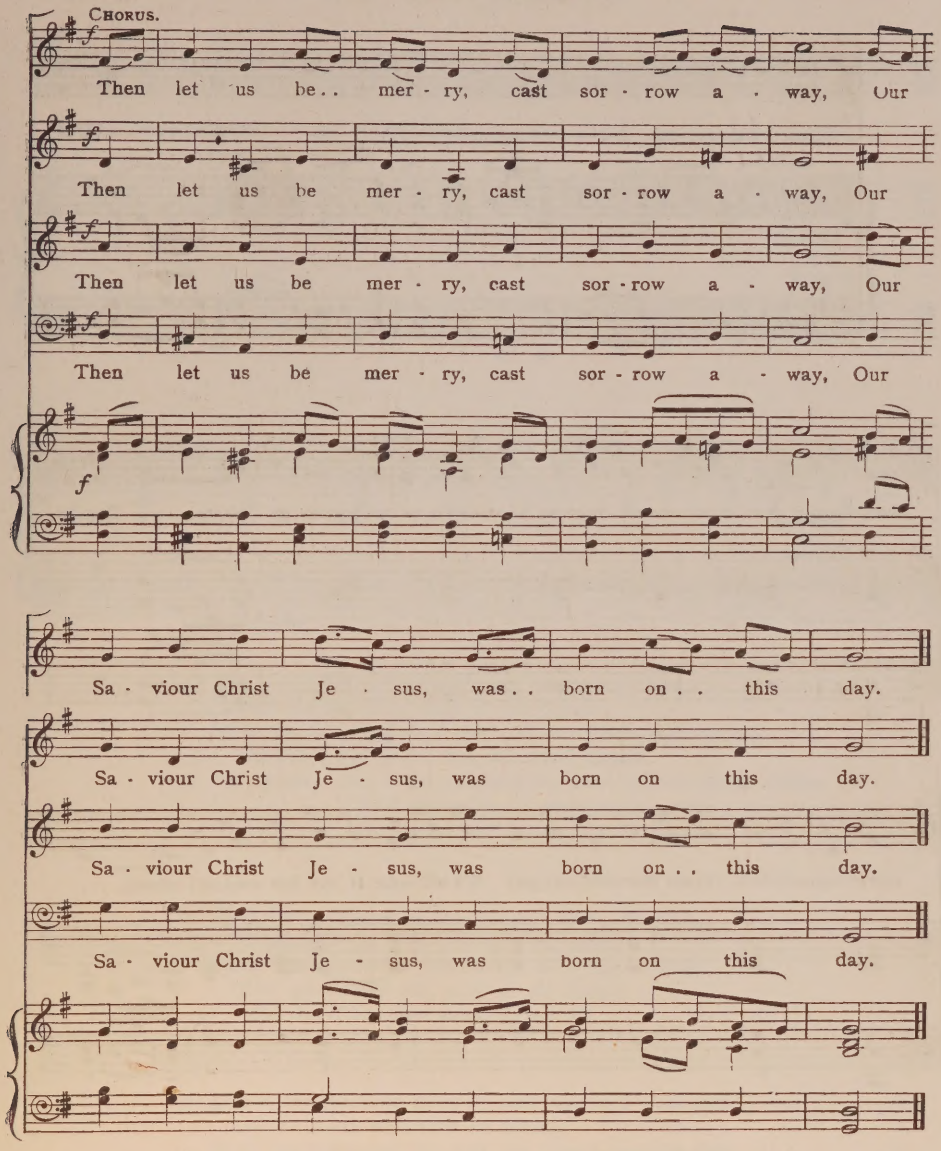
A Virgin unspotted.

[HEREFORDSHIRE.

(CAROL.)

J. A. F. M.


Allegretto.
1. A Vir - gin un -
- spot - ted, the pro - phets fore - told, Should bring forth a Sa - viour which
now we be - hold; To be our Re - deem-er from death, hell, and
sin, Which A - dam's trans - gres - sion in - volv - èd us in.


CHORUS.
Then let us be.. mer - ry, cast sor - row a - way, Our
Then let us be mer - ry, cast sor - row a - way, Our
Then let us be mer - ry, cast sor - row a - way, Our
Then let us be mer - ry, cast sor - row a - way, Our
Sa - viour Christ Je - sus, was.. born on.. this day.
Sa - viour Christ Je - sus, was born on this day.
Sa - viour Christ Je - sus, was born on.. this day.
Sa - viour Christ Je - sus, was born on this day.

1 A VIRGIN unspotted, the prophets foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour which now we behold;
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression involvèd us in.
Chorus.—Then let us be merry, cast sorrow away,
Our Saviour Christ Jesus, was born on this day.

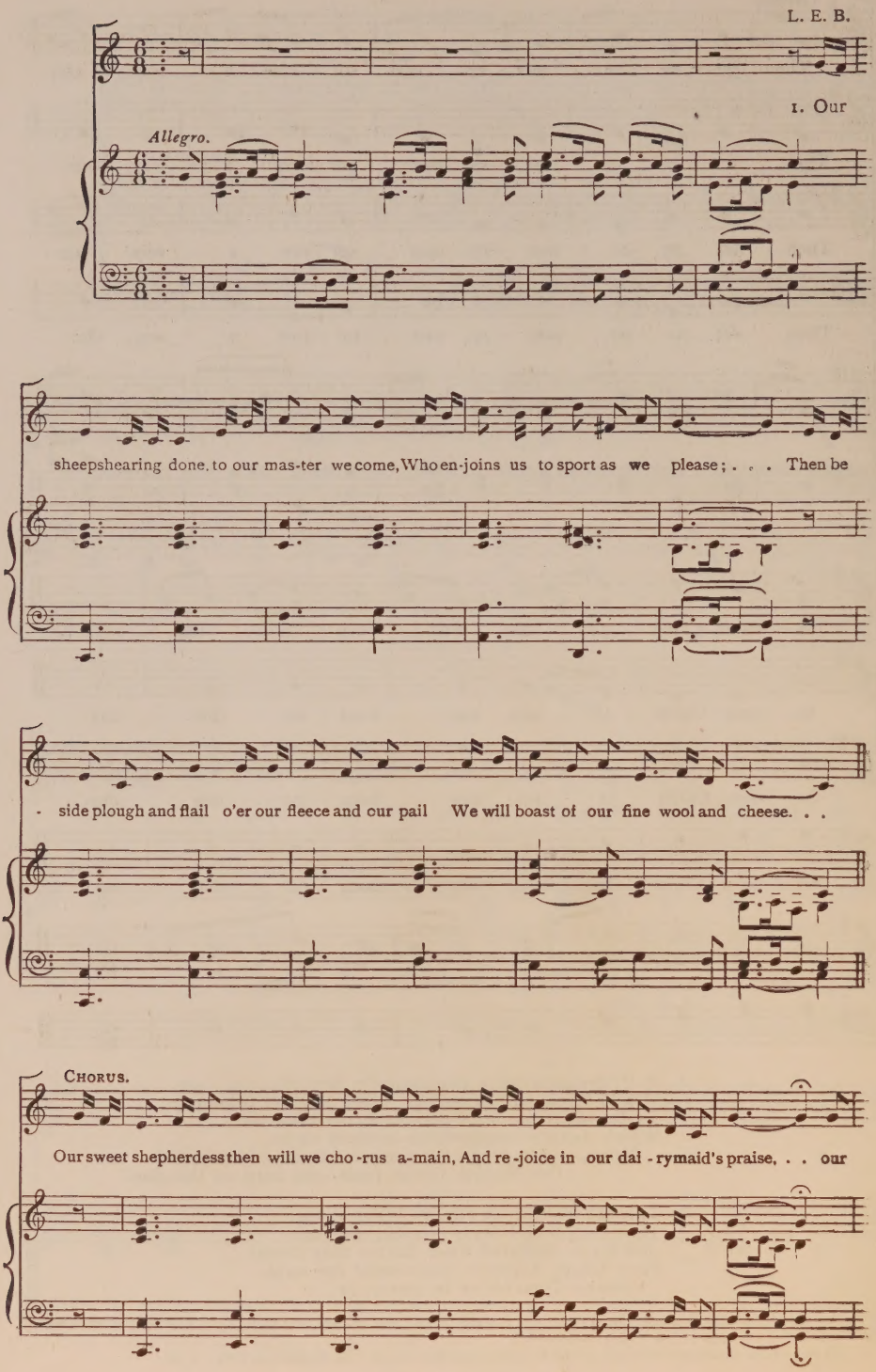
2 Through Bethlehem city, in Jewry it was,
That Joseph and Mary together did pass;
And for to be taxèd when thither they came,
Since Cæsar Augustus commanded the same.
Chorus.—Then let us be merry, &c.

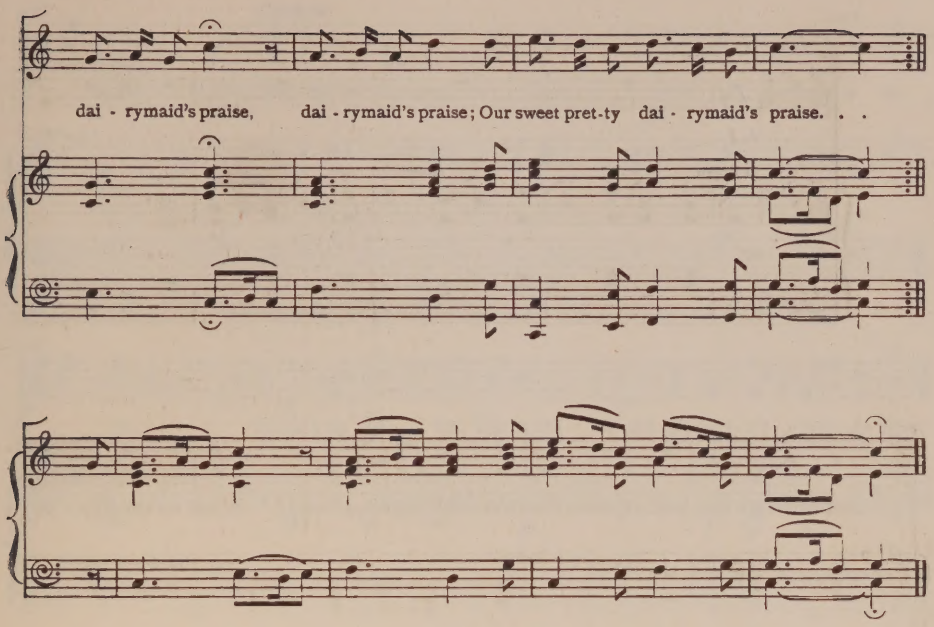
(The tune "Admiral Benbow," from Chappell, *Popular Music*, etc., p. 642, who says that it was sung at Marden, near Hereford, to the words "A Virgin unspotted.")

The rest of the words are the same as the Northamptonshire carol. "In Bethlehem City," p. 56.

Feast Song.

[GLOUCESTERSHIRE.


L. E. B.
1. Our
Allegro.
sheepshearing done, to our mas-ter we come, Who en-joins us to sport as we please; . . . Then be
- side plough and flail o'er our fleece and our pail We will boast of our fine wool and cheese. . .
CHORUS.
Our sweet shepherdess then will we cho-rus a-main, And re-joice in our dai-rymaid's praise, . . our



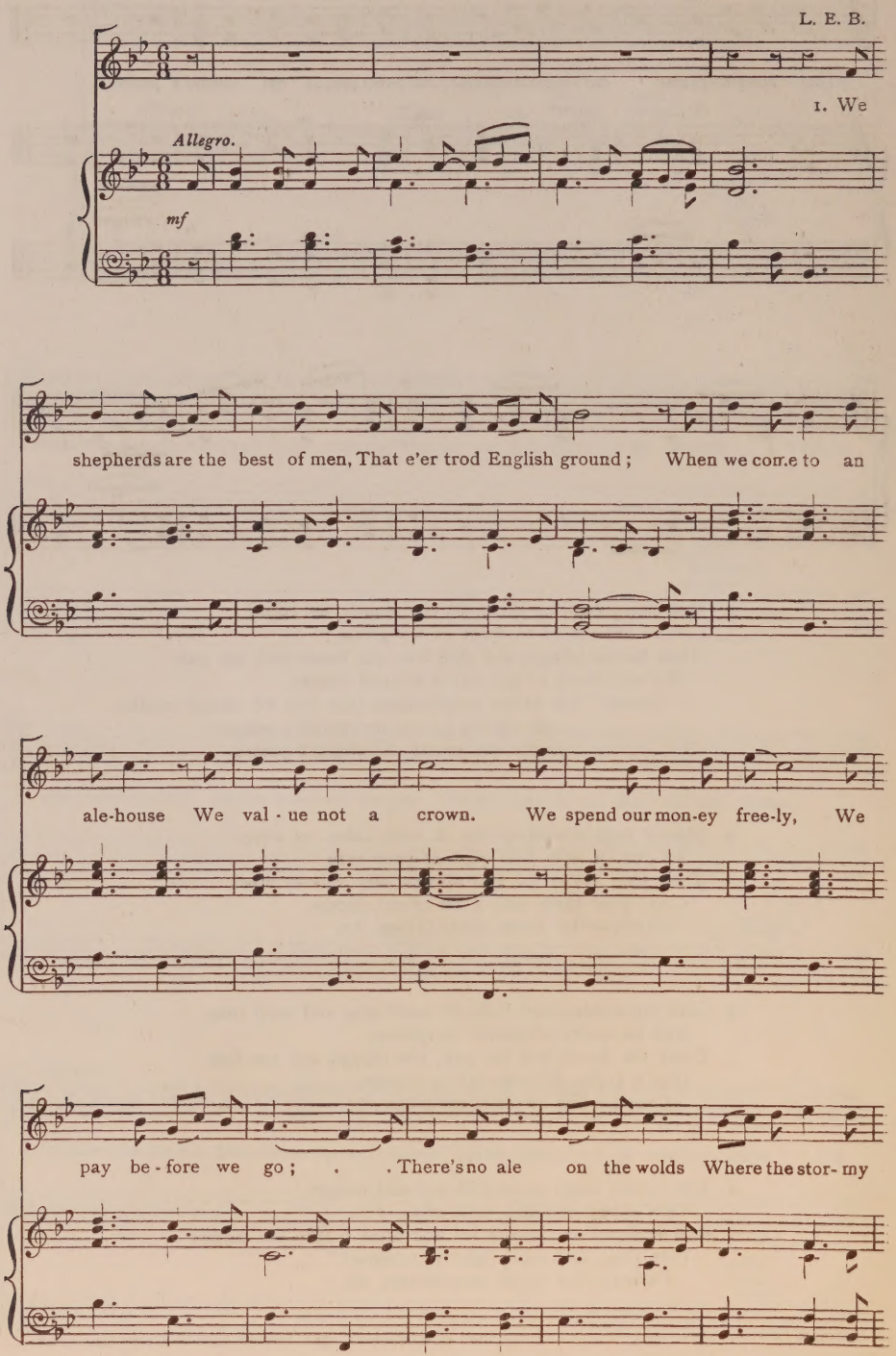
1 OUR sheepshearing done, to our master we come,
Who enjoins us to sport as we please;
Then beside plough and flail o'er our fleece and our pail
We will boast of our fine wool and cheese.
Chorus. Our sweet shepherdess then will we chorus amain,
And rejoice in our dairymaid's praise;
Our sweet pretty dairymaid's praise.

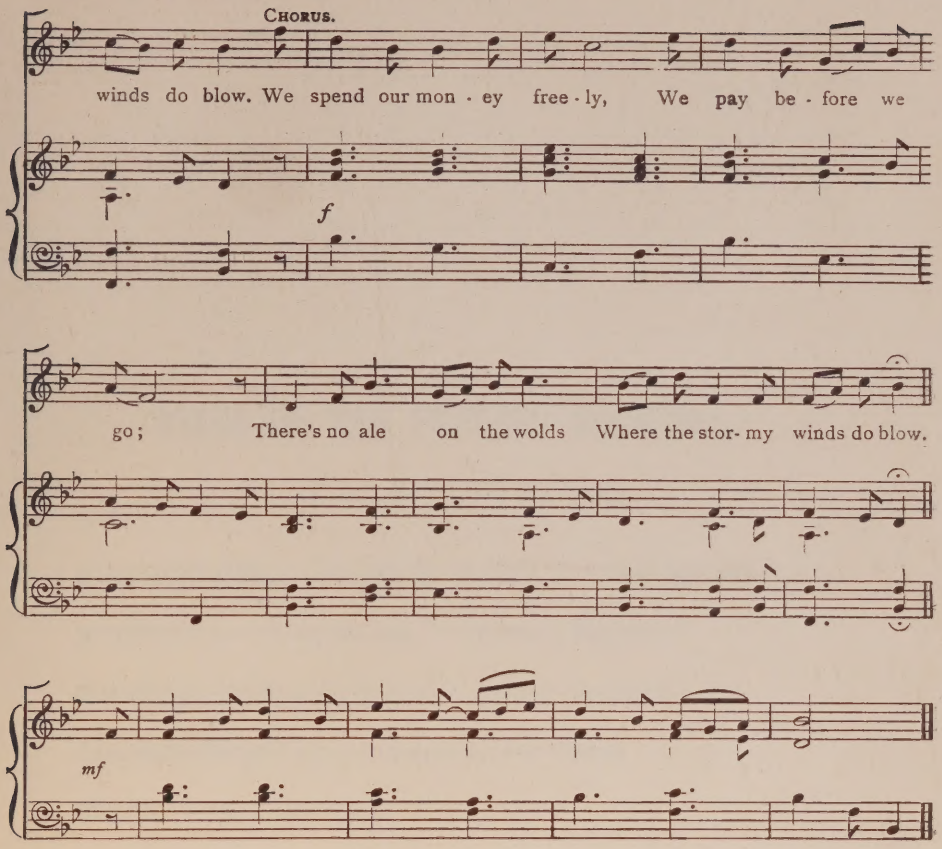
2 Should your wishes incline to beer, cider, or wine,
As you sit with your pipe at your ease,
Their true flavour to find always keep this in mind,
Clear your taste with a bit of old cheese.
Chorus.—Our sweet shepherdess, &c.

3 Like Gloucestershire Noke (?) we'll sing and we'll joke,
And be merry whenever we please,
Drink the fleece and the pail, the plough and the flail,
O'er a relish of best making cheese.
Chorus.—Our sweet shepherdess, &c.

4 Join hands then, unite with joy and delight,
This happy occasion we'll seize,
And with am'rous desire we will drink "May our Squire
Live long, and enjoy his own cheese!"
Chorus.—Our sweet shepherdess, &c.

(Sung at Frocester about 1840. Words and tune from Mrs. Graham Clarke, through Miss M. Curtis Hayward.)


L. E. B.
1. We
Allegro.
mf
shepherds are the best of men, That e'er trod English ground; When we come to an
ale-house We val - ue not a crown. We spend our mon-ey free-ly, We
pay be - fore we go; . . There's no ale on the wolds Where the stor- my


CHORUS.
winds do blow. We spend our mon - ey free - ly, We pay be - fore we
f
go; There's no ale on the wolds Where the stor- my winds do blow.
mf

1 WE shepherds are the best of men,
That e'er trod English ground;
When we come to an alehouse
We value not a crown.
We spend our money freely,
We pay before we go;
There's no ale on the wolds
Where the stormy winds do blow.
Chorus.—We spend, &c.

2 A man that is a shepherd
Does need a valiant heart,
He must not be faint-hearted,
But boldly do his part.
He must not be faint-hearted,
Be it rain, or frost, or snow,
With no ale on the wolds
Where the stormy winds do blow.
Chorus.—He must not, &c.

3 When I kept sheep on Blockley Hills
It made my heart to ache
To see the ewes hang out their tongues
And hear the lambs to bleat;
Then I plucked up my courage
And o'er the hills did go,
And penned them in the fold
While the stormy winds did blow.
Chorus.—Then I plucked up, &c.

4 As soon as I had folded them
I turned me back in haste
Unto a jovial company
Good liquor for to taste;
For drink and jovial company
They are my heart's delight,
Whilst my sheep lie asleep
All the fore-part of the night.
Chorus.—For drink and jovial company, &c.

(From F. Scarlett Potter, Esq., Halford, Shipton-on-Stour.)

The first verse was taken from the recitation of a lady born at Stoke, Gloucestershire, in 1793; the remaining verses were recovered from Thomas Coldicote, shepherd, of Ebrington, Gloucestershire. Blockley, referred to in verse 3, is in the parish adjoining Ebrington. Possibly it was usual for the singer to fill in a local name in this place.

SONGS OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

LINCOLNSHIRE :—"Little Sir William;" "Oats and Beans."

NORFOLK :—"Green Broom;" "Twenty, Eighteen."

SUFFOLK :—"Robin-a-Thrush;" "Oliver Cromwell."

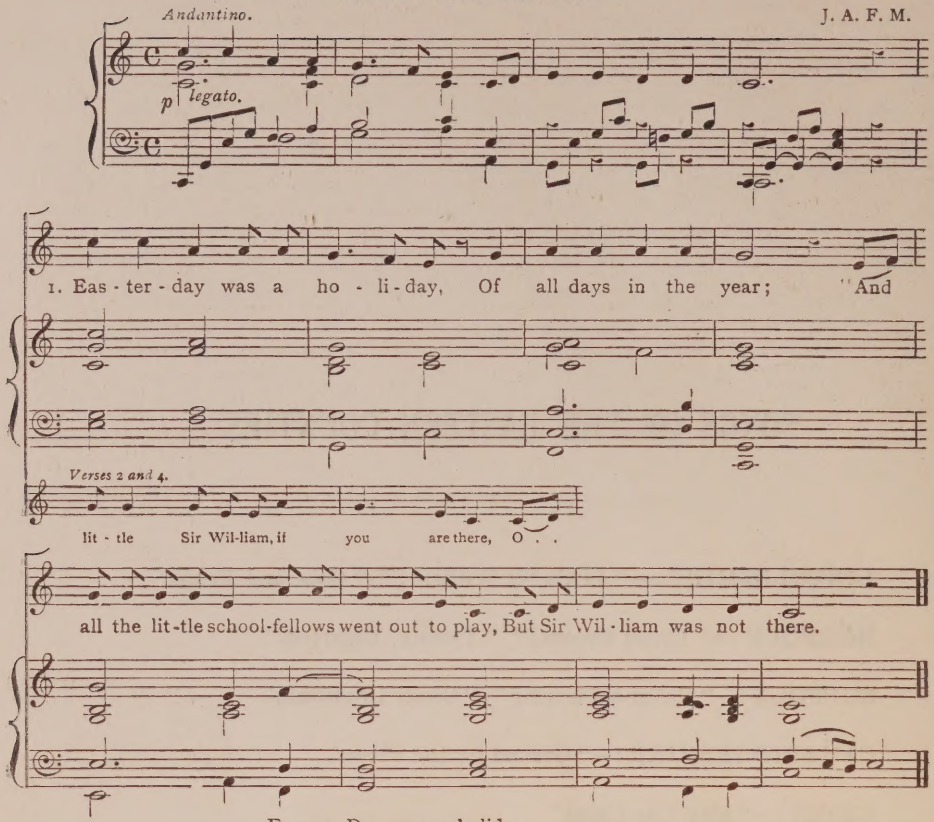
CAMBRIDGESHIRE :—"Ground for the Floor."

ESSEX :—"May-Day Carol."

Little Sir William.

[LINCOLNSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


Andantino.
p legato.
1. Eas - ter - day was a ho - li - day, Of all days in the year; "And
Verses 2 and 4.
lit - tle Sir Wil-liam, if you are there, O . .
all the lit-tle school-fellows went out to play, But Sir Wil - liam was not there.

1 EASTER DAY was a holiday,
Of all days in the year;
And all the little schoolfellows went out to play,
But Sir William was not there.

2 Mamma went to the Jew's wife's house,
And knockèd at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William, if you are there,
O let your mother in!"

3 The Jew's wife opened the door and said,
"He is not here to-day;
He is with the little schoolfellows out on the green,
Playing some pretty play."

4 Mamma went to the Boyne water,
That is so wide and deep,
Saying, "Little Sir William, if you are there,
O pity your mother's weep."

5 "How can I pity your weep, mother,
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife sticks close in my heart
And the Jew's wife has me slain.

6 "Go home, go home, my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet;
For to-morrow morning before eight o'clock
You with my body shall meet.

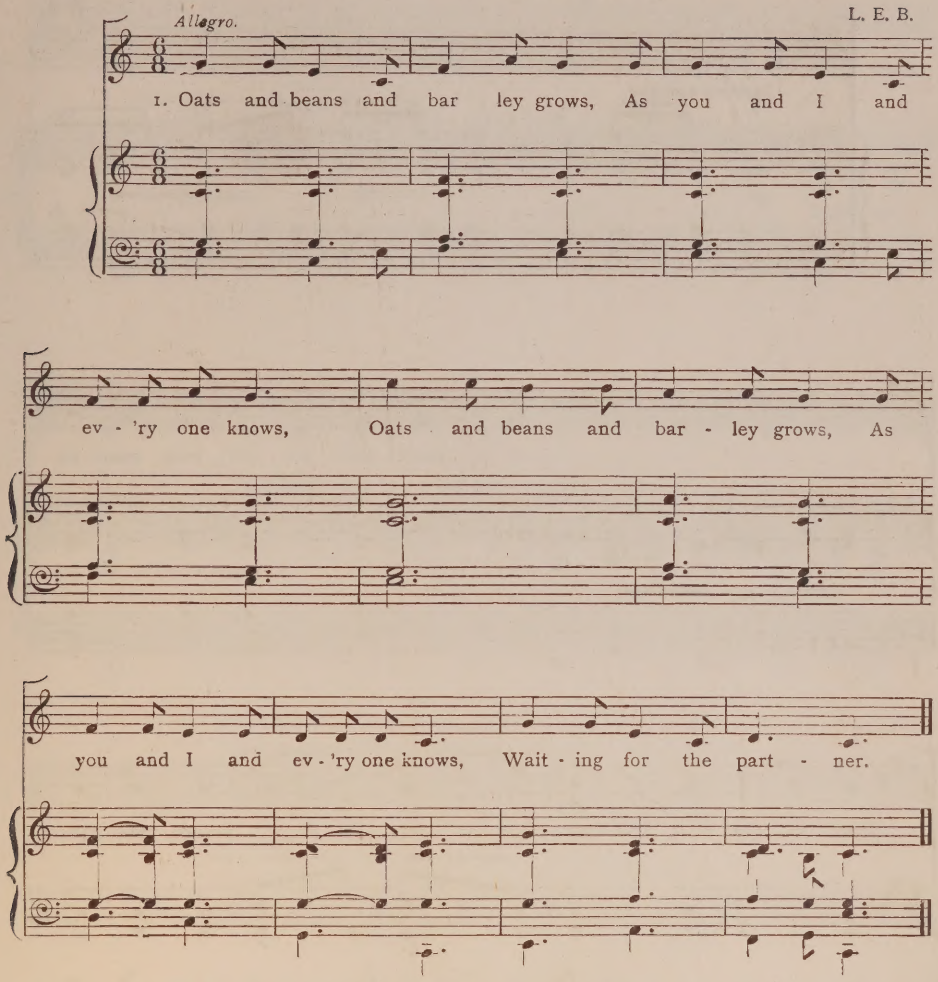
7 "And lay the Prayer-Book at my head.
And my grammar at my feet;
That all the little schoolfellows as they pass by
May read them for my sake."

(From Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs.*)

This is of course a version of the legend of Saint Hugh of Lincoln, which appears as the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer. "Sir," is obviously a corruption of "Saint."

Oats and Beans.

(CHILDREN'S CHOOSING GAME.)


Allegro.
L. E. B.
1. Oats and beans and bar ley grows, As you and I and
ev - 'ry one knows, Oats and beans and bar - ley grows, As
you and I and ev - 'ry one knows, Wait - ing for the part - ner.

1 OATS and beans and barley grows,
As you and I and every one knows,
Oats and beans and barley grows,
As you and I and every one knows,
Waiting for the partner.

2 First the farmer sows his seed,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view his lands,
Waiting for the partner.

3 Now you're married you must obey,
Must be true in all you say,
Must be kind and must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood,
Waiting for the partner.

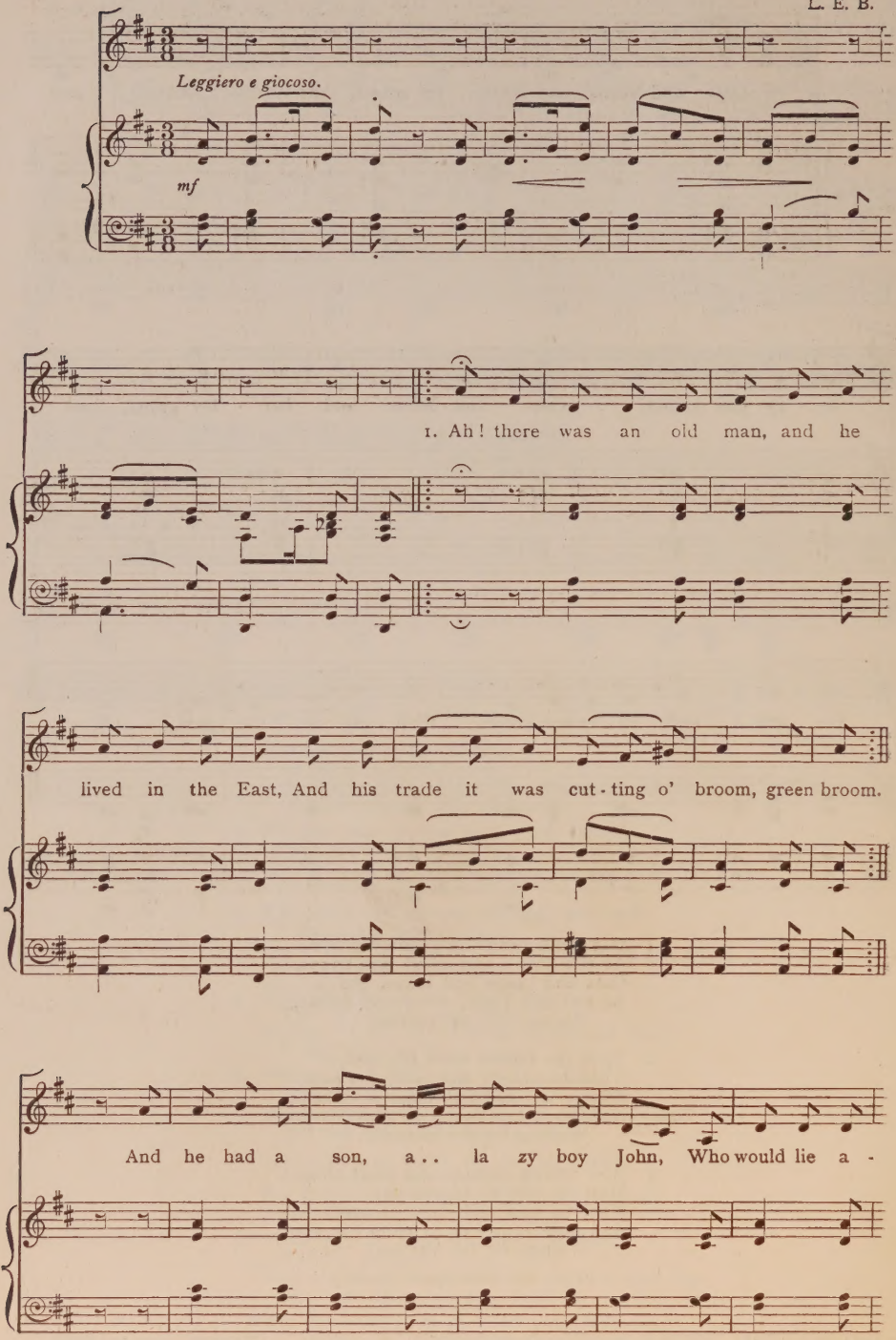
(From Mrs. Pocklington Coltman.)

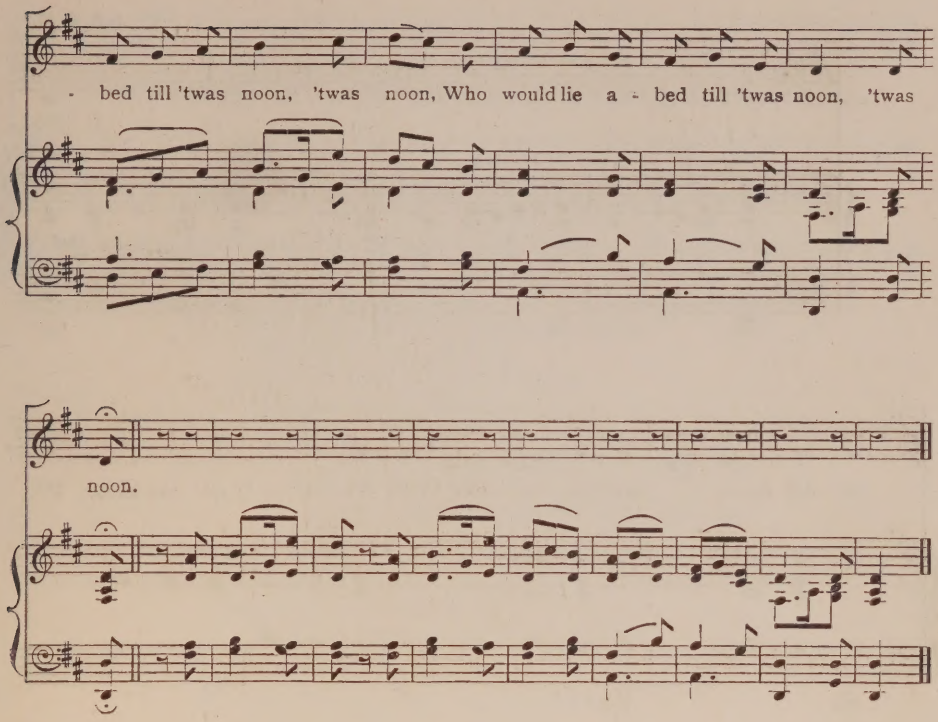
The tune is simply a fragment of the well-known country dance, "Dr. Faustus. Pronounce "Wuts and Beäns."
See *Shropshire Folk Lore.*

Green Broom.

[NORFOLK.

L. E. B.


Leggiero e giocoso.
mf
1. Ah! there was an old man, and he
lived in the East, And his trade it was cut-ting o' broom, green broom.
And he had a son, a.. la zy boy John, Who would lie a-



1 Ah! there was an old man, and he lived in the East,
And his trade it was cutting o' broom, green broom;
And he had a son, a lazy boy John,
Who would lie a-bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon.

2 His father came up to his bedroom one day,
And swore he would fire the room, the room,
If Jack did not rise, and sharpen the knives
And go into the wood to cut broom, green broom.

3 Master Jack, being sly, he git up by and bye,
And go into the town to cry broom, green broom;
So loud did he call, and so loudly did bawl,
"Pretty maids, do you want any broom, green broom?"

4 A lady looked out of her lattice so high,
And spied Jack a-crying o' broom, green broom;
Says she, "You young blade, won't you give up your trade,
And marry a maid in full bloom, full bloom?"

5 So they sent for the parson, without more delay,
And married they was in the room, the room;
There was eating and drink, and a kiss when you please,
Says Jack, "This is better than cutting o' broom."

(From Miss F. Hamond, Swaffham.)

See *Songs of the West*; Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*; *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 98; *The Jolly Brown Man Garland*, British Museum.

Twenty, Eighteen.

J. A. F. M.

1. "Ho!

Allegretto.

f *mf*

yon - der stands a . . charm-ing crea - ture, Who she is I do not know; I'll

Ped. *Ped.*

go and court her for her beau - ty, Un - til she do say yes or no.". .

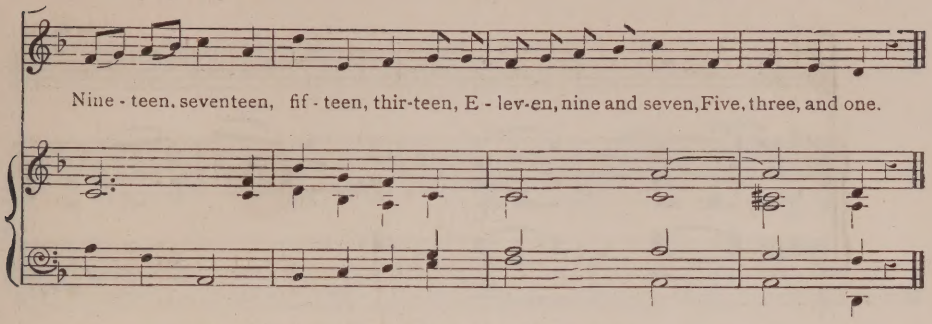
rall. *rall.*

a tempo.

Twen - ty, eigh - teen, six - teen, four - teen, Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, nought;

a tempo.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*



1 "Ho! yonder stands a charming creature,
Who she is I do not know;
I'll go and court her for her beauty,
Until she do say yes or no."
Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,
Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, nought;
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,
Eleven, nine and seven, five, three, and one.

2 "Ho! Madam, I am come for to court you,
If your favour I may gain;
And if you will entertain me
Perhaps I may come this way again,'
Twenty, eighteen, &c.

3 "Ho! Madam I have rings and jewels,
Madam, I have house and land,
Madam, I have wealth of treasures,
All shall be at your command."
Twenty, eighteen, &c.

4 "Ho! what care I for your rings and jewels?
What care I for your house and land?
What care I for your wealth of treasures?
All I want is a handsome man."
Twenty, eighteen, &c.

5 "Ho! first come cowslips and then come daisies,
First comes night and then comes day;
First comes the new love, and then comes the old one,
And so we pass our time away."
Twenty, eighteen, &c.

6 "Ho! the ripest apple is the soonest rotten,
The hottest love is the soonest cold;
Lover's vows are soon forgotten,
So I pray, young man, be not too bold."
Twenty, eighteen, &c.

(Words and tune from Besthorpe, near Attleborough, quoted in the *Musical Herald* for September, 1891.)

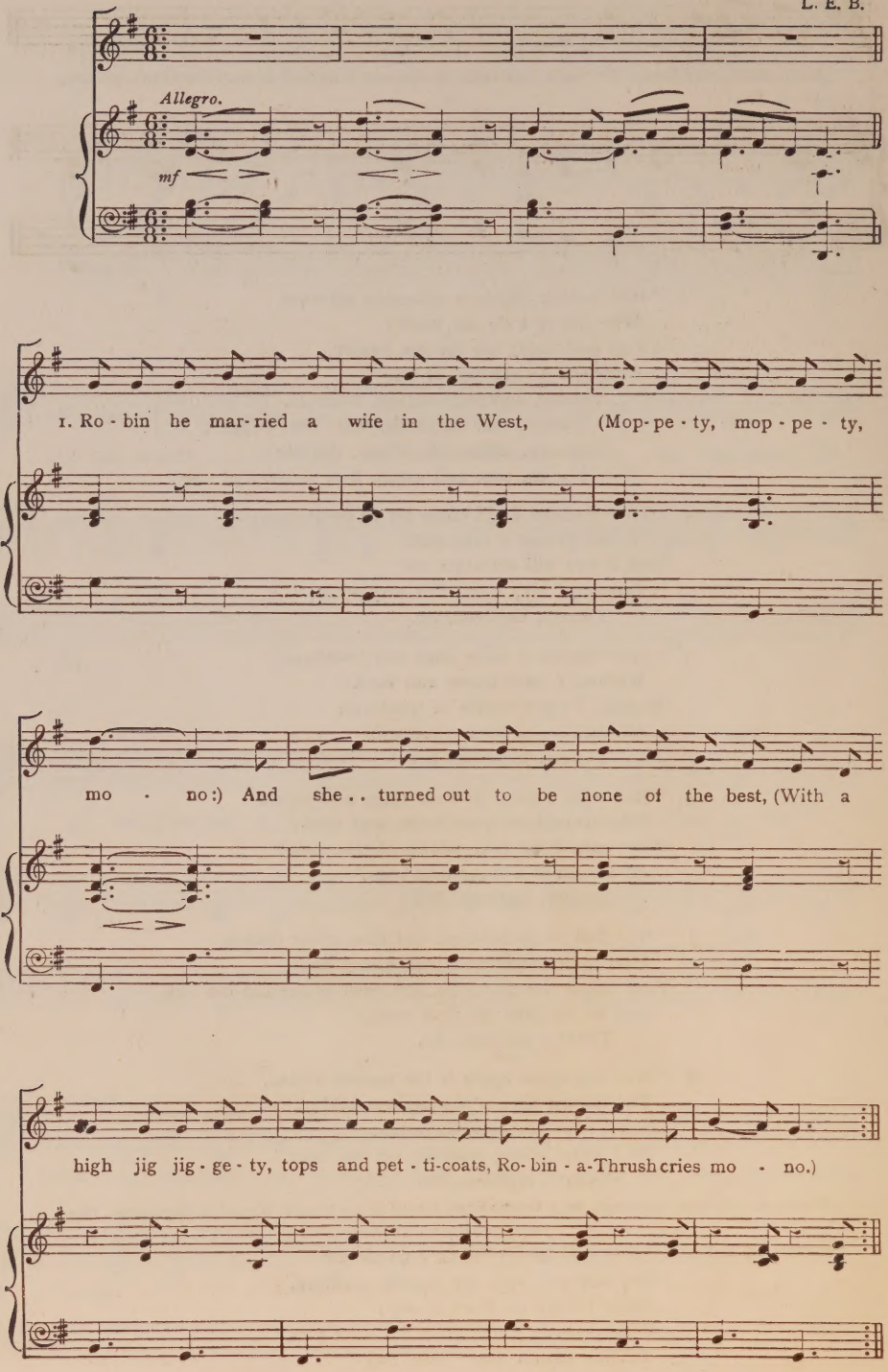
The following final verse is given in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, pp. 552, 652:—

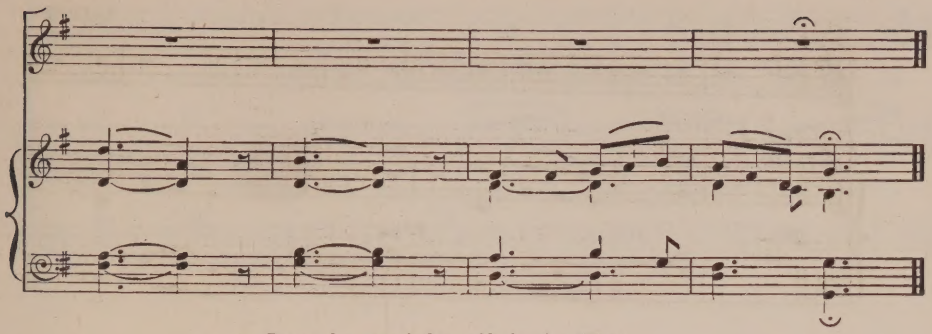
"But fare you well, my dearest creature,
Since I have no more to say;"
"O turn again, young man, I'll have you,"
But his answer was "Nay, nay!"

Robin-a-Thrush.

[Suffolk

L. E. B.


Allegro.
mf
1. Ro - bin he mar - ried a wife in the West, (Mop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty,
mo - no:) And she . . turned out to be none of the best, (With a
high jig jig - ge - ty, tops and pet - ti-coats, Ro- bin - a-Thrush cries mo - no.)



1 ROBIN he married a wife in the West,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And she turned out to be none of the best,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

2 When she rises she gets up in haste,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And flies to the cupboard before she is laced,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

3 She milks her cows but once a week,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And that's what makes her butter so sweet,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

4 When she churns she churns in a boot,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And instead of a cruddle she puts in her foot,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

5 She puts her cheese upon the shelf,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And leaves it to turn till it turns of itself,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

6 It turned of itself and fell on the floor,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
Got up on its feet and ran out of the door,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

7 It ran till it came to Wakefield Cross,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
And she followed after upon a white horse,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats,
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

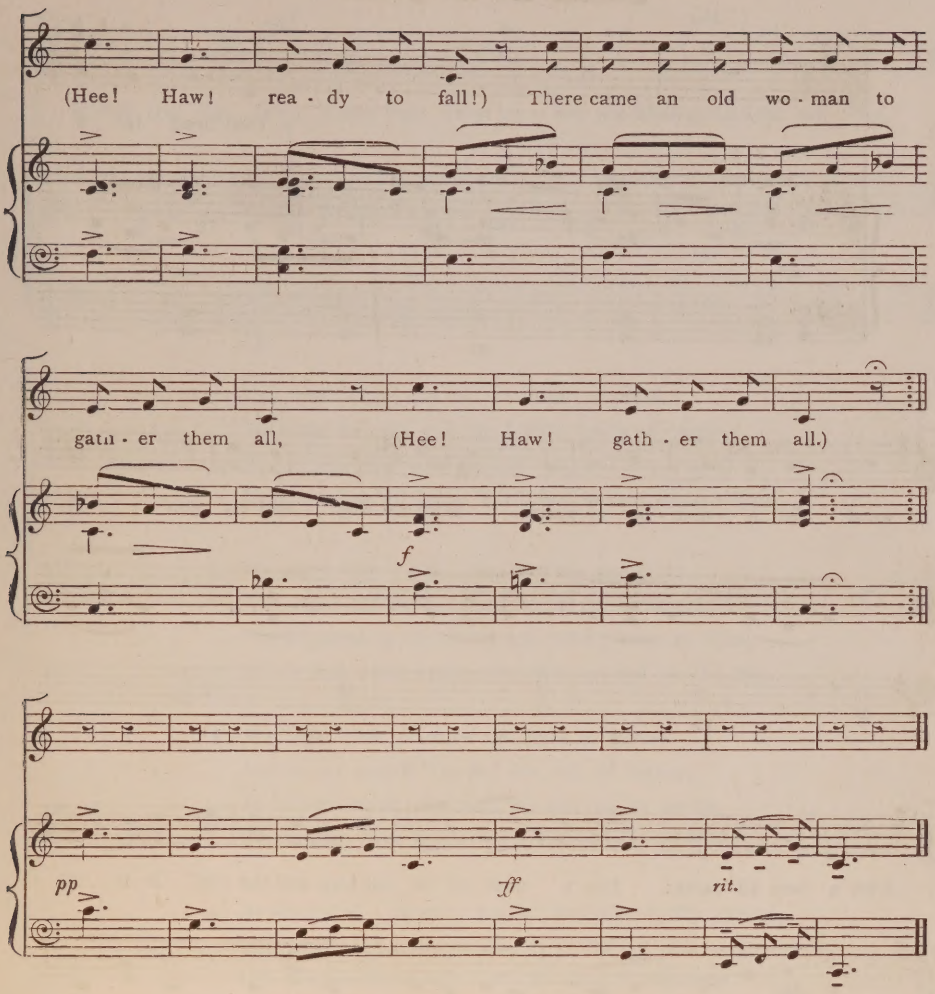
8 This song was made for gentlemen,
(Moppety, moppety, mono :)
If you want any more you must sing it again,
(With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats
Robin-a-Thrush cries mono.)

(Words and tune from A. H. Frere, Esq.: sung by a nurse towards the end of 18th century.)

For other variants, see *The Besom Maker* and Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*

L. E. B.

Vivace.
ff
pp
1. O - li - ver Crom-well lay bu - ried and dead, (Hee! Haw! bu - ried and
mf
dead!) There grew an old ap - ple - tree o - ver his head; (Hee! Haw!
o - ver his head!) The ap - ples were ripe and were rea - dy to fall;



1 OLIVER CROMWELL lay buried and dead,
(Hee! Haw! buried and dead!)
There grew an old apple-tree over his head;
(Hee! Haw! over his head!)
The apples were ripe and were ready to fall;
(Hee! Haw! ready to fall!)
There came an old woman to gather them all,
(Hee! Haw! gather them all!)

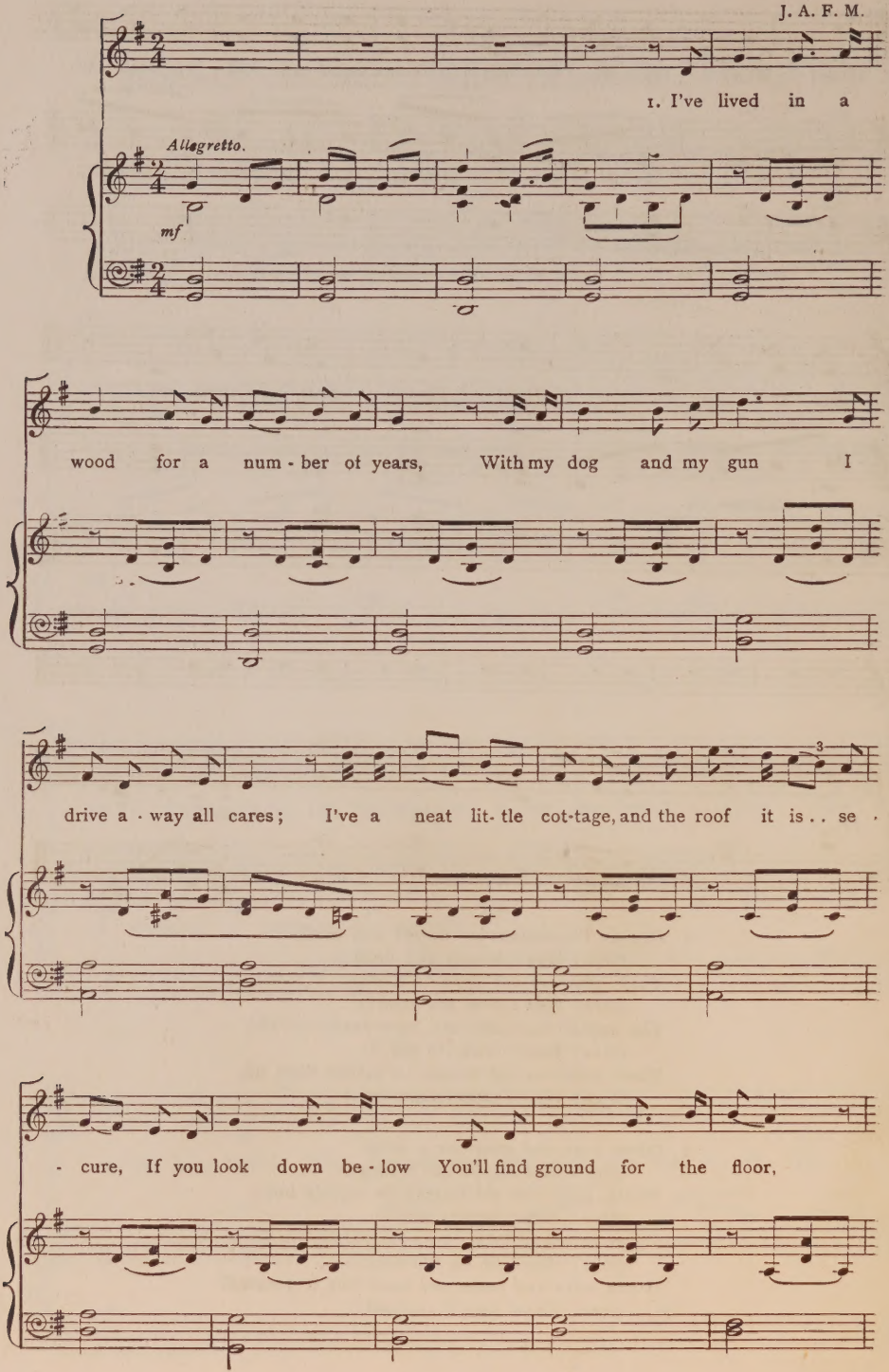
2 Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
(Hee! Haw! gave her a drop!)
Which made the old woman go hippity hop;
(Hee! Haw! hippity hop!)
The saddle and bridle they lie on the shelf;
(Hee! Haw! lie on the shelf!)
If you want any more you must sing it yourself.
(Hee! Haw! sing it yourself!)

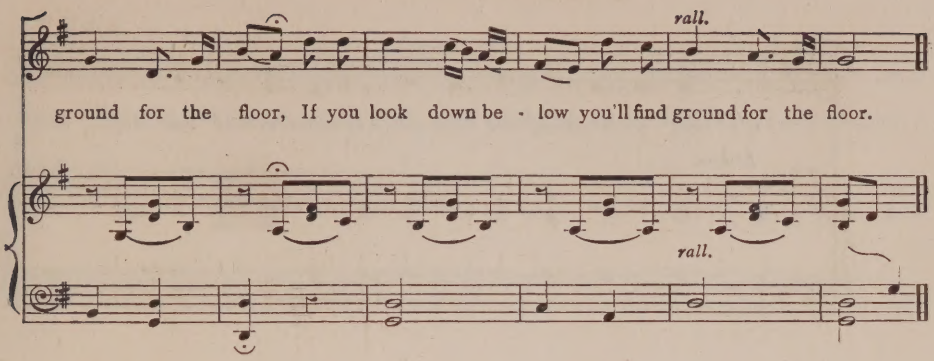
(Learnt from a boy, by L. E. Broadwood.)

Ground for the Floor.

[CAMBRIDGESHIRE

J. A. F. M.


1. I've lived in a
Allegretto.
mf
wood for a num - ber of years, With my dog and my gun I
drive a - way all cares; I've a neat lit - tle cot-tage, and the roof it is . . se -
- cure, If you look down be - low You'll find ground for the floor,



1 I'VE lived in a wood for a number of years,
With my dog and my gun I drive away all cares;
I've a neat little cottage, and the roof it is secure,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

2 My cot is surrounded with bramble and thorn,
And sweet are the notes of the birds in the morn;
I've a guinea in my pocket and plenty more in store,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

3 My bed's made of straw my limbs to repose
And as for myself I've but one suit of clothes;
And that's made of ticking, all stitched up secure,
If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

4 As for grates I've got none, for my fire's on the ground,
And chairs I've got none to set myself down;
I've a three-legged stool, it's the chief of my store,
In my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

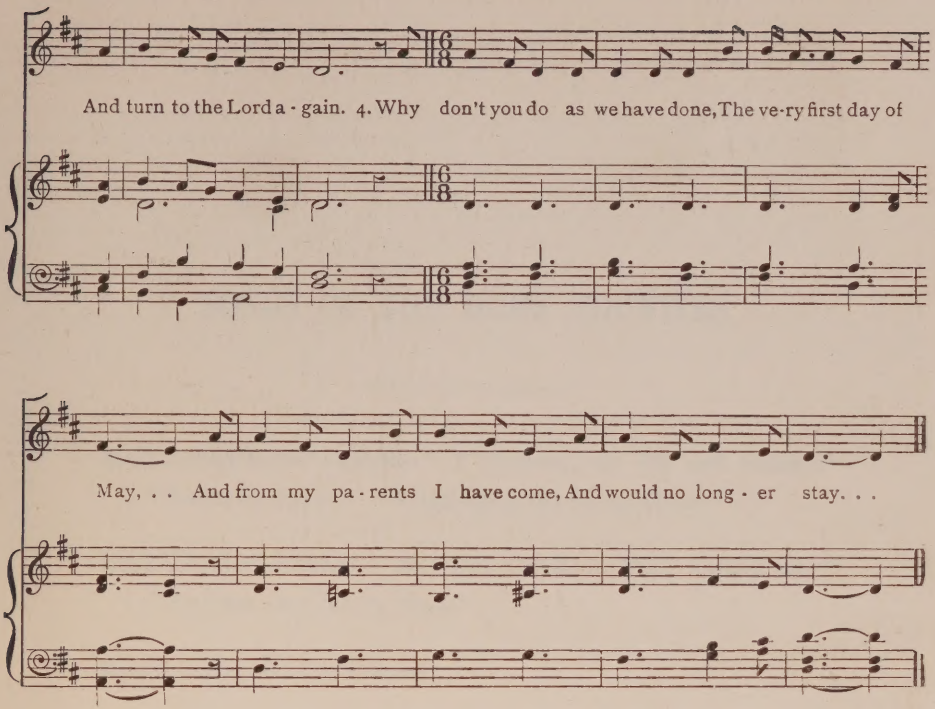
5 God bless my dear father, he's dead and he's gone,
I hope he's safe in heaven, where he'll never more return;
He's left me all his riches, and I've plenty more in store,
In my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

The Rev. J. B. Healy, of Studley, Ripon, mentioned to Mr. H. M. Bower, a fragment of a song formerly very popular among fen shooters from Cambridge. The fragment evidently belongs to the above, although the words and tune come, not from Cambridgeshire, but from Mrs. Slingsby, Skipton, Yorkshire.

May-Day Carol.

J. A. F. M.

1. I been a-ram-bling all this night, And some time of this day; And
Allegro.
now re-turn-ing back a-gain I brought you a gar-land gay.
2. A gar-land gay I brought you here, And at your door I stand, 'Tis
3. So dear, so dear, as Christ loved us, And for our sins was slain, Christ
nothing but a sprout, but 'tis well budded out, The work of Our Lord's hand.
bids us turn from wick-ed-ness, And turn to the Lord a-gain,


And turn to the Lord a - gain. 4. Why don't you do as we have done, The ve-ry first day of
May, . . And from my pa - rents I have come, And would no long - er stay. . .

1 I BEEN a-rambling all this night,
And some time of this day;
And now returning back again
I brought you a garland gay.

2 A garland gay I have brought you here,
And at your door I stand,
'Tis nothing but a sprout, but 'tis well budded out,
The work of Our Lord's hand.

3 So dear, so dear, as Christ loved us,
And for our sins was slain,
Christ bids us turn from wickedness,
And turn to the Lord again.

4 Why don't you do as we have done,
The very first day of May,
And from my parents I have come,
And would no longer stay.

(Words and tune from a printed version, edited by J. F. Frye, Saffron Walden; it was sung by the children of Debden, in 1857. The two forms of the tune, here set to verses 1 and 2 respectively, are alternative versions; the extra two bars, "And turn to the Lord again," belong only to verse 3).

Compare the Hertfordshire "May-Day Carol," of which this is evidently an incomplete portion.

SONGS OF THE HOME COUNTIES.

MIDDLESEX:—"Lazarus;" "Farewell, my Joy and Heart;" "Lavender Cries;" "Tripping up the Green Grass."

HERTFORDSHIRE:—"May-Day Carol;" "As I walked out;" "As I sat on a Sunny Bank."

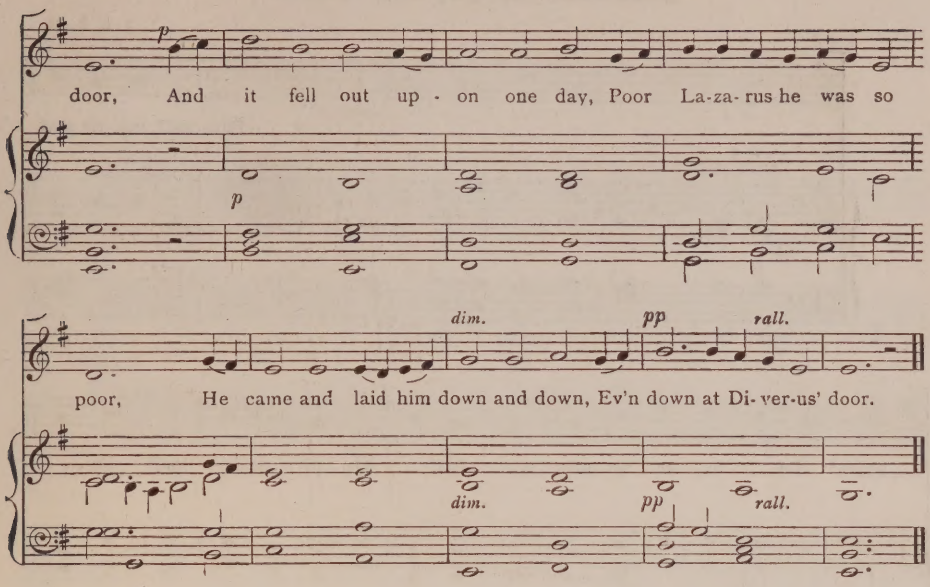
BEDFORDSHIRE:—Vacant.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE:—"The Prickly Bush;" "A Dashing young Lad from Buckingham."

BERKSHIRE:—"The Farmer's Daughter;" "The Barkshire Tragedy;" "The Farmer's Boy."

SURREY:—"Venus and Adonis;" "The Sweet Nightingale;" "The Painful Plough;" "Sheepcrock and Black Dog.

J. A. F. M.
p
1. As
Andantino.
p
it fell out up - on one day, Rich Di - ver - us he made a
feast; And he in - vit - ed all his friends, And gen - try of the
mf
best. And it fell out up - on one day, Poor La- za-rus he was so
mf
poor, He came and laid him down and down, Ev'n down at Di-ver- us'



1 As it fell out upon one day.
Rich Diverus he made a feast;
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he was so poor,
He came and laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door.

2 So Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' door;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Do bestow upon the poor."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my door,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor."

3 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' wall;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Or surely starve I shall."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my wall;
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
And therefore starve thou shall."

4 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Ev'n down at Diverus' gate;
"Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
For Jesus Christ his sake."
"Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake."

5 Then Diverus sent his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away;
They had not power to whip one whip,
But threw their whips away.
Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite poor Lazarus away;
They had not power to bite one bite,
But licked his sores away.

6 And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he sickened and died;
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul thereto to guide.
"Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in heaven,
For to sit upon an angel's knee."

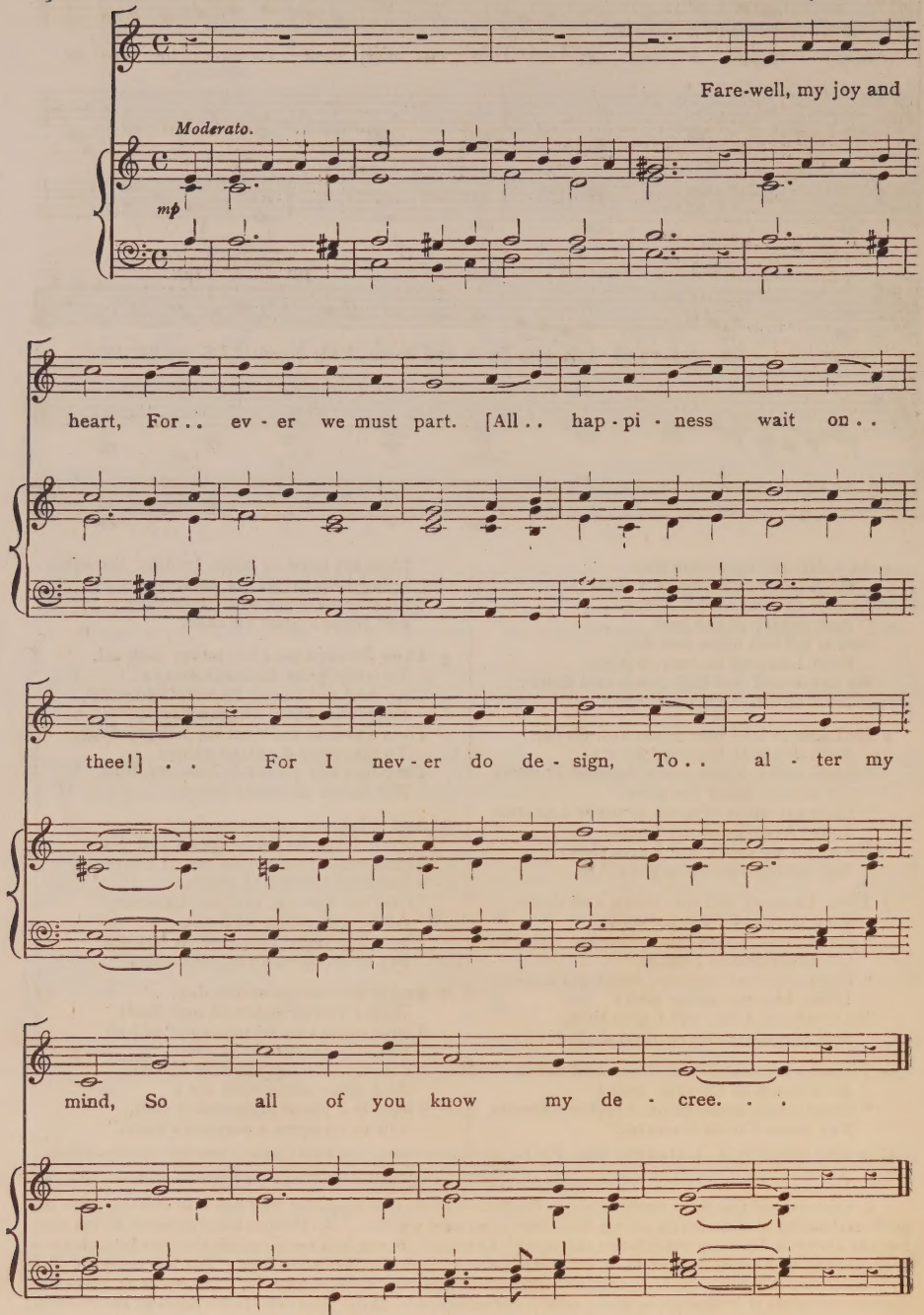
7 And it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus sickened and died;
There came two serpents out of hell
His soul thereto to guide.
"Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me;
There is a place prepared in hell,
For to sit upon a serpent's knee."

(The tune noted by A. J. Hipkins, Esq., F.S.A., in Westminster; the words from *Notes and Queries*, Ser. 4, vol. iii., 76.)

It is not claimed that these words belong to the beautiful tune here given, but they suit it so well that there is a great probability of their having at one time been associated together. Mr. Hipkins knew no words for the tune, but has known it for many years under the name "Lazarus;" it was also recognized as the tune belonging to a song referring to the same subject, by an old woman in Westminster, in December, 1892. The last verse is quoted by Hone (*Every Day Book*, vol. i., p. 1598) as being still sung in 1826 in Warwickshire. The writer in *Notes and Queries* who gives it in extenso, as above, calls it a Worcestershire Carol. See also Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*, "Dives and Lazarus," where three more stanzas are given. In the above version the form Diverus is always sung; and the same form is alluded to in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (1639). In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, act iv., sc. 1, "Dives" is spoken of as one of the ballads hanging at church corners. The tune should be compared with "The Thresher" (p. 68), and with "Cold blows the wind" (p. 34), as well as with "We are frozen-out gardeners," in Chappell's *Popular Music*. The tune strongly resembles "Gilderoy," see notes to "Cold blows the wind" (p. 34).

Farewell, my joy and heart. [Middlesex.

J. A. F. M.

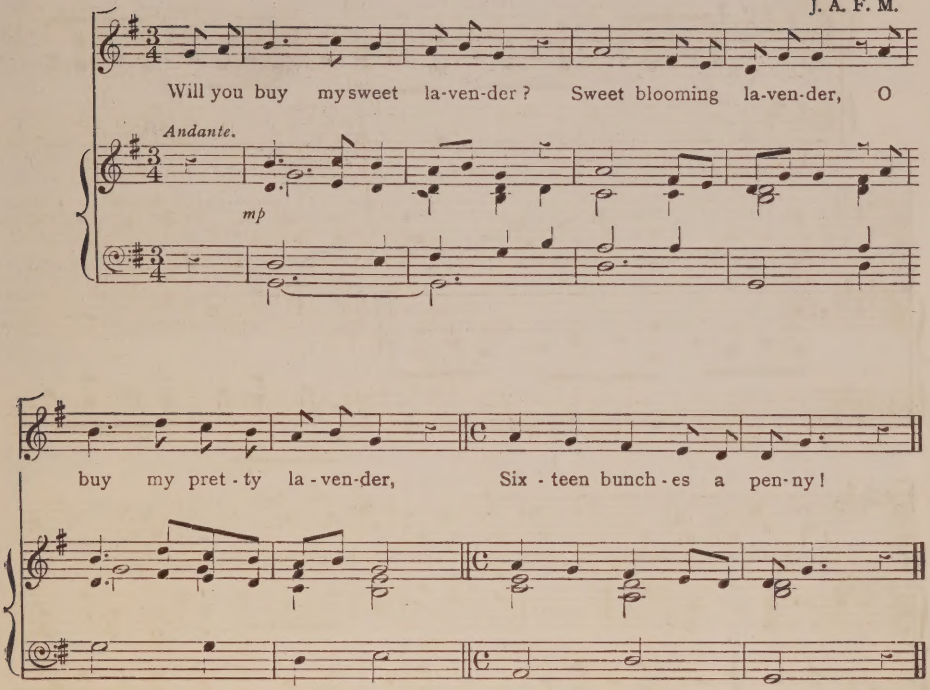

Fare-well, my joy and
Moderato.
mp
heart, For . . ev - er we must part. [All . . hap - pi - ness wait on . .
thee!] . . For I nev - er do de - sign, To . . al - ter my
mind, So all of you know my de - cree. . .

(Tune and fragment of words from A. J. Hipkins, Esq., F.S.A.)

The line in brackets has been inserted to complete the verse. It is taken from a ballad, "The Pair of Turtle-Doves," in Roxburgh Coll., i. 318).

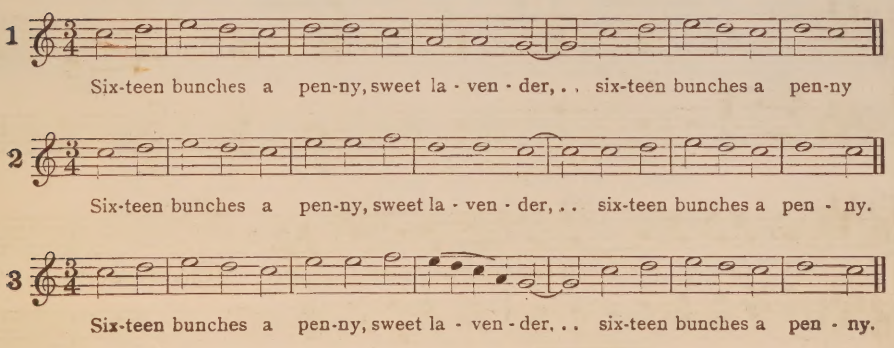
Lavender Cries.

J. A. F. M.



(Sung in the streets of Kensington about 1880.)

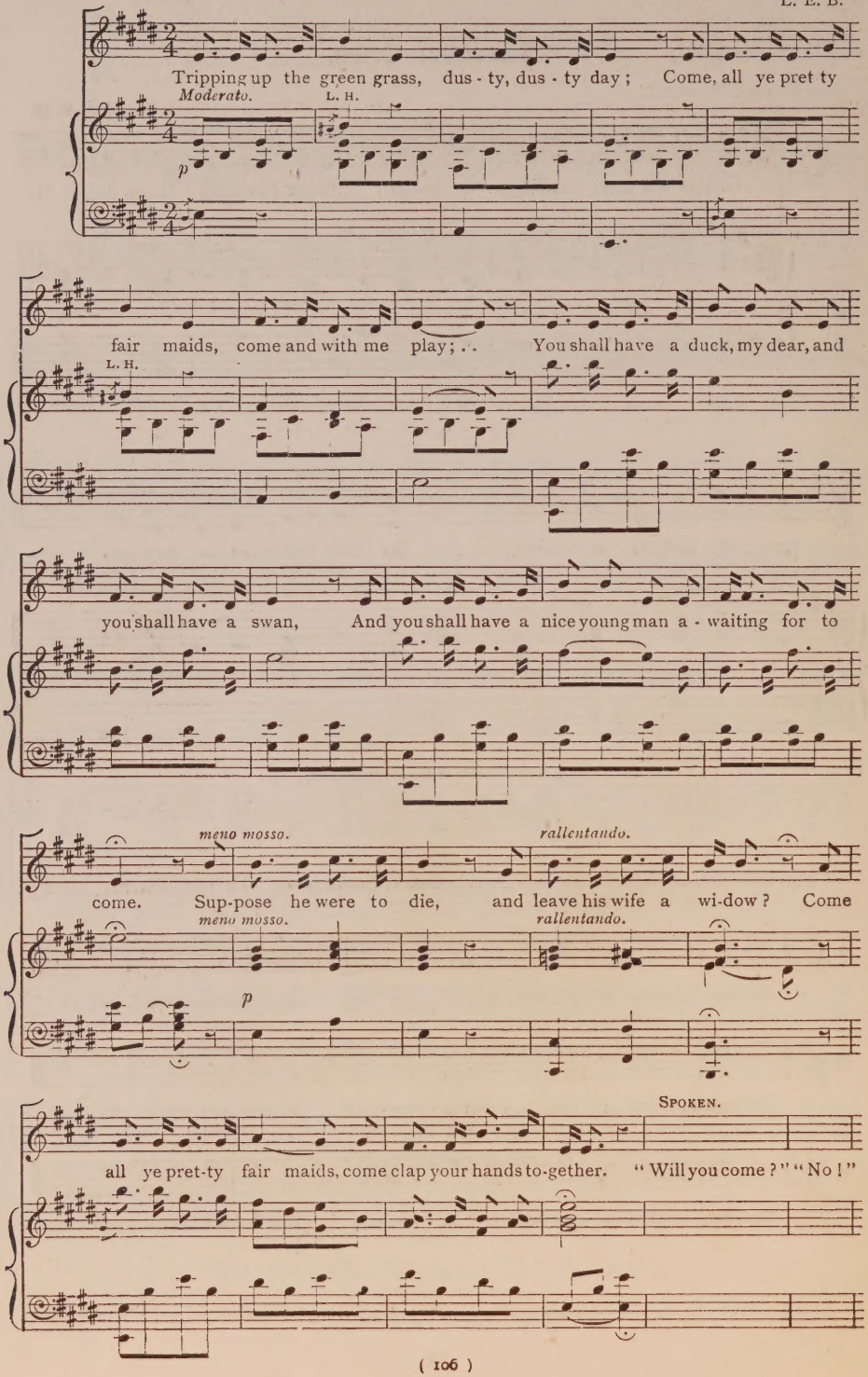
The following three versions of a shorter cry were noted in London in 1884, by A. J. Hipkins, Esq., F.S.A.


1
Six-teen bunches a pen-ny, sweet la-ven-der, . . six-teen bunches a pen-ny
2
Six-teen bunches a pen-ny, sweet la-ven-der, . . six-teen bunches a pen-ny.
3
Six-teen bunches a pen-ny, sweet la-ven-der, . . six-teen bunches a pen-ny.

Tripping up the Green Grass.

(A CHOOSING GAME.)

L. E. B.


Tripping up the green grass, dus - ty, dus - ty day; Come, all ye pret ty
Moderato.
L. H.
p
fair maids, come and with me play; .. You shall have a duck, my dear, and
L. H.
you shall have a swan, And you shall have a nice young man a - waiting for to
meno mosso.
rallentando.
come. Sup-pose he were to die, and leave his wife a wi-dow? Come
meno mosso.
rallentando.
p
SPOKEN.
all ye pret-ty fair maids, come clap your hands to-gether. "Will you come?" "No!"

Naugh - ty man! he won't come out, he won't come out, he won't come out!
L.H.
L.H.
Naugh - ty man! he won't come out to help us with our danc - ing.
L.H.
SPOKEN.
"Will you come?" "Yes!" Now we've got our bon - ny lad, our bon - ny lad, our
L.H.
L.H.
bon - ny lad; Now we've got our bon - ny lad to help us with our danc - ing.
L.H.

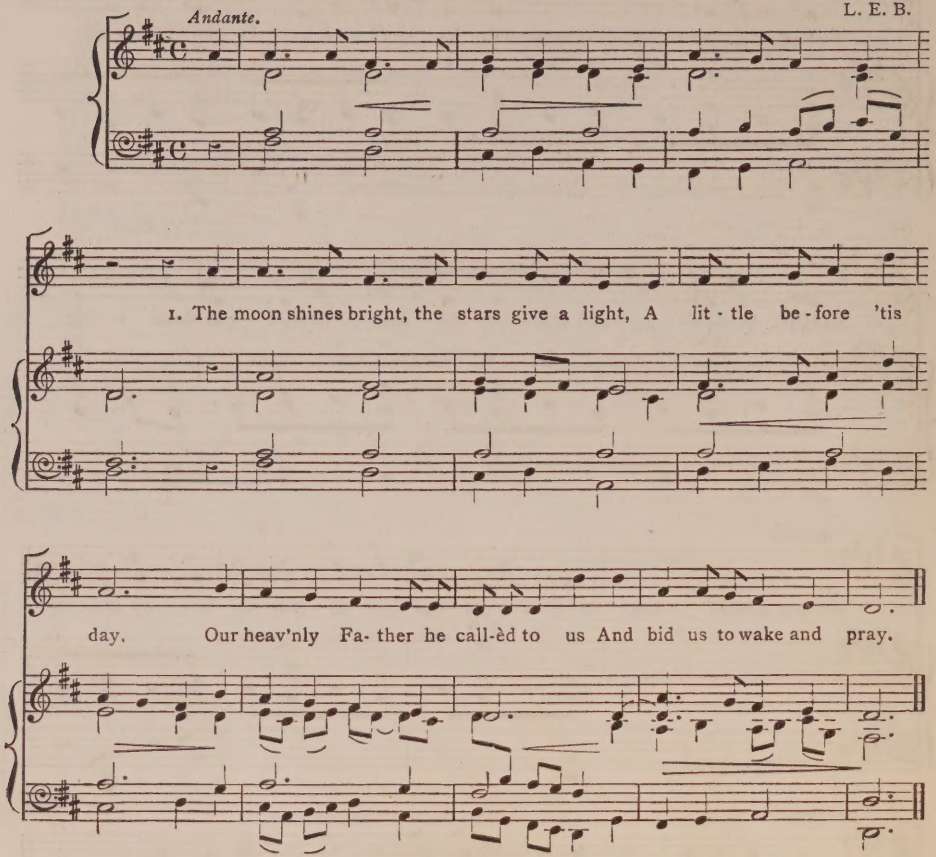
TRIPPING up the green grass, dusty, dusty day;
Come, all ye pretty fair maids, come and with me play;
You shall have a duck, my dear, and you shall have a swan,
And you shall have a nice young man a-waiting for to come.
Suppose he were to die, and leave his wife a widow?
Come all ye pretty fair maids, come clap your hands together.
[*Spoken.*—"Will you come?" "No!"]
Naughty man! he won't come out, he won't come out, he won't come out!
Naughty man! he won't come out to help us with our dancing.
[*Spoken.*—"Will you come?" "Yes!"]
Now we've got our bonny lad, our bonny lad, our bonny lad;
Now we've got our bonny lad to help us with our dancing.

(From an old servant in Miss Margaret Collyer's family.)

The tune is the regular formula for games of this kind, but its second part seems to be a reflection of "Malbrook." Interesting variants of the words are to be found in Chamber's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of Scotland*, &c.

MAY-DAY SONG.

L. E. B.


Andante.
1. The moon shines bright, the stars give a light, A lit - tle be - fore 'tis
day. Our heav'nly Fa- ther he call-èd to us And bid us to wake and pray.

1.

The moon shines bright, the stars give a light,
*A little before 'tis day,
Our heavenly Father he callèd to us
And bid us to wake and pray.

2.

Awake, awake, oh pretty, pretty maid,
Out of your drowsy dream,
And step into your dairy below
And fetch me a bowl of cream;

3.

If not a bowl of your sweet cream
A mug of your brown beer,
For the Lord knows where we shall meet again
To be maying another year.

---

* In some versions, "In a little while it will be day."

4.

So dear, so dear Christ lovèd us
And for our sins was slain,
He bids us to leave off our wicked, wicked ways.
And turn to the Lord again.

5.

Turn to the Lord and our sweet God,
O turn to him with praise,
For when we are dead and in our graves
We are nothing but dust and clay.

6.

I have been rambling all this night
And best part of this day,
And now have returnèd back again,
And have brought you a branch of may.

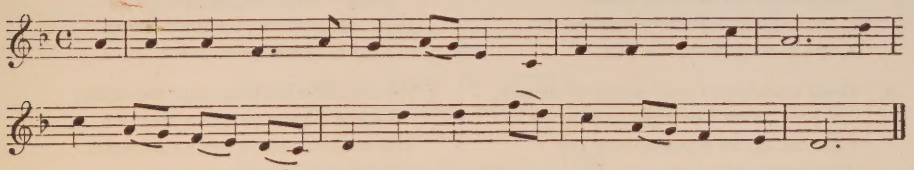
7.

A branch of may have I brought you
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout, but well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hand.

8.

My song is done and I must be gone,
No longer can I stay,
So it's God bless you all, both great and small
And send you a joyful May.

The above tune was sung, to similar words, by Mrs. Marshall, King's Langley. The words here given were sung by Thomas Gray, at Weston, near Hitchin, but to the following tune :—

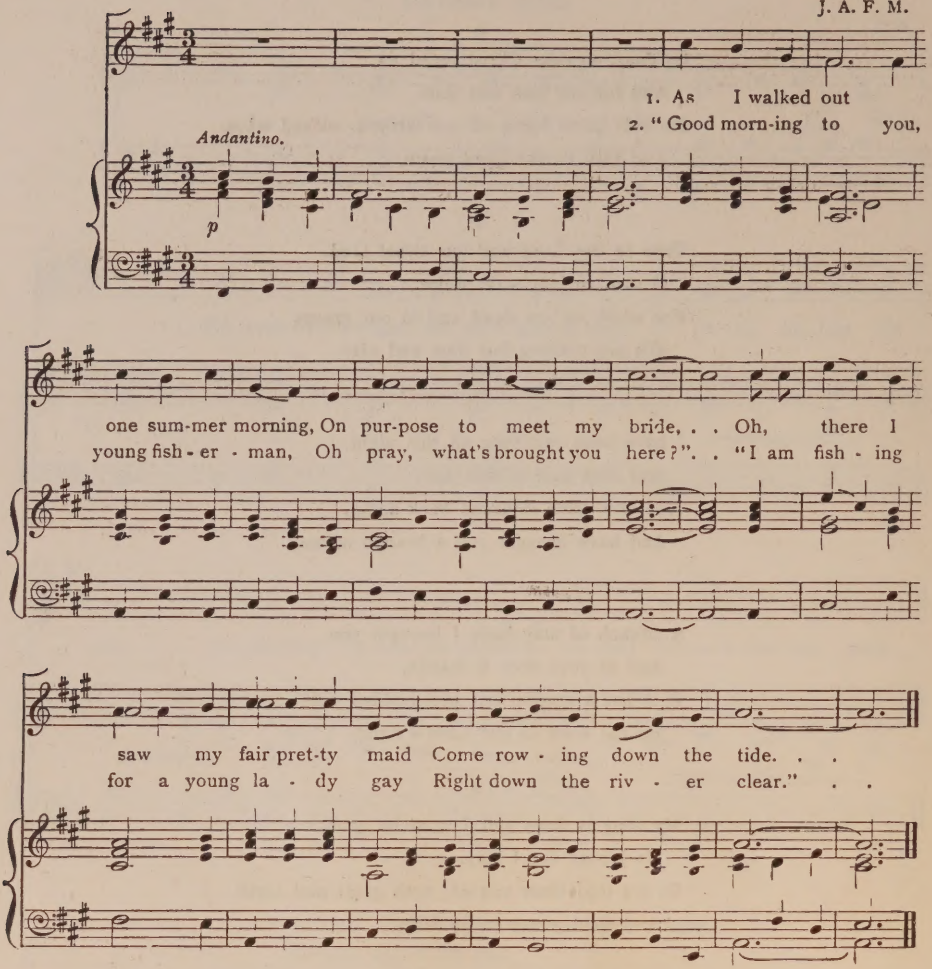


Compare the "Hitchin May-day song," given in Hone's *Every Day Book*, i. 567, and Chambers' *Book of Days*. Also Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 753, and Baring Gould's *Songs of the West*, Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, Chappell's *Christmas Carols, Sussex Songs*, etc. A Northamptonshire version is sung to part of the tune "Brighton Camp," known as "The girl I left behind me"; and in *Northamptonshire Notes and Queries* for July 1886 and April 1887, there is a tune given to these words, which does not however seem to be genuinely old. A version repeated at Letchworth Rectory in 1883, is given in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 185, and the words of a version sung at Tilsworth, Bedfordshire, are given in the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent* for June 4, 1881. An incomplete Essex version will be found on p. 98.

As I walked out.

[HERTFORDSHIRE

J. A. F. M.


1. As I walked out
2. "Good morn-ing to you,
Andantino.
p
one sum-mer morning, On pur-pose to meet my bride, . . Oh, there I
young fish-er - man, Oh pray, what's brought you here?". . "I am fish - ing
saw my fair pret-ty maid Come row - ing down the tide. . .
for a young la - dy gay Right down the riv - er clear." . .

1 As I walked out one summer morning,
On purpose to meet my bride,
Oh, there I saw my fair pretty maid
Come rowing down the tide.

2 "Good morning to you, young fisherman,
Oh pray, what's brought you here?"
"I am fishing for a young lady gay
Right down the river clear."

3 He boldly stepped up to her,
And he kissed both cheeks and side;
And he's taen* her by her lilywhite hand
And rowed her down the tide.

* "He tained her" in original.

4 Then she down on her bended knees,
Cried "Pray, Sir, pardon me;
For calling you a young fisherman
That sails the briny sea."

5 He launched his boat unto the shore,
Saying "Your pardon's lent:" †
And in each other's arms embraced,
Until she gave him consent.

6 "Now it's you go to my father's hall,
And married we will be;
And you shall have a young fisherman
To row you on the sea."

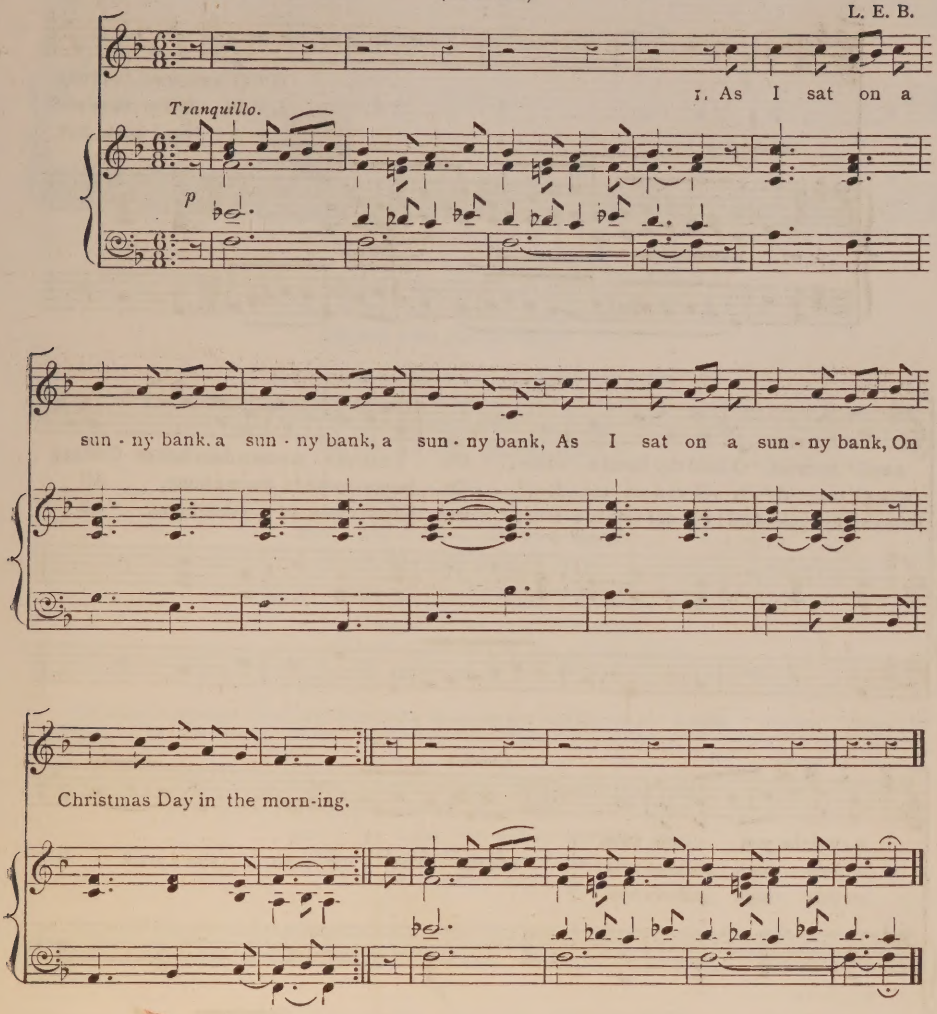
† *i.e.*, granted.

(Words and tune from Mr. Thomas Gray, Weston, near Hitchin, who describes it as "ancients of years old.")

As I sat on a Sunny Bank.

(CAROL.)

L. E. B.

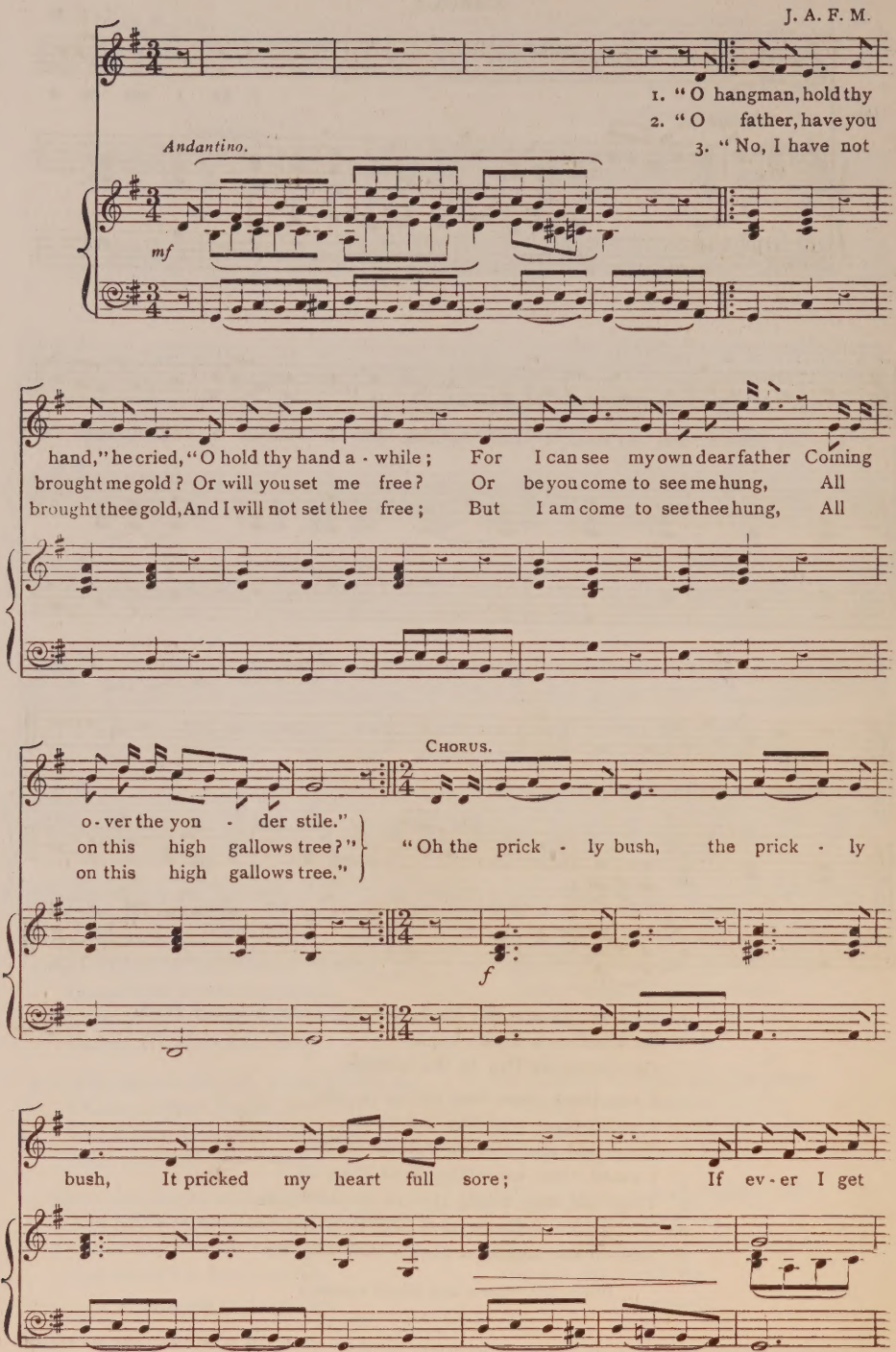


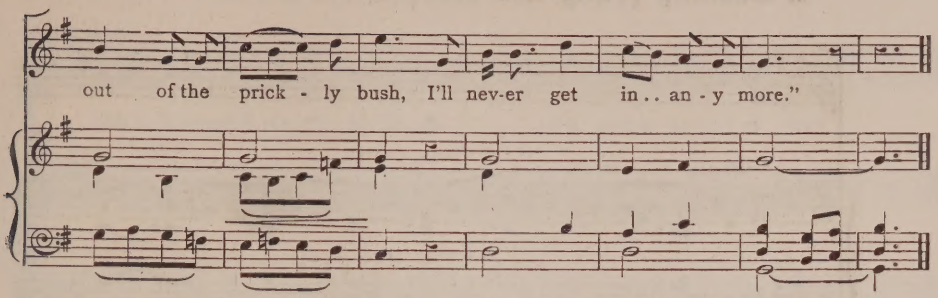
1 As I sat on a sunny bank, a sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

2 I saw three ships *come sailing in*, &c.
3 I askèd them *what they had in*, &c.
4 They said they had *the Saviour in*, &c.
5 I askèd them *where they found Him*, &c.
6 They said they found Him *in Bethlehem*, &c.
7 Now all the bells *on earth shall ring*, &c.
8 And all the angels *in Heaven shall sing*, &c

(From Mrs. Wilson, near King's Langley.)

The words in italics are used for the short repetitions, after which the whole line is repeated, and the burden "On Christmas Day in the morning" closes each verse. The words of this Carol are well known, and are included in many collections of Christmas Carols, such as Sandys, Husk, &c.


J. A. F. M.
1. "O hangman, hold thy
2. "O father, have you
3. "No, I have not
Andantino.
mf
hand," he cried, "O hold thy hand a - while; For I can see my own dear father Coming
brought me gold? Or will you set me free? Or be you come to see me hung, All
brought thee gold, And I will not set thee free; But I am come to see thee hung, All
CHORUS.
o - ver the yon - der stile."
on this high gallows tree?"
on this high gallows tree."
"Oh the prick - ly bush, the prick - ly
f
bush, It pricked my heart full sore; If ev - er I get



1 "O HANGMAN, hold thy hand," he cried,
"O hold thy hand awhile;
For I can see my own dear father
Coming over yonder stile.

2 "O father, have you brought me gold?
Or will you set me free?
Or be you come to see me hung,
All on this high gallows tree?"

3 "No, I have not brought thee gold,
And I will not set thee free;
But I am come to see thee hung,
All on this high gallows tree."

Chorus. "Oh the prickly bush, the prickly bush,
It pricked my heart full sore;
If ever I get out of the prickly bush,
I'll never get in any more."

The above is repeated three times more, with the successive substitution of "mother,' "brother," "sister, ' for "father." Then the first two verses are repeated with "sweetheart" in this place, and for the third verse the following is sung:—

3 "Yes, I have brought thee gold," she cried,
"And I will set thee free;
And I am come, but not to see thee hung,
All on this high gallows tree."
"Oh the prickly bush," &c.

The words and tune as they stand here, are given by Mr. Heywood Sumner, and belong properly to Somersetshire. In *Notes and Queries*, Ser. 6, vii., 275, the Precentor of Lincoln (the Rev. Edmund Venables), gives a version of the words, which he learnt from a Buckinghamshire nurse. The scheme is precisely the same, but the words of the opening verse are as follows:—

1 "HOLD up thy hand, most righteous judge,
Hold up thy hand awhile;
For here I see my own dear father
Come tumbling over the stile.

2 "O hast thou brought me silver or gold,
Or jewels to set me free,
Or hast thou come to see me hung?
For hangèd I shall be.

3 "If I could get out of this prickly bush
That prickles my heart so sore;
If I could get out of this prickly bush
I'd never get in no more."

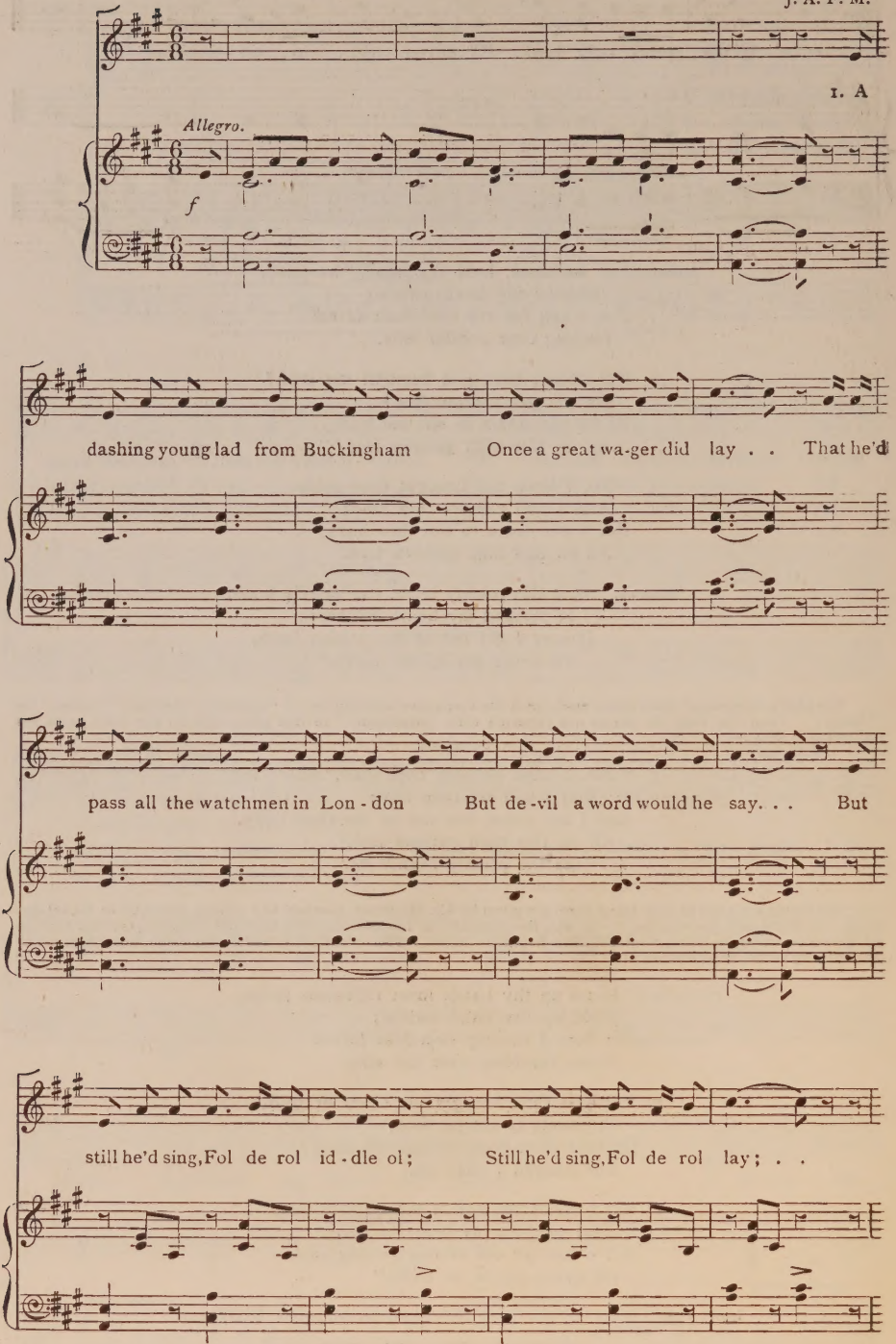
Lines 1 and 3 of the last verse run "Now I have got out of this prickly bush."

For other versions of this song, see Child's *Ballads*.

A Dashing young Lad from Buckingham. [Buckinghamshire.

J. A. F. M.

1. A


Allegro.
f
dashing young lad from Buckingham Once a great wa-ger did lay . . That he'd
pass all the watchmen in Lon - don But de-vil a word would he say. . . But
still he'd sing, Fol de rol id - dle ol; Still he'd sing, Fol de rol lay; . .

1 A DASHING young lad from Buckingham
Once a great wager did lay
That he'd pass all the watchmen in London
But devil a word would he say.

But still he'd sing, Fol de rol iddle ol;
Still he'd sing, Fol de rol lay;
Still he'd sing, Fol de rol iddle ol;
Fol de rol arilol day.

(A verse is here missing.)

2 The gentlemen riding beside him
They stopped him at the Troopers' Gate;
And all that e'er they could do with him
The devil a word would he speak.
But still he sang, &c.

3 "The man has got drunk with good liquor
Or else he is turned in his brain
We'll send him to Newgate till morning,
By then he'll be sober again."
But still he'd sing, &c.

(A verse is here missing, in which the lad is brought before the Lord Mayor.

4 "This man he did nothing but sing
All night that in Newgate he lay;
So we brought him before you this morning
To hear what your Worship would say."
But still he sang, &c.

5 The lord's daughter sitting beside him,
And very hard for him she prayed;
"O father, come grant him his pardon,
It is for some wager he's laid."
But still he sang, &c.

6 "O daughter, O daughter, dear daughter!
And since that it is your desire,
A pardon to him I will grant,
If he'll pay all these officers' hire."
But still he sang, &c.

7 Then he put his hand into his pocket,
And paid them down every one,
He gave a low bow to the lady
And then he went singing along.
And still he sang, &c.

(Words and tune from F. Scarlett Potter, Esq.)

The Farmer's Daughter.

[BERKSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.

1. It's

Allegretto.

mp

of a farmer's daugh - ter, so beau - ti - ful I'm told; Her par-ents died and

left . . ner nve hundred pounds in gold; She lived with her un - cle, the

cause of all her woe, As you soon shall hear, this maiden fair did prove his o-ver-throw.

1 It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told;
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold:
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
As you soon shall hear, this maiden fair did prove his overthrow

2 Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved full well;
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
Yet still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

3 Her uncle rose one morning and early went straightway,
And knocking at the bedroom door, he unto her did say:—
"Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you might be,
The squire's a-waiting for you on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

4 "A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes;'
"Begone, unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of the sweet Dundee."

5 Her uncle and the squire was a-walking out next day,
"Young William is in favour," her uncle he did say;
"But indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the pressgang on the banks of the sweet Dundee."

6 The pressgang come to William when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but they was six to one;
The blood did flow in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he,
I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of the sweet Dundee."

7 The maid next day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met with the wealthy squire, down in her uncle's grove;
He clasped his arms all round her,—"Stand off, base man," said she,
'Twas you that bribed the pressgang on the banks of the sweet Dundee."

8 He clasped his arms all round her, and tried to throw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown;
Young Mary took the pistols, the sword he used so free,
But she did fire, and shot the squire, on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

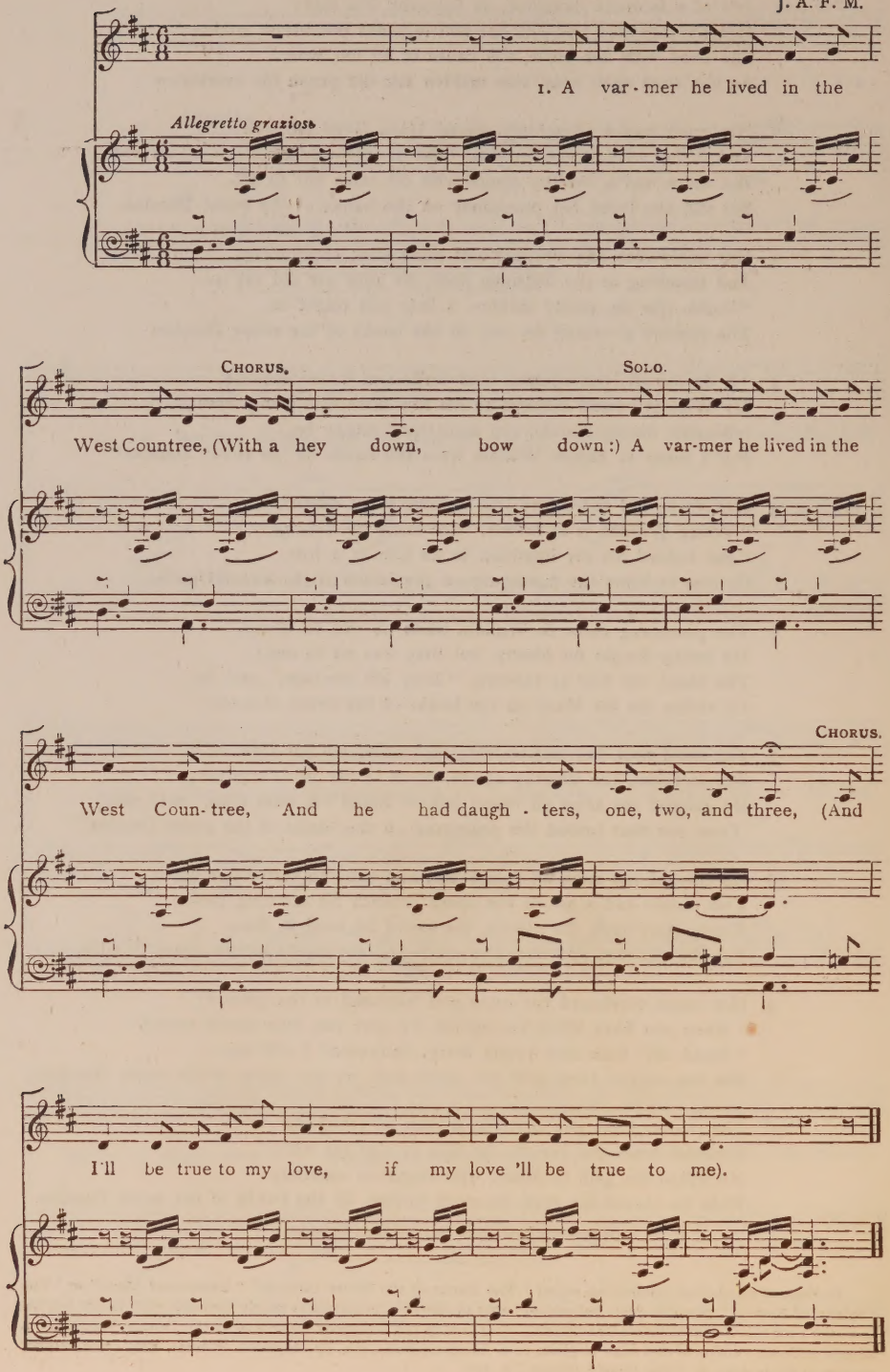
9 Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground;
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death-wound."
"Stand off," then said young Mary, undaunted I will be,—
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew, on the banks of the sweet Dundee.

10 The doctor then was sent for, a man of noted skill,
Likewise came the lawyer, for him to sign his will;
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
Then he closed his eyes, no more to rise, by the banks of the sweet Dundee.

(Words and tune from Mark Wyatt, Enborne.)

Versions of this ballad, sometimes called "The Banks of the Sweet Dundee." "Undaunted Mary," or "The Undaunted Female," occur in many collections; that in Barrett's collection is nearly identical with this, but is set to a very poor tune. See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and in the Crampton Collection in the British Museum. A slightly different version of this tune is given as a Somersetshire tune, by Heywood Sumner, Esq. See another version in triple time, to "The Painful Plough," p. 126

J. A. F. M.


1. A var-mer he lived in the
Allegretto grazioso.
Chorus.
Solo.
West Countree, (With a hey down, bow down:) A var-mer he lived in the
Chorus.
West Coun-tree, And he had daugh-ters, one, two, and three, (And
I'll be true to my love, if my love 'll be true to me).

1 A varmer he lived in the West Countree.
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And he had daughters, one, two, and three,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me)

2 As they were walking by the river's brim
(With a hey down, bow down:)
The eldest pushed the youngest in,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

3 "O sister, O sister, pray gee me thy hand,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And I'll gee thee both house and land,"
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

4 "I'll neither gee thee hand nor glove,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
Unless thou'lt gee me thine own true love,"
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

5 So down she sank, and away she swam,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
Until she came to the miller's dam,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

6 The miller's daughter stood by the door,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
As fair as any gilly-flower,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

7 "O vather, O vather, here swims a swan,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
Very much like a drownded gentlewoman,"
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

8 The miller he fot his pole and hook,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And he fished the fair maid out of the brook,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

9 "O miller, I'll gee thee guineas ten,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
If thou'lt fetch me back to my vather again,"
(And I'll be true to my love if my love'll be true to me).

10 The miller he took her guineas ten,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And he pushed the fair maid in again,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

11 But the Crowner he came, and the Justice too,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
With a hue and a cry and a hullabaloo,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

12 They hanged the miller beside his own gate,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
For drowning the varmer's daughter Kate,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

13 The sister she fled beyond the seas,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And died an old maid among black savagees,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

14 So I've ended my tale of the West Countree,
(With a hey down, bow down:)
And they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee,
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me).

(The tune from G. K. Fortescue, Esq.; the words from *The Scouring of the White Horse.*)

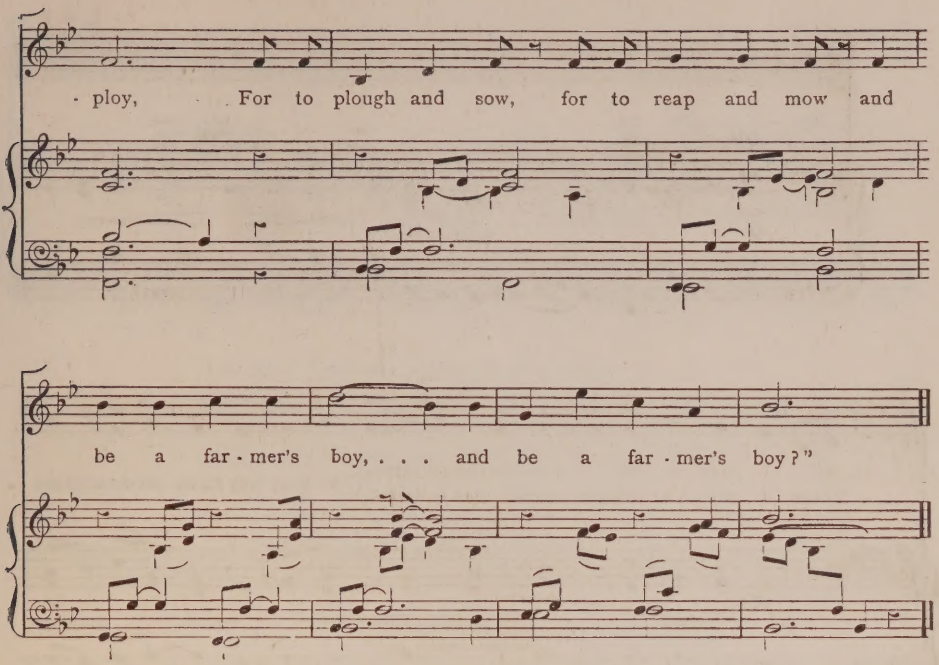
This is one of the very many variants of the ballad usually known as "Binnorie," which appears in different forms in many countries. The peculiarities o the English ballad are the presence of a third sister, not required by the story; the fact that the maiden was alive when she reached the mill; the brutal cruelty of the miller; the Crowner; the fate of the miller and the horrible ending of the elder sister. In *The Scouring of the White Horse*, there is another ballad, which takes up the story a· the point where the harper discovers the body and strings his harp with the maiden's hair. In this instance, the instrument is a "fiddoll," and the process of stringing is described most realistically. A Lancashire version is given in *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, by John Harland; another occurs in a broadsheet of 1656, and is said to be by Dr. James Smith (1604-1667); it is called "The King and the Miller's Daughter." See also Child's *Ballads*.

J. A. F. M.

Andante espressivo.

1. The sun went down be - hind yon hill, a - cross yon drea - ry moor;

Wea - ry and lame a boy there came up to the far - mer's door; "Can you tell me if a - ny there be, that will give me em -



1 THE sun went down beyond yon hill, across yon dreary moor;
Weary and lame a boy there came up to the farmer's door;
"Can you tell me if any there be, that will give me employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy?

2 "My father's dead and mother's left with her five children small;
And what is worse for my mother still, I'm the oldest of them all;
Though little I am, I fear no work, if you'll give me employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy.

3 "And if that you won't me employ, one favour I've to ask,
Will you shelter me till the break of day from this cold winter's blast?
At the break of day I'll trudge away, elsewhere to seek employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy.

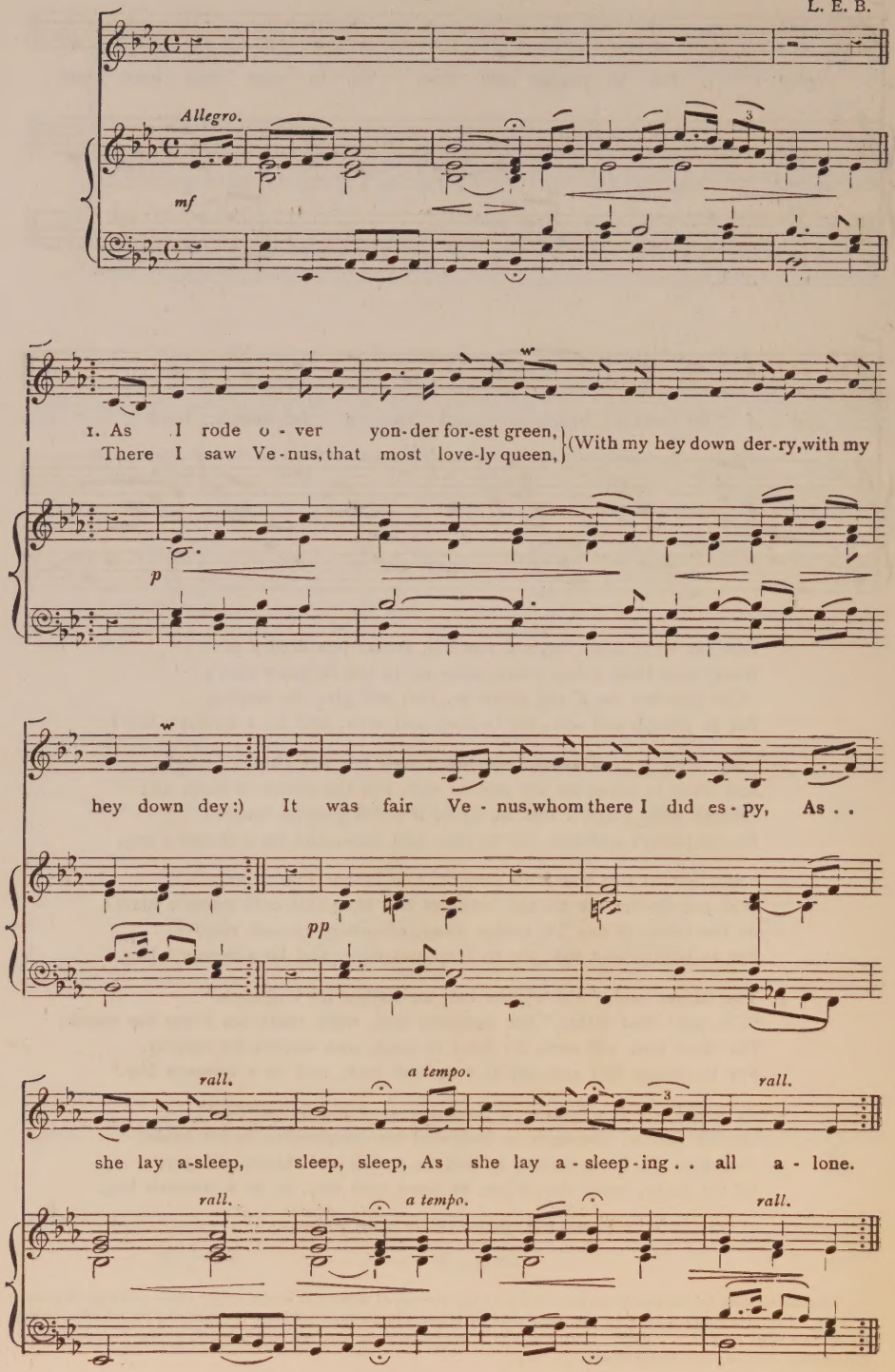
4 The farmer said, "I'll try the lad, no further let him seek,"
"Oh, yes! dear father," the daughter said, while tears ran down her cheek;
For them that will work it's hard to want, and wander for employ
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy."

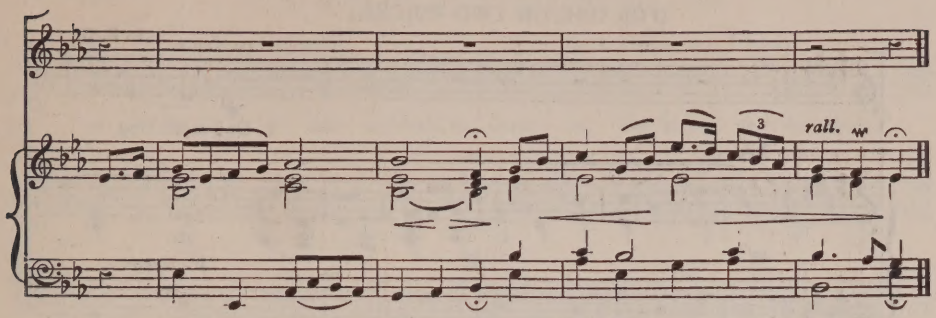
5 At length the boy became a man, the good old farmer died;
He left the lad the farm he had, and his daughter to be his bride;
And now the lad a farmer is, and he smiles and thinks with joy,
Of the lucky, lucky day, when he came that way, to be a farmer's boy.

(Words and tune from Mark Wyatt, Enborne.)

The above tune is inserted as an illustration of the process of alteration which songs often undergo in transmission. Paxton's original tune to this song may be found, almost note for note, in Barrett's *Folk Songs*, to the words "Ye Sons of Albion." Barrett, Kidson, and other collections, give various tunes to "The Farmer's Boy," and another will be found under Sussex (p. 134).

L. E. B.


Allegro.
mf
1. As I rode o - ver yon-der for-est green,
There I saw Ve-nus, that most love-ly queen,
(With my hey down der-ry, with my
p
hey down dey:) It was fair Ve - nus, whom there I did es - py, As . .
pp
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
she lay a-sleep, sleep, sleep, As she lay a - sleep - ing . . all a - lone.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.



1 As I rode over yonder forest green,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
There I saw Venus, that most lovely queen,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
It was fair Venus whom there I did espy,
As she lay asleep, sleep, sleep,
As she lay a-sleeping, all alone.

2 I asked her, fair Venus, for one kiss,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
How could she deny me of such a happy bliss?
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
Then young Adonis he hung down his head,
When she answered him, "No! no! no!"
When she answered him, "No! I can't love you!"

3 Then as brisk as the day away from me did flee
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
"O stay, Venus, stay, I will tell unto thee,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
"O stay, Venus, stay, I will tell unto thee,
I would tell unto thee, thee, thee,
I would tell unto thee the fond tales of love."

4 "Now, young Adonis, you've fairly won my heart,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
And I from you, love, never more will part,
(With my hey down derry, with my hey down dey:)
And I from you, love, never more will part,
Nor ever will I change, change, change,
Nor ever will I change old love for new!"

(From Mr Grantham, carter at Anstie, Holmwood; he originally came from Sussex, and learnt the song sixty years ago there; he has since made it popular about Holmwood.)

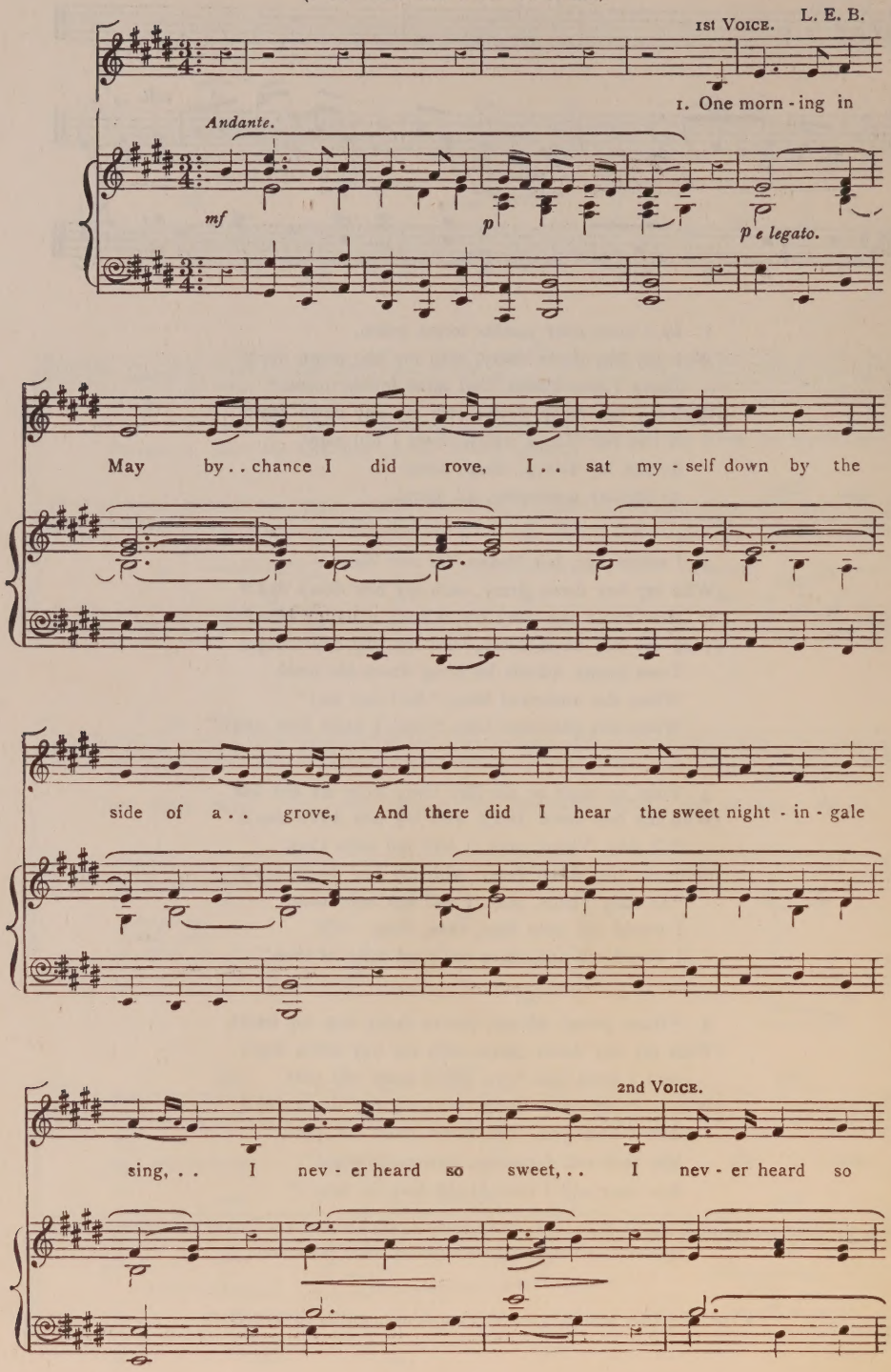
A line is certainly wanting in the third stanza, and possibly one in the last.

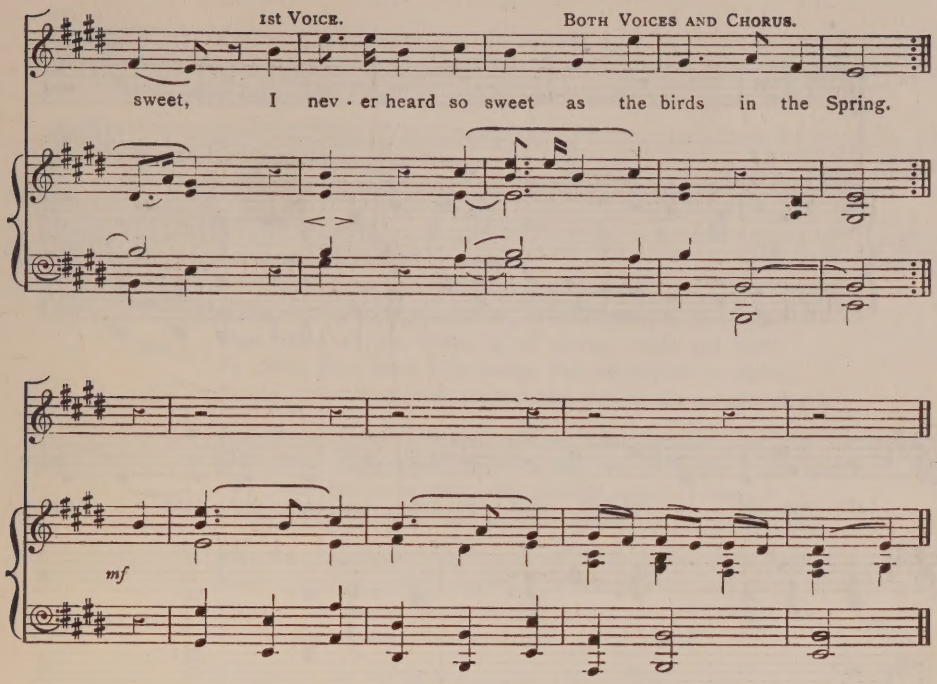
The Sweet Nightingale.

[SURREY.

(FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.)

L. E. B.


1st VOICE.
1. One morn - ing in
Andante.
mf
p
p e legato.
May by . . chance I did rove, I . . sat my - self down by the
side of a . . grove, And there did I hear the sweet night - in - gale
2nd VOICE.
sing, . . I nev - er heard so sweet, . . I nev - er heard so



1.

ONE morning in May by chance I did rove,
I sat myself down by the side of a grove,
And there did I hear the sweet nightingale sing,
I never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.

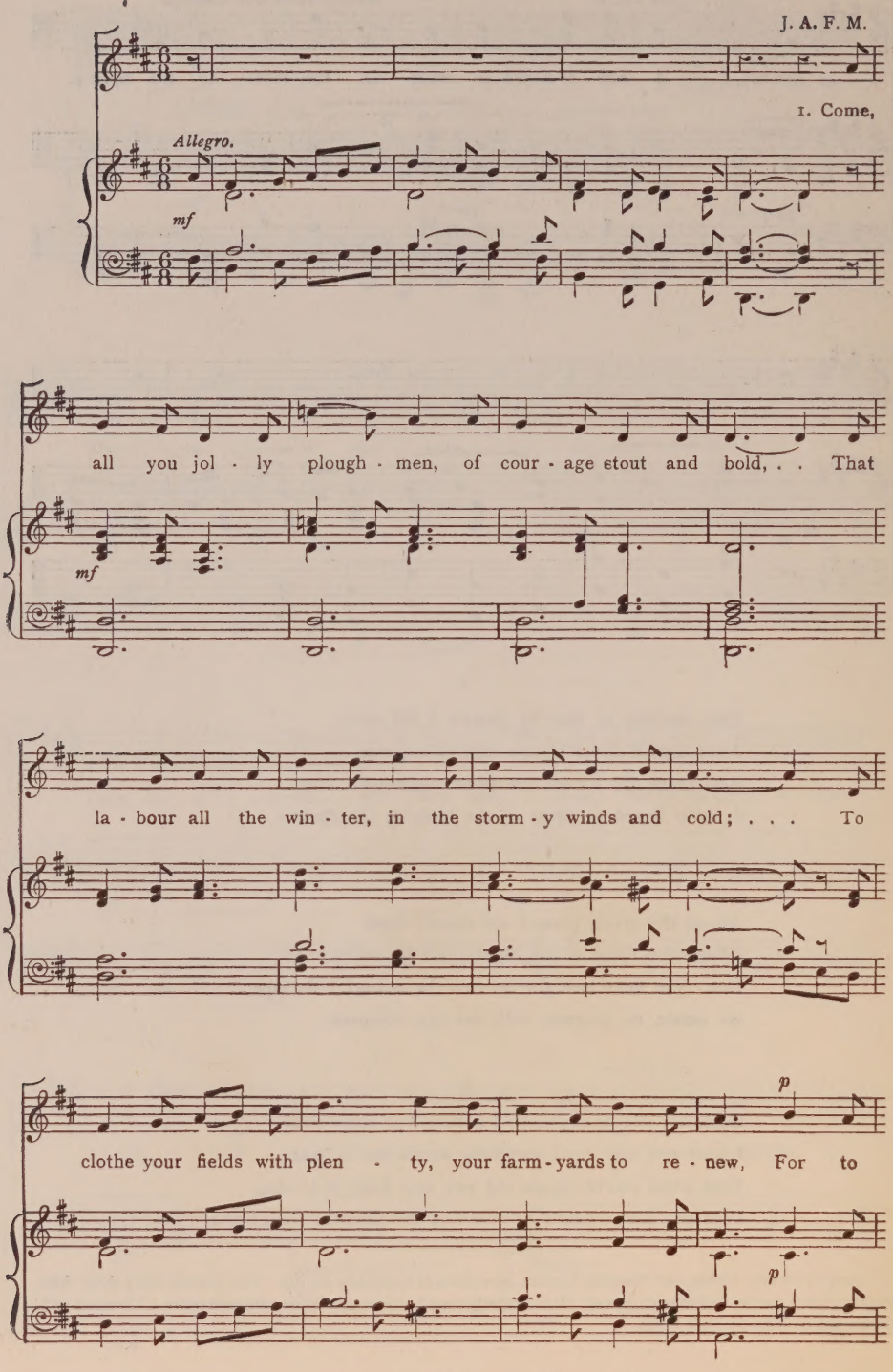
2

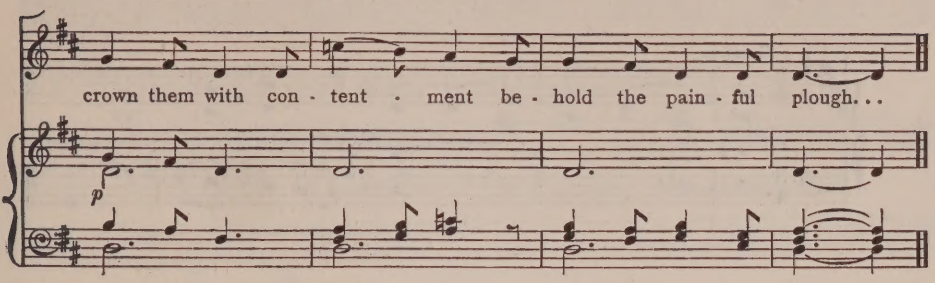
All on the green grass I sat myself down
Where the voice of the nightingale echoed around;
Don't you hear how she quivers the notes? I declare
No music, no songster with her can compare.

3.

Come all you young men, I'll have you draw near.
I pray you now heed me these words for to hear,
That when you're grown old you may have it to sing,
That you never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.

Sung by Messrs. Upfold and Stanford, farmers, now dead, at Cranleigh, Surrey. This version noted down from Mr. Grantham, carter, Holmwood, Surrey. It is properly sung by two voices answering each other. Compare with the version in Barrett's *Folk Songs*.


J. A. F. M.
1. Come,
Allegro.
mf
all you jol - ly plough - men, of cour - age stout and bold, . . . That
mf
la - bour all the win - ter, in the storm - y winds and cold; . . . To
p
clothe your fields with plen - ty, your farm - yards to re - new, For to
p



1 COME, all you jolly ploughmen, of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter, in the stormy winds and cold;
To clothe your fields with plenty, your farmyards to renew,
For to crown them with contentment behold the painful plough.

2 Says the gardener to the ploughman, "Don't count your trade with ours,
Walk down in those fair gardens, and view those pretty flowers;
Also those curious borders, and pleasant walks to view,
There's no such peace nor pleasure performèd by the plough."

3 Says the ploughman to the gardener, "My calling don't despise,
Each man for his living upon his trade relies;
Were it not for the ploughman both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all dependent upon the painful plough.

4 "Adam in the garden was sent to keep it right,
The length of time he stayed there I believe it was one night;
Yet of his own labour I call it not his due,
Soon he left his garden, and went to hold the plough.

5 "For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing first begun,
The next that did succeed him was Cain, his eldest son;
Some of the generation this calling now pursue;
That bread may not be wanting, remains the painful plough.

6 "Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander, for to conquer was all his daily pride,
King David he was valiant, and many thousands slew,
There's none of your brave heroes can live without the plough.

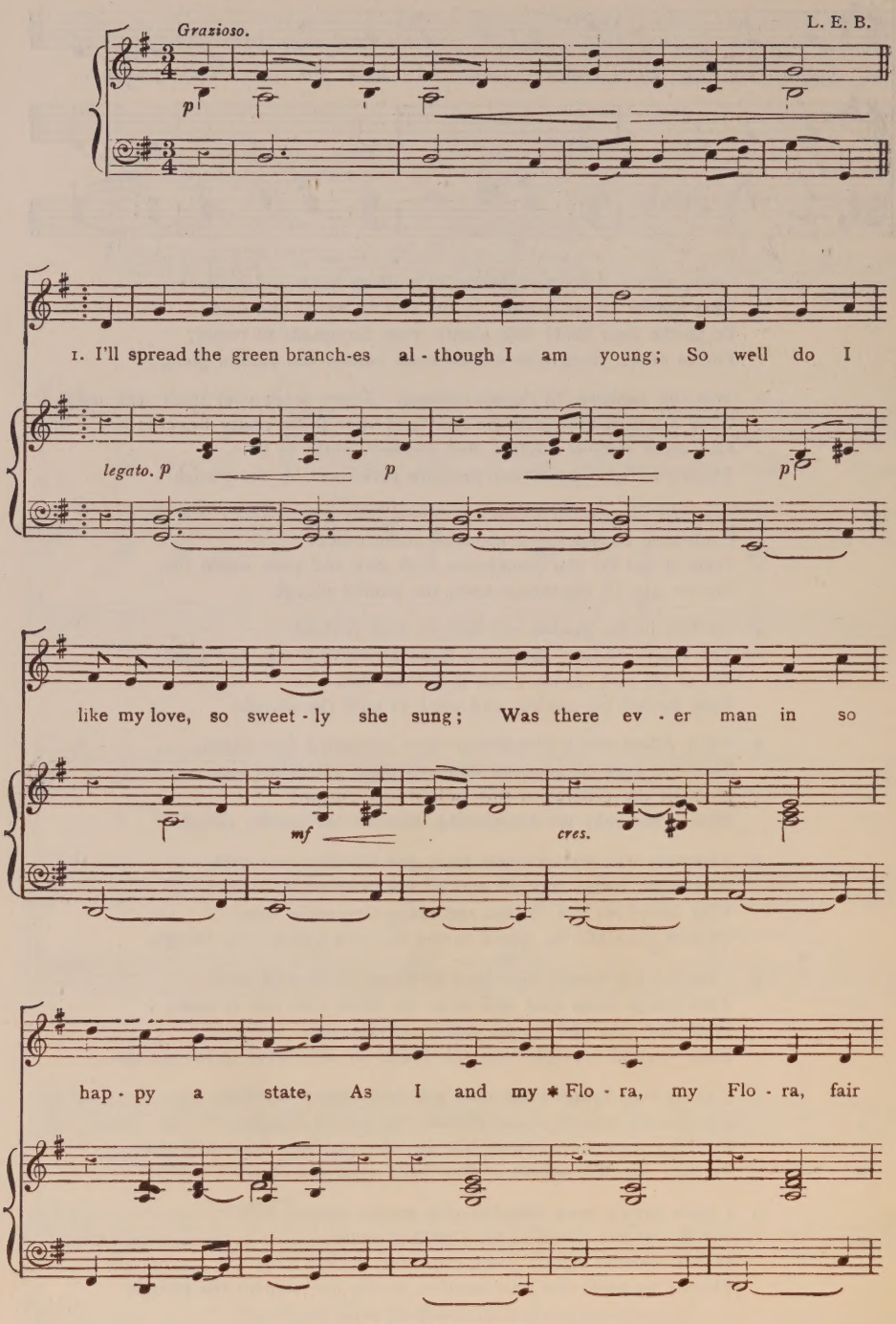
7 "Behold the worthy merchant that sails on foreign seas,
That brings home gold and silver for those who live at ease;
With fine silks and spices, and fruits also, too,
They were all brought from the Indies by the virtue of the plough.

8 "Them that brings them over will find what I say true,
You cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough,
For they must have bread, biscuits, rice pudding, flour, and peas,
To feed the jolly sailors as they sails upon the seas."

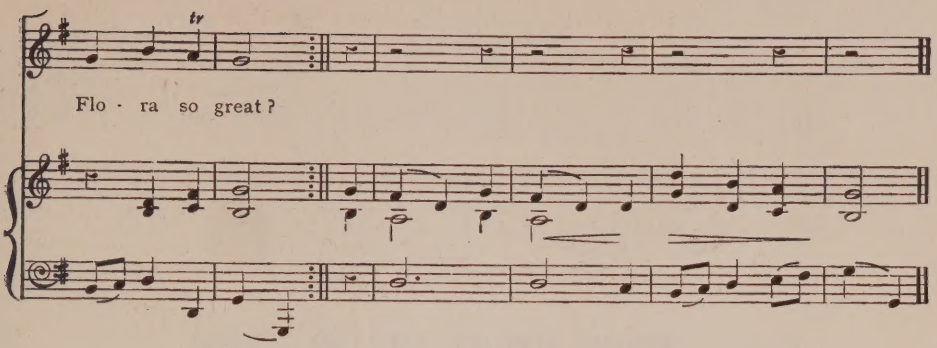
9 I hope there's none offended with me for singing this,
For it was not intended for anything amiss;
If you consider rightly you'll own what I say's true,
There s no trade you can mention as can live without the plough.'

(Words and tune from Mr. Grantham, carter, Holmwood.)

For other versions see Baring Gould's *Songs of the West*, Barrett's *Folk Songs*, Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, &c. The tune is virtually identical with that of "The Farmer's Daughter" (p. 116), excepting the rhythm.


L. E. B.
Grazioso.
p
1. I'll spread the green branch-es al - though I am young; So well do I
legato. p
p
p
like my love, so sweet - ly she sung; Was there ev - er man in so
mf
cres.
hap - py a state, As I and my * Flo - ra, my Flo - ra, fair

* Floral, in the original



1 I'LL spread the green branches although I am young;
So well do I like my love, so sweetly she sung;
Was there ever man in so happy a state,
As I and my Flora, my Flora, fair Flora so great?

2 I will go to my Flora, and to her I'll say,
"We both will be married, it wants but one day,"
"One day!" says this fair one, "One day is to come!
To be married so early, so early, my age is too young."

3 "I will first go to service, and when I return
We both will be married all in the next town."
"Will you first go to service, and leave me to cry?"
"Yes, lovely shepherd, yes, shepherd, I have told you for why."

4 As it happened, to service, to service, she went,
To wait on a lady, as was her intent;
For to wait on a lady, a rich lady gay,
Who clothèd young Flora, young Flora, in costly array.

5 In a twelvemonth, or better, a letter I sent,
Three or four lines for to know her intent;
She wrote that she lived a contented life,
But she never, she never could be a poor shepherd's wife.

6 These words and experience they pierced like a dart,
But I'll pluck up my spirits, and cheer up my heart;
By hoping that thus she may write nevermore,
But let me convince her, convince her, as ofttimes before.

7 Now my ewes and my lambs I will bid them adieu,
My hook, crook, and black dog, I'll leave here by you;
My hook, crook, and black dog I'll leave here behind,
Since Flora, fair Flora, fair Flora, has changèd her mind.

(From Mr. Grantham, carter.)

SONGS OF THE SOUTH COAST.

KENT:—"John Appleby."

SUSSEX:—"The Farmer's Boy;" "Faithful Emma;" "Twankydillo;" "The Mistress's Health;" "The Carter's Health;" "The Seasons of the Year."

HAMPSHIRE:—"The Servingman and the Husbandman;" "My Bonnie, Bonnie Boy;" "The Reaphook and the Sickle."

WILTSHIRE:—"Harvest and Sheep-shearing Songs;" "The Jolly Ploughboy."

DORSETSHIRE:—"The Twelve Apostles;" "I'm a Man that's done wrong to my parents."

SOMERSETSHIRE:—"Bristol City;" "The Outlandish Knight;" "Young Herchard;" "The Cheerful Ârn."

DEVONSHIRE:—"The Green Bushes;" "The Loyal Lover;" "The Tree in the Valley."

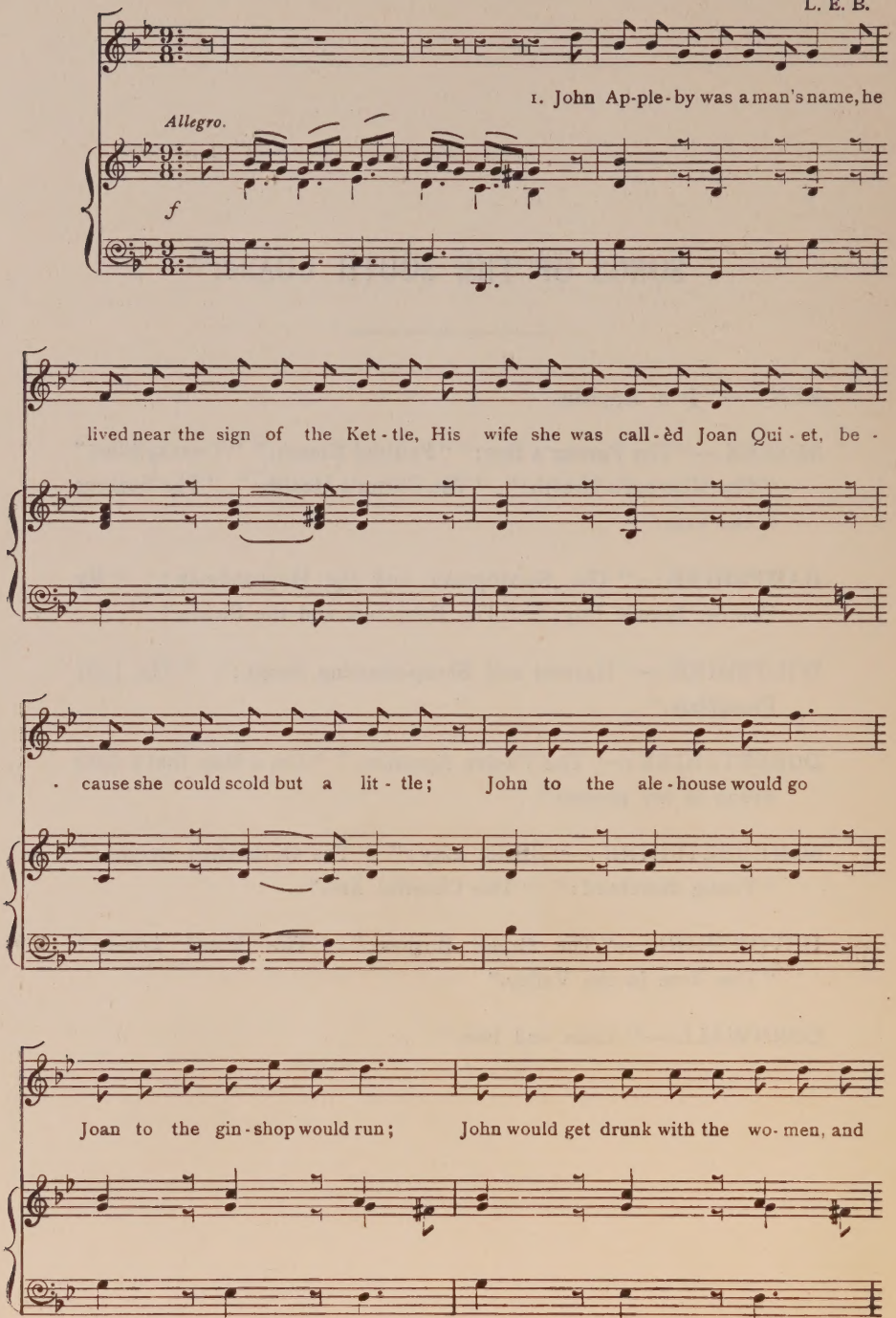
CORNWALL:—"Adam and Eve."

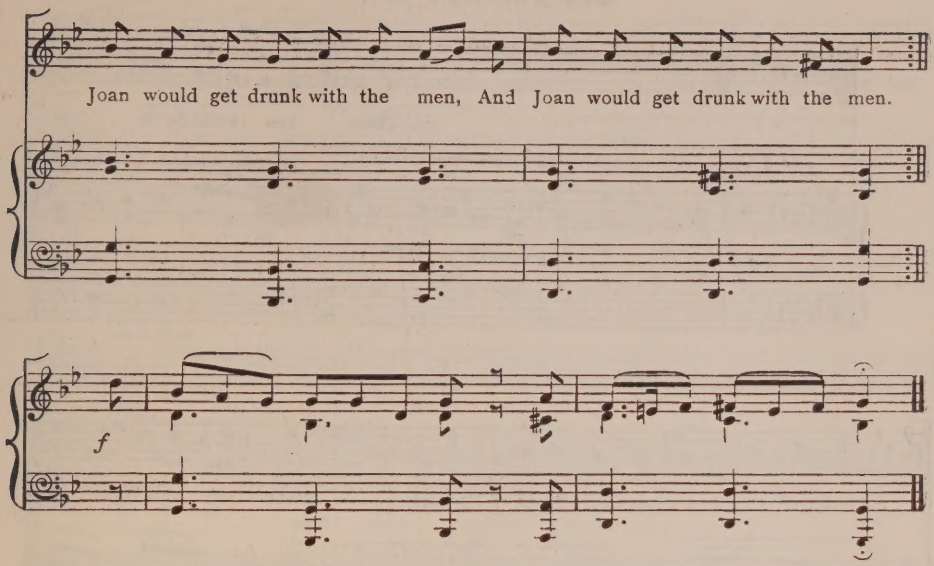
John Appleby.

[Kent.

(A HOP-PICKER'S SONG.)

L. E. B.


Allegro.
f
1. John Ap-ple-by was a man's name, he
lived near the sign of the Ket-tle, His wife she was call-èd Joan Qui-et, be-
-cause she could scold but a lit-tle; John to the ale-house would go
Joan to the gin-shop would run; John would get drunk with the wo-men, and



1 JOHN APPLEBY was a man's name, he lived near the sign of the Kettle,
His wife she was callèd Joan Quiet, because she could scold but a little;
John to the alehouse would go, Joan to the ginshop would run;
John would get drunk with the women, and Joan would get drunk with the men.

2 Now Joan she was no great eater, and John he wasn't a glutton:
And so for to tickle their jaws they bought 'em a shoulder of mutton;
John in an angry mood caught the mutton up in his hand,
And out of the window he threw it while Joan she was at a stand.

3 Now Joan she was at a stand, didn't know what to make of the matter,
So catching it up in her hand she after it threw the platter;
An old woman passing by and seeing the mutton there lay,
She caught up both mutton and platter and with it she ran away.

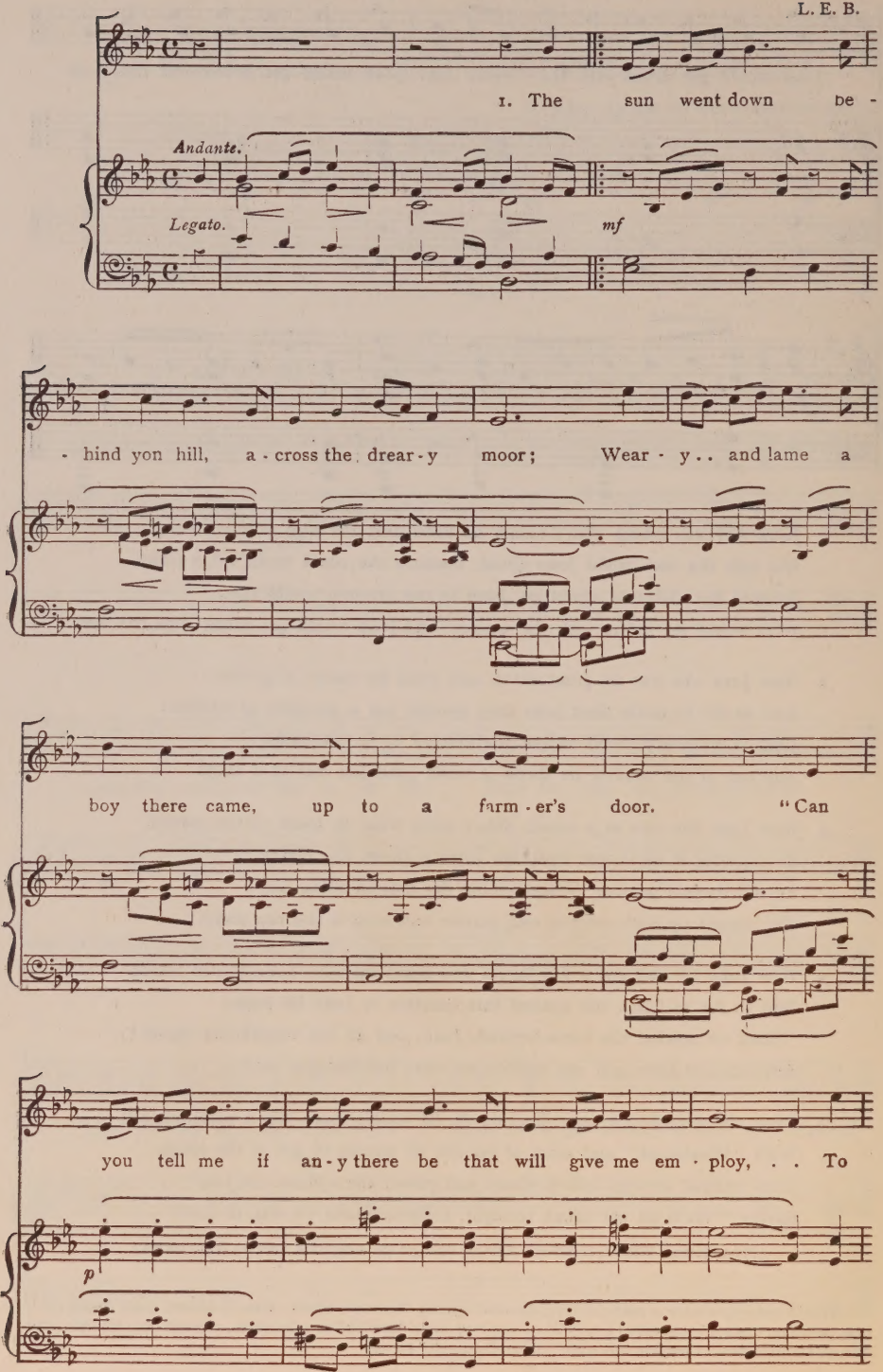
4 Now John he had got a full barrel well seasoned with home-grown hops;
And so for to finish the quarrel this question to Joan he pops:
"Shall we spicket the home-brewed, Joan, and all our neighbours regale?
Although we have lost our mutton we have not lost our ale."

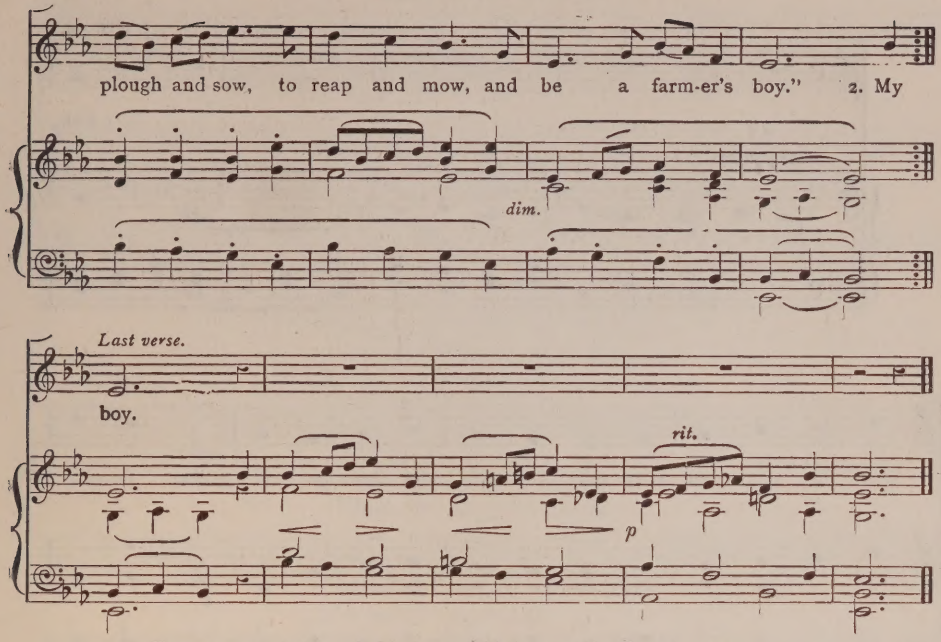
5 Then the neighbours came flocking in, (O wasn't there just a commotion?)
With "Wastebutt" and most of his kin all aiming to get at the lotion.
They banged the old barrel about and pulled the spicket out too,
Saying "We'll all get drunk to-night, for what have we else to do?"

(From Samuel Willett, Cuckfield, Sussex, who got the song from Kentish hop-pickers.)

This is not improbably a political song, directed against Oliver Cromwell; Kent produced many squibs upon him, in which, besides being called a brewer, he was frequently described as a drunkard, together with his wife, who was nicknamed Joan. Compare this with "Oliver Cromwell" (p. 94).

L. E. B.


1. The sun went down be -
Andante.
Legato.
mf
- hind yon hill, a - cross the drear - y moor; Wear - y.. and lame a
boy there came, up to a farm - er's door. "Can
you tell me if an - y there be that will give me em - ploy, . . To
p



1 THE sun went down behind yon hill, across the dreary moor;
Weary and lame a boy there came, up to a farmer's door.
"Can you tell me if any there be that will give me employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy?

2 "My father's dead, and mother's left with her five children small,
And what is worse for mother still, the eldest I'm of all.
Though little I be, I fear no work, if you will me employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy.

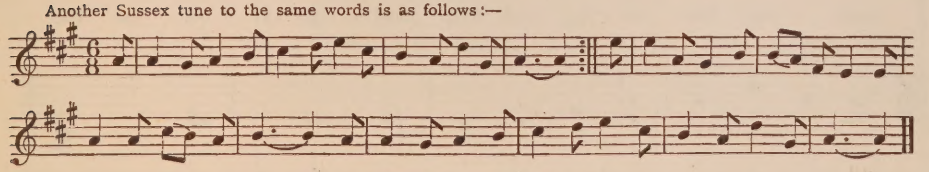
3 "And if you cannot me employ, one favour I've to ask,
O shelter me till break of day from this cold, chilling blast.
At break of day I'll trudge away, elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy."

4 The daughter said, "Pray try the lad, no farther let him seek."
"O yes, dear child," the farmer cried, for tears stole down her cheek,
"For those who'd work 'tis hard to want, or wander for employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy."

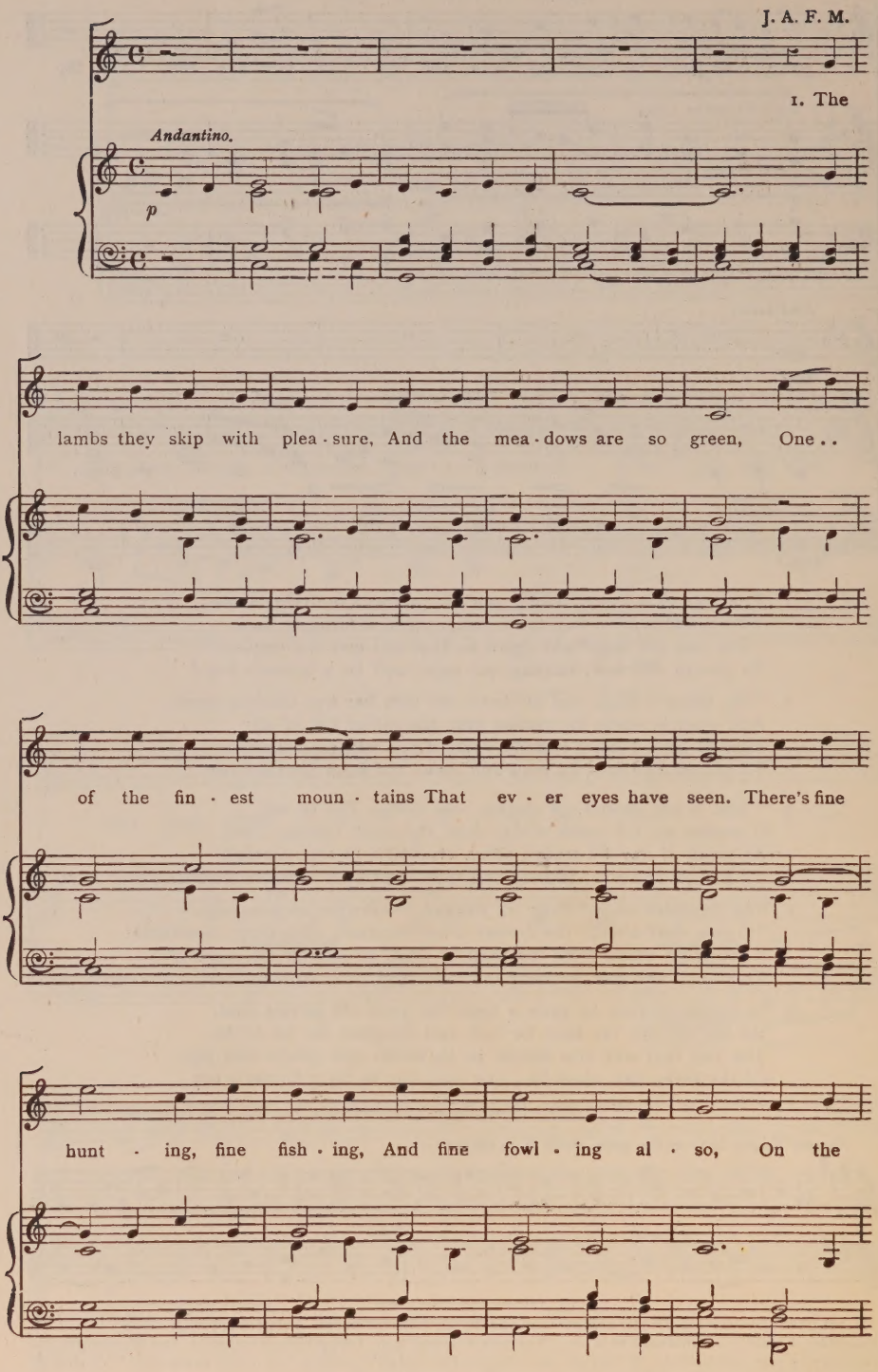
5 In course of time he grew a man, the good old farmer died,
He left the lad the farm he had, and daughter for his bride.
The boy that was now farmer is, he smiles and thinks with joy,
Of the lucky day when he came that way to be a farmer's boy.

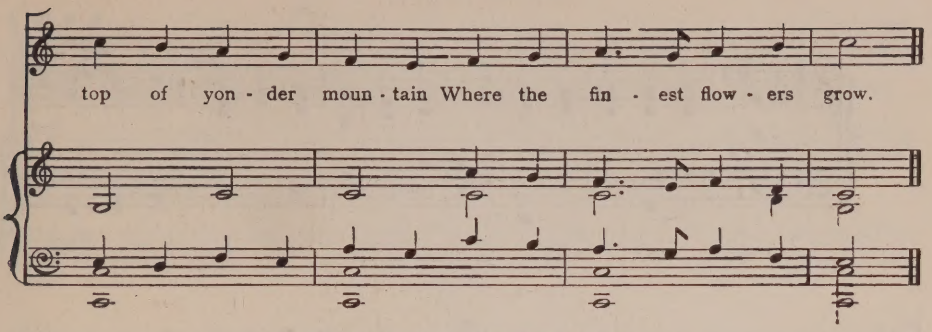
(From Samuel Willett, Cuckfield.)

Another Sussex tune to the same words is as follows:—



See under Berkshire (p. 120) for another tune and slightly different words. Versions appear in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, &c. Versions are sent from Derbyshire, Hampshire, and Devonshire, all variants of a tune published by W. Paxton, which appears in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, to the song "Ye sons of Albion." This air has the second part in common with our Berkshire version.


J. A. F. M.
1. The
Andantino.
p
lambs they skip with plea - sure, And the mea - dows are so green, One . .
of the fin - est moun - tains That ev - er eyes have seen. There's fine
hunt - ing, fine fish - ing, And fine fowl - ing al - so, On the



1 THE lambs they skip with pleasure,
And the meadows are so green.
One of the finest mountains
That ever eyes have seen.
There's fine hunting, fine fishing,
And fine fowling also,
On the top of yonder mountain
Where the finest flowers grow.

2 On the top of yonder mountain
There my true love's castle stands,
It is deckèd up with ivy
From the top down to the strands.
There's fine arches, fine porches,
And there's diamond stones so bright,
It's a pilot for the sailors
On a dark and stormy night.

3 At the bottom of the mountain
There's a river runs so clear,
And a ship from the West Indies
Once lay at anchor there;
With a red flag a-flying
And the beating of a drum,
Sweet instruments of music,
And the firing of a gun.

* * * * *

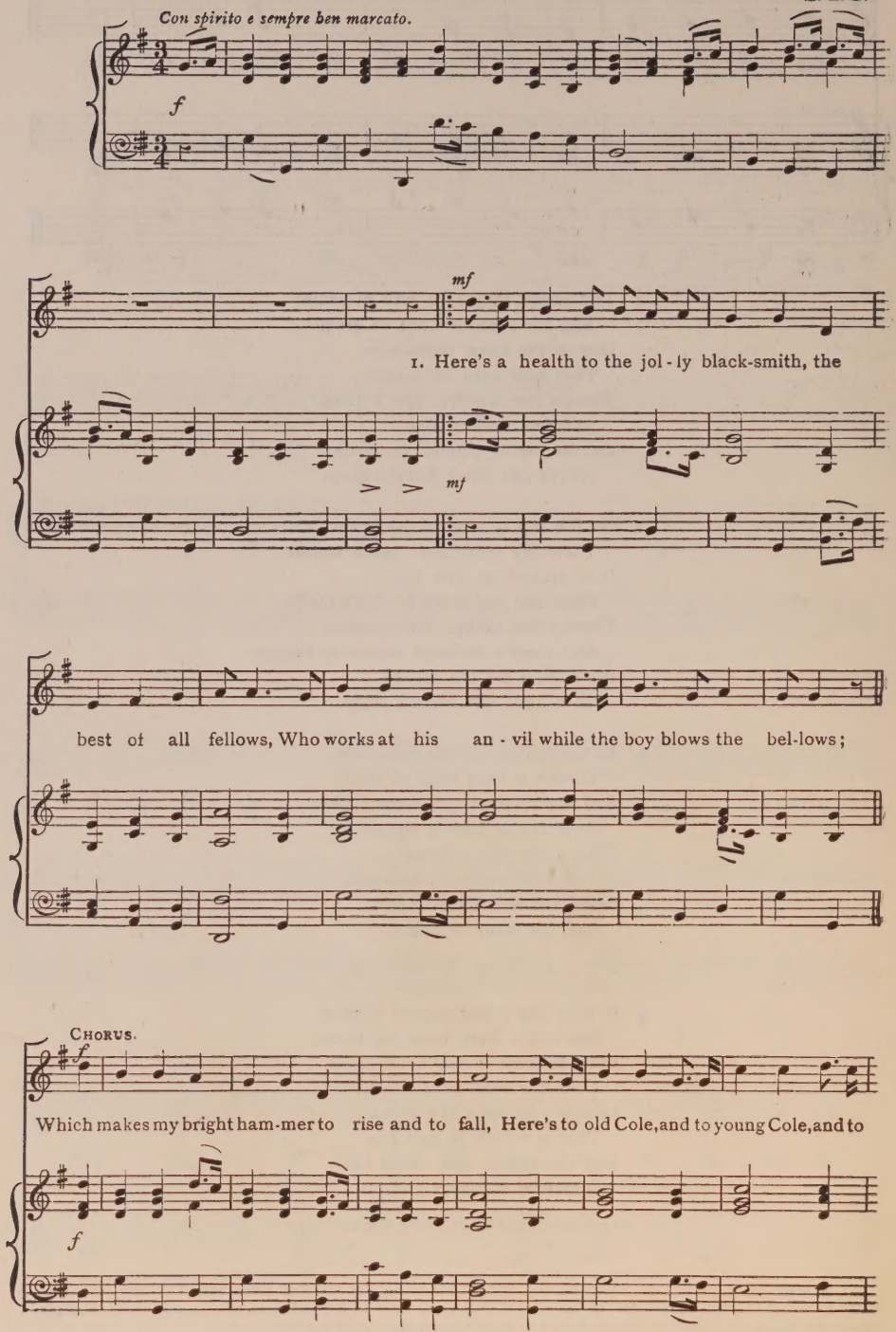
4 If little Mary had proved faithful
She might have been my bride,
But her mind it was more fickle
Than the rain upon the tide,
Like a ship upon the ocean
That is tossed to and fro,
May the angels now direct her
Wherever she may go!

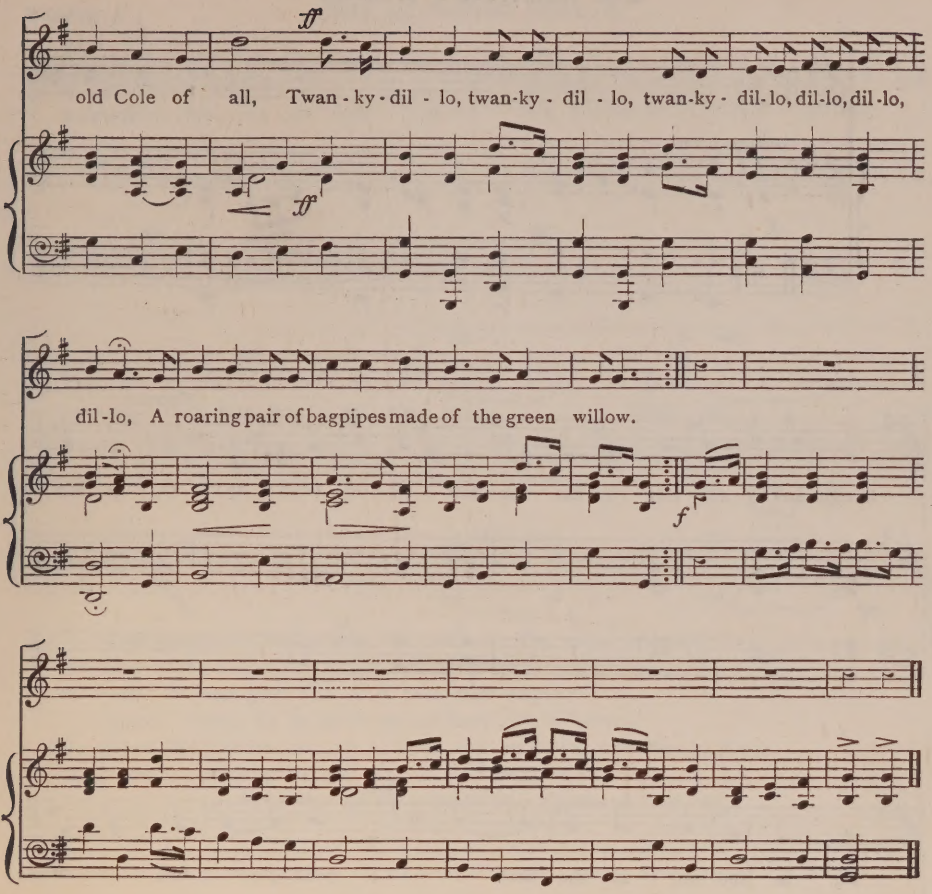
(Words and tune from Heywood Sumner, Esq.)

This fragment is either the beginning and end of one ballad, or the first three verses of one tacked on to the ending of another. The name of the song is that given to it by the choirman who sang it to Mr. Sumner, though the connection between Emma's faith and Mary's fickleness is not apparent.

Twankydillo.

L. E. B.


Con spirito e sempre ben marcato.
f
mf
1. Here's a health to the jol - ly black-smith, the
mf
best of all fellows, Who works at his an - vil while the boy blows the bel-lows;
Chorus.
f
Which makes my bright ham-mer to rise and to fall, Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to
f


old Cole of all, Twan - ky - dil - lo, twan-ky - dil - lo, twan-ky - dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo,
dil-lo, A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

1 HERE's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows;
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole,* and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.†

2 If a gentleman calls his horse for to shoe,
He makes no denial of one pot or two,
For it makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
And he that loves strong beer is a hearty good fellow.

3 Here's a health to King Charlie and likewise his queen,
And to all the royal little ones where'er they are seen;
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

(Blacksmiths' song, from Samuel Willett, Cuckfield.)

---

* Some versions have "old colt," "foal," or "goat."

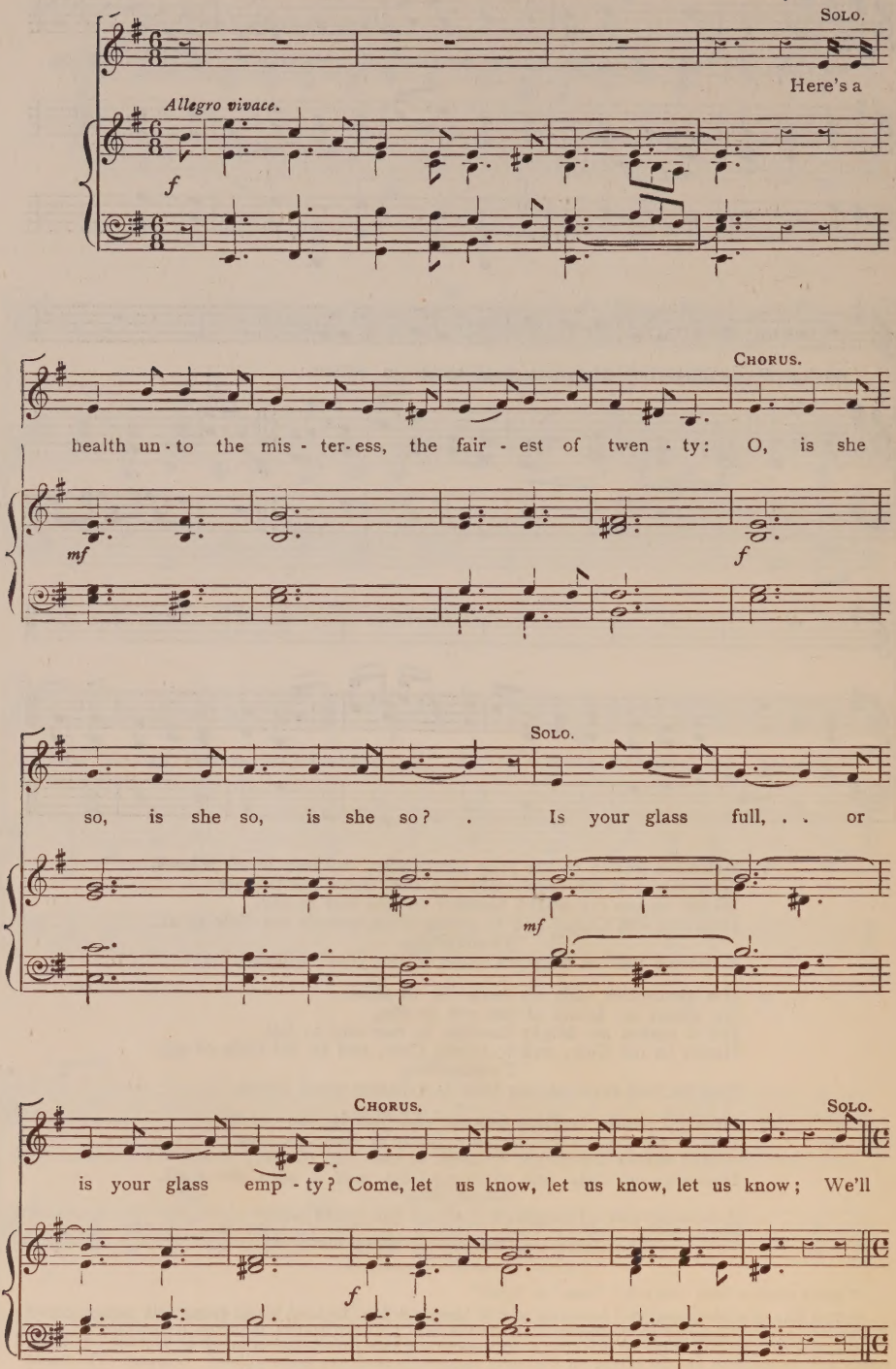
† This line is a corruption of "A roaring pair of blowpipes (*i.e.*, bellows) bound round with green willow." Willow withes are still bound round the leather at the nozzle of the forge bellows, to protect it from the fire.

The closing symphony is the air of a song about a goose and a shepherd's dog, arranged by J. Hook. It had a refrain of "Twankidillo, and he played on the merry bagpipes beneath the green willow." Compare "The Goose and the Gander" (Mason's *Nursery Rhymes* and Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*), also "The Hen and the Blackbird" (Bunting, 1840).

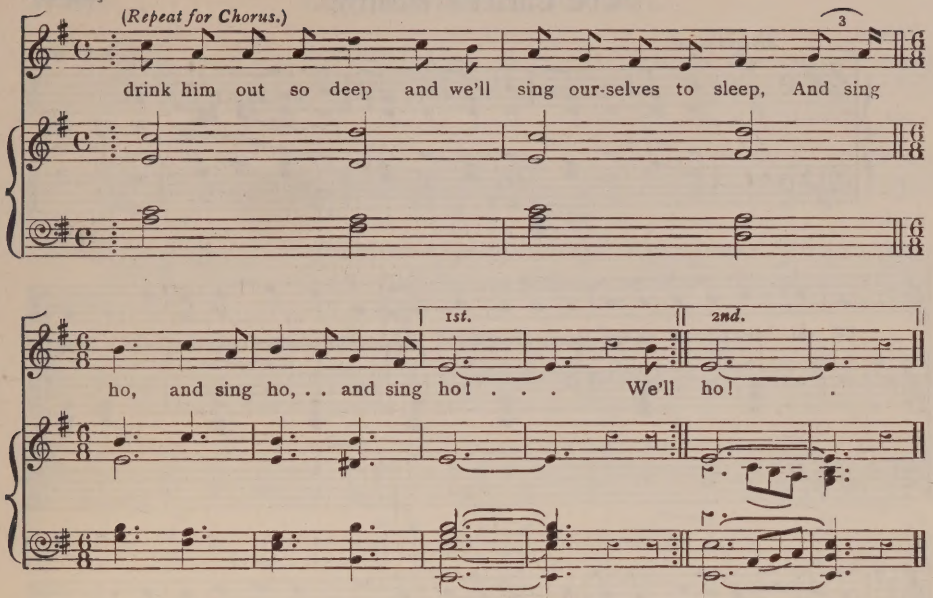
The Mistress's Health.

[Sussex.

J. A. F. M.


Solo.
Here's a
Allegro vivace.
f
Chorus.
health un - to the mis - ter - ess, the fair - est of twen - ty: O, is she
mf
f
Solo.
so, is she so, is she so? . Is your glass full, . . or
mf
Chorus.
Solo.
is your glass emp - ty? Come, let us know, let us know, let us know; We'll
f

SUSSEX.] THE MISTRESS'S HEALTH.

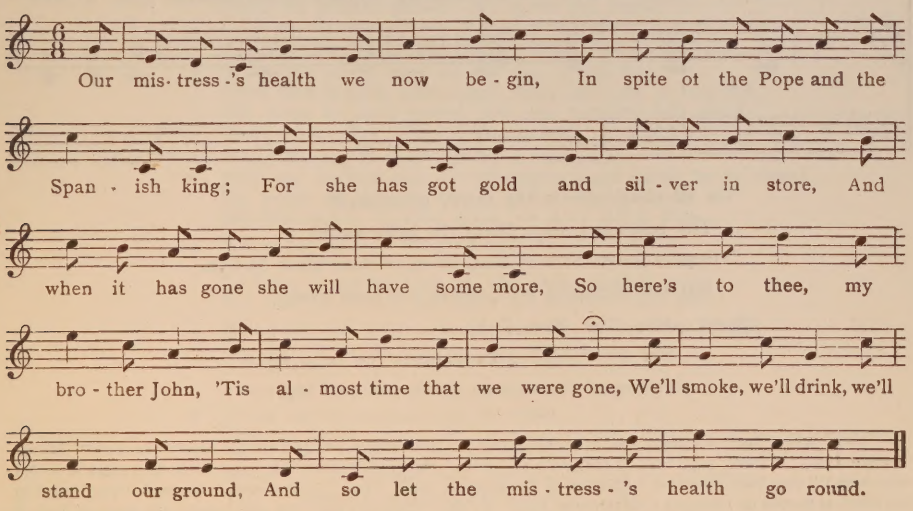


Solo. HERE'S a health unto the misteress, the fairest of twenty:
Chorus. O, is she so? is she so? is she so?
Solo. Is your glass full, or is your glass empty?
Chorus. Come, let us know, let us know, let us know;
Solo. (*Repeat for Chorus.*) We'll drink him out so deep, and we'll sing ourselves to sleep, And sing ho, and sing ho, and sing ho!

(Words and tune from John Burberry, gamekeeper, Sept. 1892.)

When sung at harvest homes and the like, the singers, at the words "O is she so?" &c., carry candles up to the mistress as if to investigate her claims to be "the fairest of twenty." Another Sussex version is as follows:—

SUSSEX.] THE MISTRESS'S HEALTH.


Our mis-tress-'s health we now be-gin, In spite of the Pope and the
Span-ish king; For she has got gold and sil-ver in store, And
when it has gone she will have some more, So here's to thee, my
bro-ther John, 'Tis al-most time that we were gone, We'll smoke, we'll drink, we'll
stand our ground, And so let the mis-tress-'s health go round.

The first two lines imply an Elizabethan origin for this song.

The Carter's Health.

Allegro vivace.
J. A. F. M.
Of all the horses in the merry greenwood The bobtailed mare bears the bells a - way;
There is Hey, there is Ree, there is Hoo, there is Gee, But the bobtailed mare bears the bells a - way.
Chorus. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. All
Hey, Ree, Hoo, Gee, But the bobtailed mare bears the bells a - way.

Of all the horses in the merry greenwood
The bobtailed mare bears the bells away;
There is Hey, there is Ree, there is Hoo, there is Gee,
But the bobtailed mare bears the bells away.

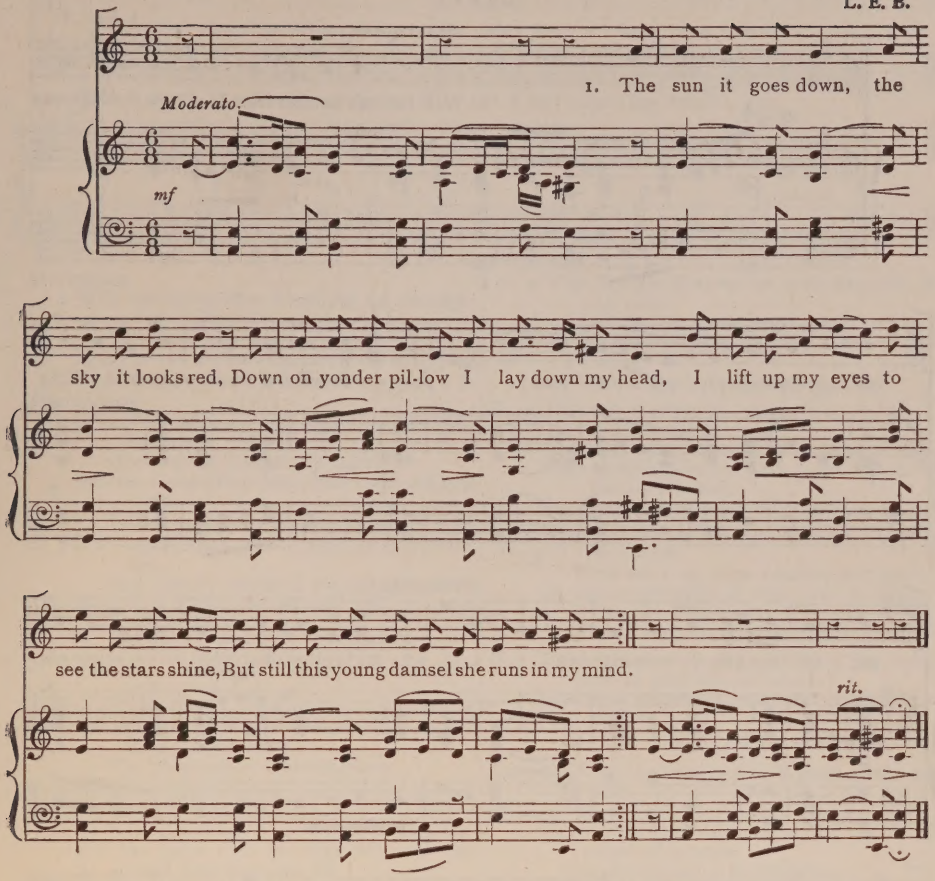
Chorus.—Hey, Ree, Hoo, Gee,
But the bobtailed mare bears the bells away.

(Sung by John Burberry, gamekeeper, Sept. 1892.)

"Hey" and "Ree" are right and left respectively; "Who with a hey and ree the beasts command" (*Micro-Cynicon*, 1599). "Hoo" or "Ho" is the same as "Woa"—stop; "So when they once fall in love there is no Ho with them till they have their love" (*Cobbler of Canterburie*, 1608). "Gee" is of course "Go on." "Gio" used in this sense is quoted in *Dialogus Creaturarum*, 1480. In the "Chorus" part, the four names are sung by four of the singers in order, all joining in at "But the bobtailed mare."

The Seasons of the Year.

L. E. B.


1. The sun it goes down, the
Moderato.
mf
sky it looks red, Down on yonder pil-low I lay down my head, I lift up my eyes to
see the stars shine, But still this young damsel she runs in my mind.
rit.

1 The sun it goes down, the sky it looks red,
Down on yonder pillow I lay down my head,
I lift up my eyes to see the stars shine,
But still this young damsel she runs in my mind.

2 When the sap it goes up the tree it will flaw,*
We'll first branch him round, boys, and put in the saw;
But when we have sawed him, and tumbled him down,
Then we do flaw him, all on the cold ground

3 When flawing is over, haying draws near,
With our scythes and our pitchforks some grass for to clear:
But when we have mowed it and carried it away
We first called it green grass, we now call it hay.

4 When haying is over, then harvest draws near,
We'll send for the brewer, to brew us strong beer;
To brew us strong beer for the hard working men,
For they work late and early till harvest does end.

5 When the sap it goes down then the leaves they do fall,
The farmer to his hedging and ditching to call,
But when it's hard weather there's no working there,
Then into the barn, boys, some corn for to clear.

6 When Spring it come on, the maid to her cow,
The boy to his whip, and the man to his plough,
And so we bring all things so cheerfully round,
Success to the ploughman that ploughs up the ground!

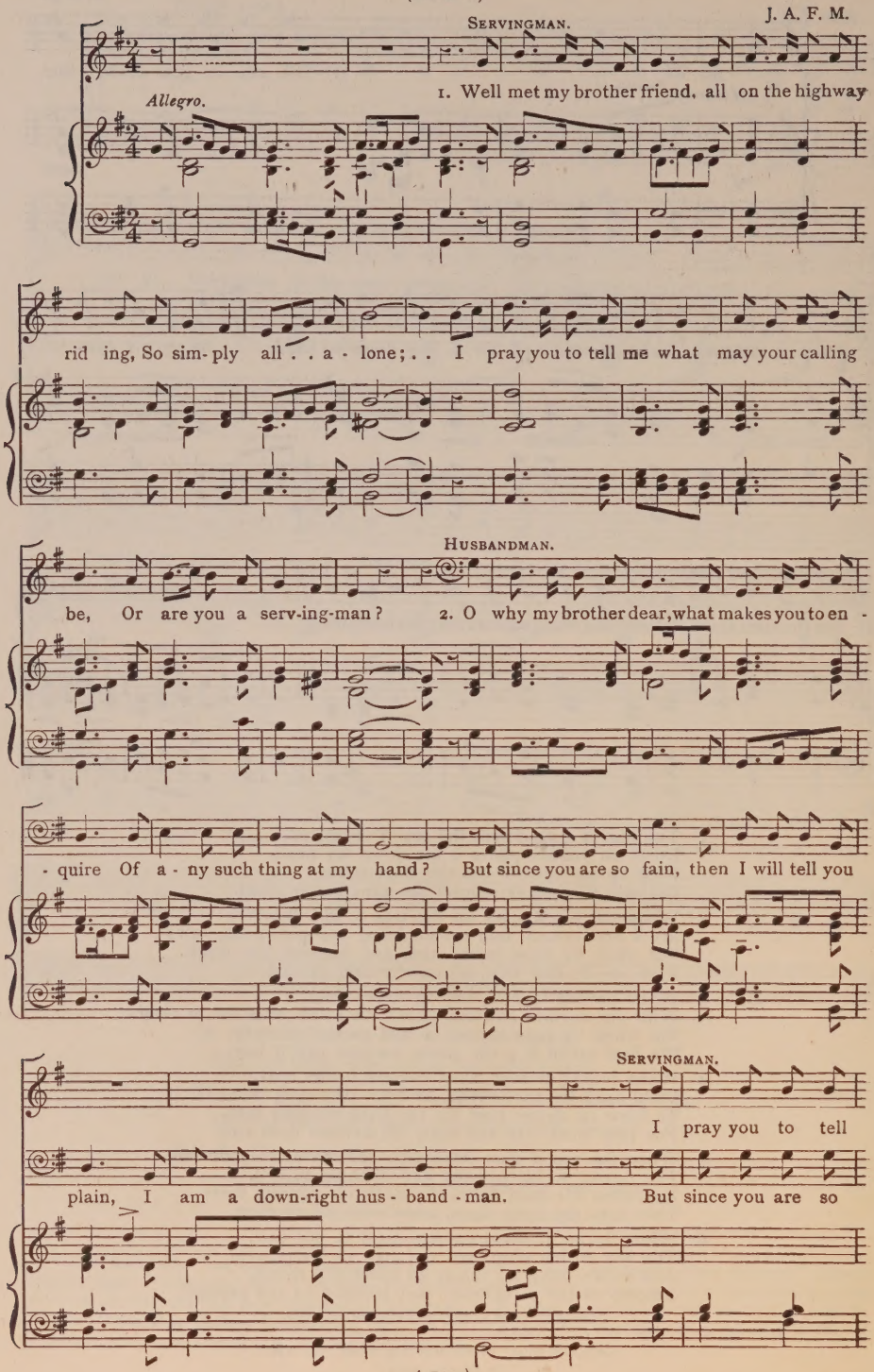
(Sung by John Burberry, gamekeeper, 1892.)

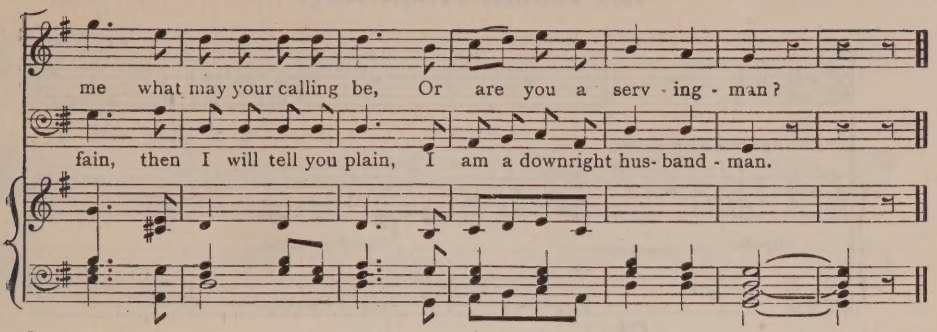
Compare with "Sheep-shearing Song" (p. 149).

* Flay or bark.

The Servingman and the Husbandman. [HAMPSHIRE.

(DUET.)


SERVINGMAN.
J. A. F. M.
Allegro.
1. Well met my brother friend, all on the highway
rid ing, So sim- ply all . . a - lone; . . I pray you to tell me what may your calling
HUSBANDMAN.
be, Or are you a serv-ing-man? 2. O why my brother dear, what makes you to en -
- quire Of a - ny such thing at my hand? But since you are so fain, then I will tell you
SERVINGMAN.
I pray you to tell
plain, I am a down-right hus - band - man. But since you are so



Servingman.

1 Well met my brother friend, all on the high-way riding,
So simply all alone;
I pray you to tell me what may your calling be,
Or are you a servingman?

Husbandman.

2 O why my brother dear, what makes you to enquire
Of any such thing at my hand?
But since you are so fain, then I will tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.

S. 3 If a husbandman you be, then go along with me,
And quickly you shall see out of hand;
Then in a little space, I will help you to a place
Where you may be a servingman.

H. 4 Kind Sir, I 'turn you thanks for your intelligence
These things I receive at your hand;
But something pray now show, that first I may plainly know
The pleasures of a servingman.

S. 5 Why a servingman has pleasure beyond all sort of measure,
With his hawk on his fist as he stands,
For the game that he does kill and the meat that does him fill
Are pleasures for the servingman.

H. 6 And my pleasure's more than that, to see my oxen fat,
And a good stack of hay by them stand;
My ploughing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,
Are pleasures for the husbandman.

S. 7 Why, it is a gallant thing to ride out with a king,
With a lord, duke, or any such man;
To hear the horns to blow, and see the hounds all in a row,
That is pleasure for the servingman.

H. 8 But my pleasure's more, I know, to see my corn to grow,
And so thriving all over my land;
And therefore do I mean, with my ploughing, with my team,
To keep myself a husbandman.

S. 9 Why, the diet that we eat is the choicest of all meat,
Such as pig, goose, capon, and swan;
Our pastry is so fine, we drink sugar in our wine,
That is living for the servingman.

H. 10 Talk not of goose or capon, give me good beef or bacon,
And good bread and cheese now and then;
With pudding, brawn, and souse, all in a farmer's house,
That is living for the husbandman.

S. 11 Why, the clothing that we wear is delicate and rare,
With our coat, lace, buckles and band;
Our shirts are white as milk, our stockings they are silk,
That is clothing for the servingman.

H. 12 But I value not a hair for delicate fine wear
Such as gold is lacèd upon;
Give me a good great coat and in my purse a groat,
That is clothing for the husbandman.

S. 13 Kind Sir, it would be bad if none could be had
Those tables for to wait upon;
There is no lord, duke, or squire, nor ne'er a man of honour,
Can do without a servingman.

H. 14 But, Jack, it would be worse if there was none of us,
The plough for to follow along;
There is neither lord nor king, nor any other one
Can do without the husbandman.

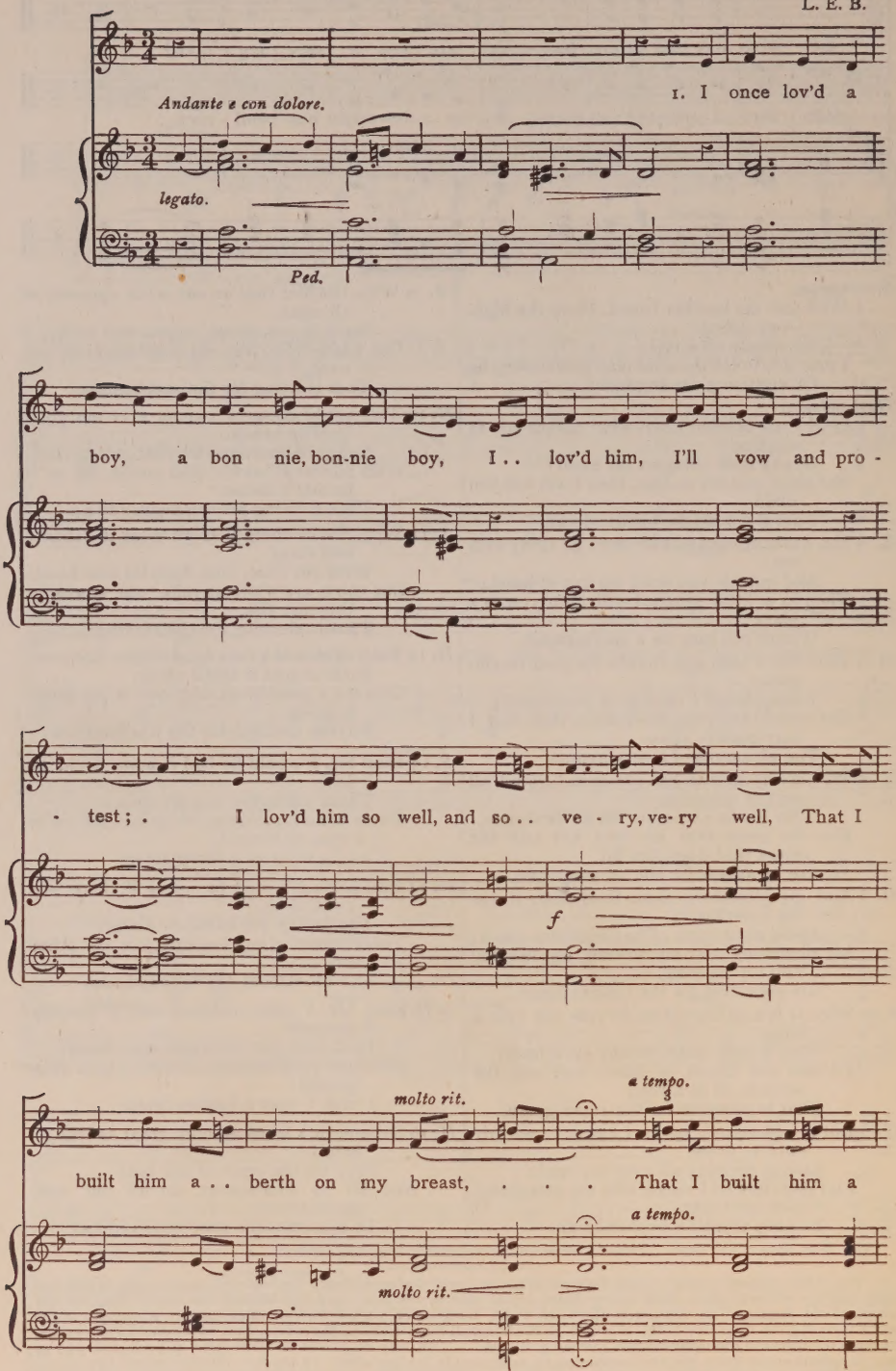
S. 15 Kind Sir, I must confess and I humbly protest
I will give you the uppermost hand;
Although your labour's painful it is so very gainful
I wish I were a husbandman.

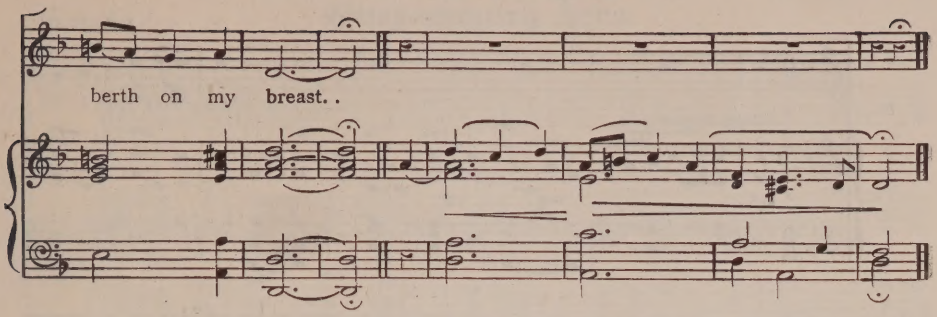
H. 16 So come now let us all both great as well as small
Pray for the grain of our land
And let us whatsoever, do all our best endeavour,
To maintain the good husbandman.

(From Davies Gilbert's Ancient English Carols.)

The oldest printed version of this dialogue is in the *Loyal Garland* (Percy Society, vol. xxix.); the words are only slightly different from those given above, except that in the last verse, the second line runs, "Pray for the peace of old England," in allusion to the Civil Wars, from which period the collection dates. A version of the same tune is given in *Sussex Songs*, in which, as in almost all other versions the servingman, in the part for two voices, repeats the words of the husbandman, instead of his own. This may of course be done here, if preferred, and in any case, both voices must sing the husbandman's sentiment in the last verse. In Davies Gilbert's version, here given, the third bar from the end is in unison between the voices; in this we have taken the liberty of adopting the reading of the Sussex version. A version, set to a much later tune is sent by Mrs. Slingsby, Skipton, and there is no doubt that this dialogue in some form or other is known in many parts of the country. The tune is a variant of "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

L. E. B.


Andante e con dolore.
1. I once lov'd a
legato.
Ped.
boy, a bon nie, bon-nie boy, I.. lov'd him, I'll vow and pro -
- test; . I lov'd him so well, and so.. ve - ry, ve- ry well, That I
f
molto rit.
a tempo.
built him a.. berth on my breast, . . . That I built him a
a tempo.
molto rit.



1.

"I ONCE loved a boy, a bonnie, bonnie boy,
I loved him, I'll vow and protest;
I loved him so well, and so very, very well,
That I built him a berth on my breast,
That I built him a berth on my breast."

2.

'Twas up the green valley and down the green grove
Like one that was troubled in mind,
She whooped and she halloed and she played upon her pipe,
But no bonnie boy could she find,
But no bonnie boy could she find.

3.

She lookèd up high, and she lookèd down low,
The sun did shine wonderful warm;
Whom should she spy there but her bonnie, bonnie boy,
So close in another girl's arm,
So close in another girl's arm.

4.

I passèd him by, on him ne'er cast an eye,
Though he stretched forth his lily-white hand,
For I thought he'd been bound to love but one,
So I would not obey his command,
So I would not obey his command.

5.

"The girl that was loved of my little bonnie boy,
I am sure she is greatly to blame,
For many's the night he has robbed me of rest,
But he never shall do it again,
But he never shall do it again.

6.

"My bonnie, bonnie boy is gone over the sea,
I fear I shan't see him again;
But were I to have him, or were I to not
I will think of him once now and then,
I will think of him once now and then."

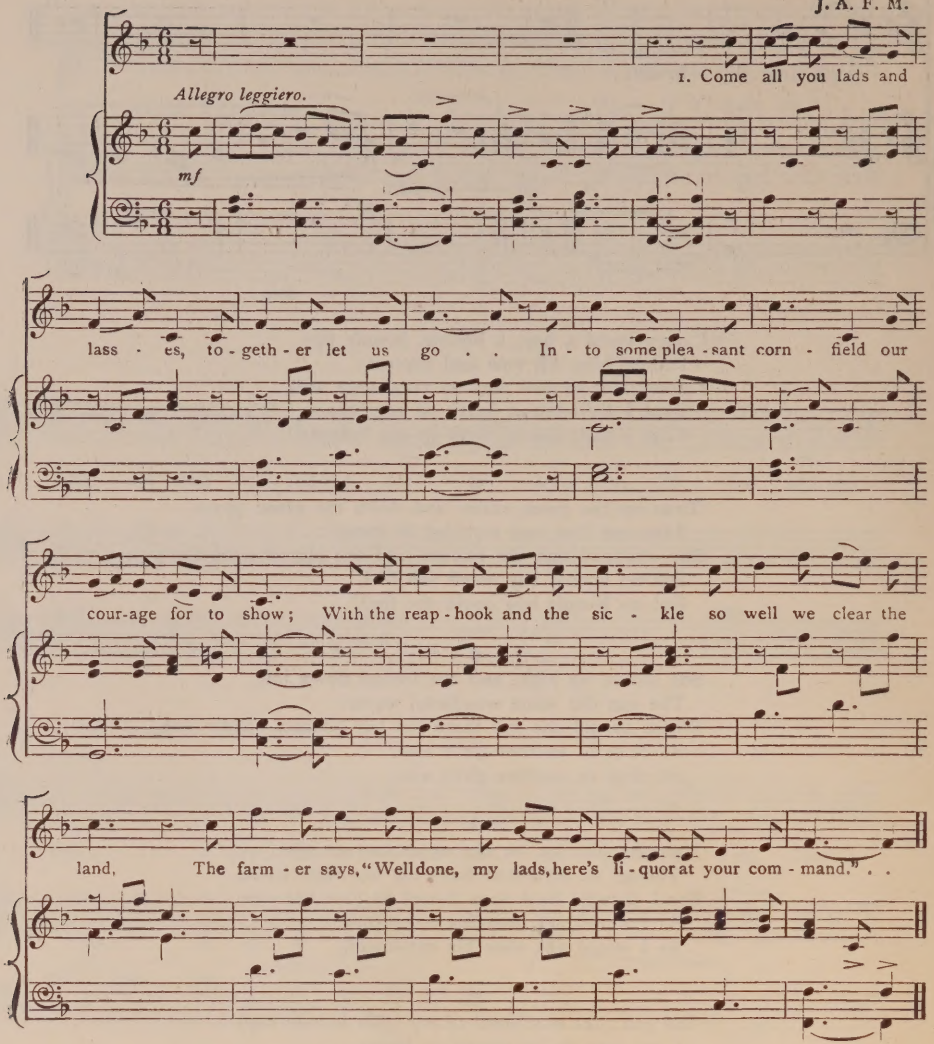
(From Mrs. Vaisey, gardener's wife.)

Chappell, in *Popular Music*, refers to a similar ballad dating from Charles II.'s time, called "My bonnie Bird," or "Cupid's Trepan." The above words with very slight differences, but without the last verse, are in *The New Cabinet of Love, songs sung at Vauxhall.* The air shews the influence of the Dorian mode.

The Reaphook and the Sickle.

[HAMPSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


1. Come all you lads and
Allegro leggiero.
mf
lass - es, to - geth - er let us go . . In - to some plea - sant corn - field our
cour-age for to show; With the reap - hook and the sic - kle so well we clear the
land, The farm - er says, "Well done, my lads, here's li - quor at your com - mand." . .

1 COME all you lads and lasses, together let us go
Into some pleasant cornfield our courage for to show;
With the reaphook and the sickle so well we clear the land,
The farmer says, "Well done, my lads, here's liquor at your command"

2 By daylight in the morning, when birds so sweetly sing,
—They are such charming creatures, they make the valley ring—
We will reap and scrape together till Phœbus do go down,
With the good old leathern bottle and the beer that is so brown.

3 Then in comes lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray;
See how she gathers it, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill a farmer's barns.

4 Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn;
Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men.
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.

(From *The Besom Maker*, by Heywood Sumner, Esq.)

Sheep-shearing Song.

J. A. F. M.

Our sheep-shear is
Allegro.
o - ver, and sup - per is past, Here's a health to our Mis - teress all
in a vull glasst. For she is a good 'oo - man, and pur-vides us good
rall.
cheer, Here's a health to our Mis - teress, so drink up your beer.
rall.

OUR sheep-shear is over, and supper is past,
Here's a health to our Misteress all in a vull glasst.
For she is a good 'ooman, and purvides us good cheer,
Here's a health to our Misteress, so drink up your beer.

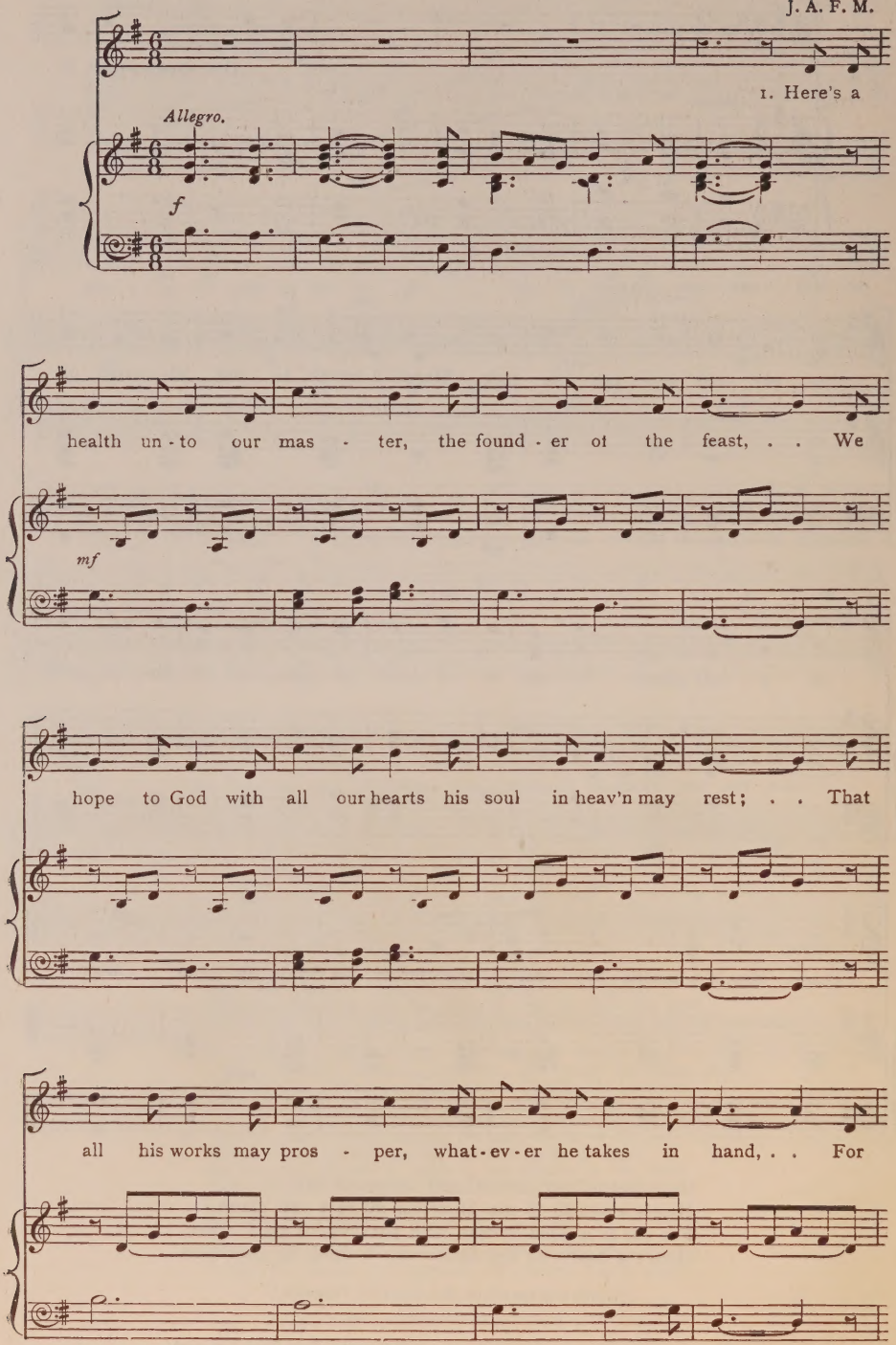
(Words and tune from Mrs. Squarey, Downton.)

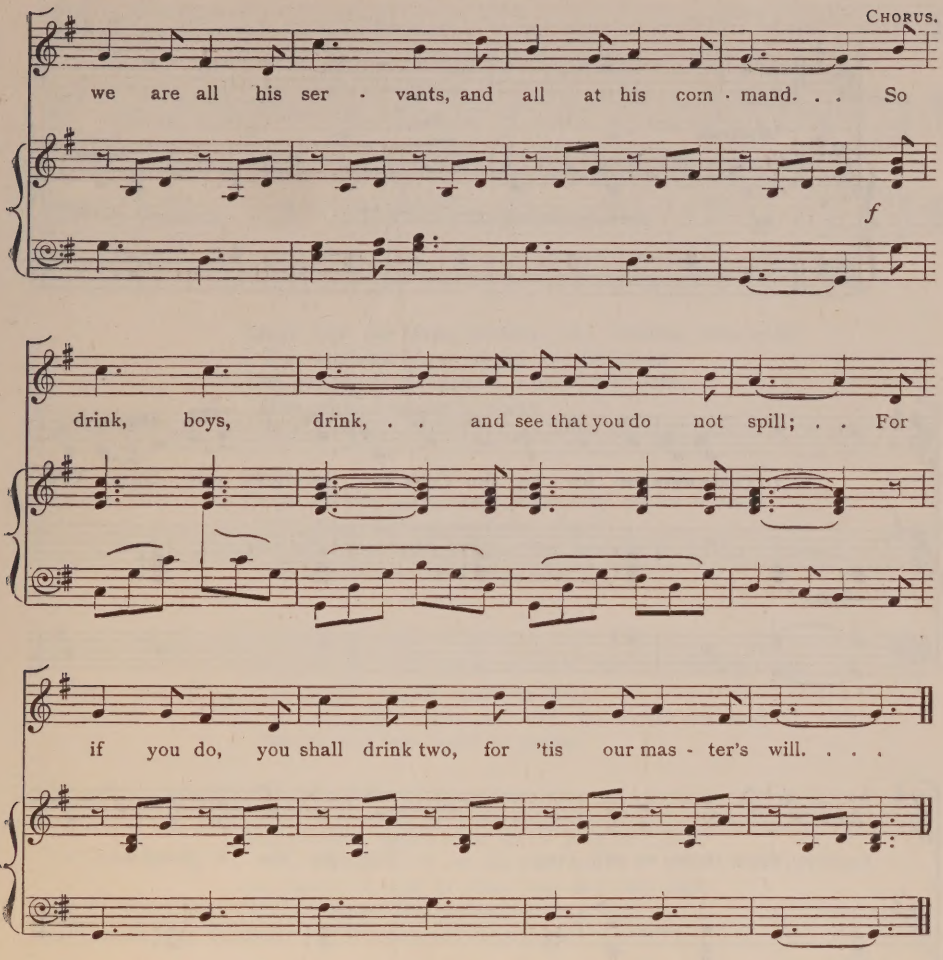
The tune is possibly a major version of "The Seasons of the Year" (p. 143).

Harvest Song.

[WILTSHIRE.

J. A. F. M.


1. Here's a
Allegro.
f
health un - to our mas - ter, the found - er of the feast, . . We
mf
hope to God with all our hearts his soul in heav'n may rest; . . That
all his works may pros - per, what - ev - er he takes in hand, . . For

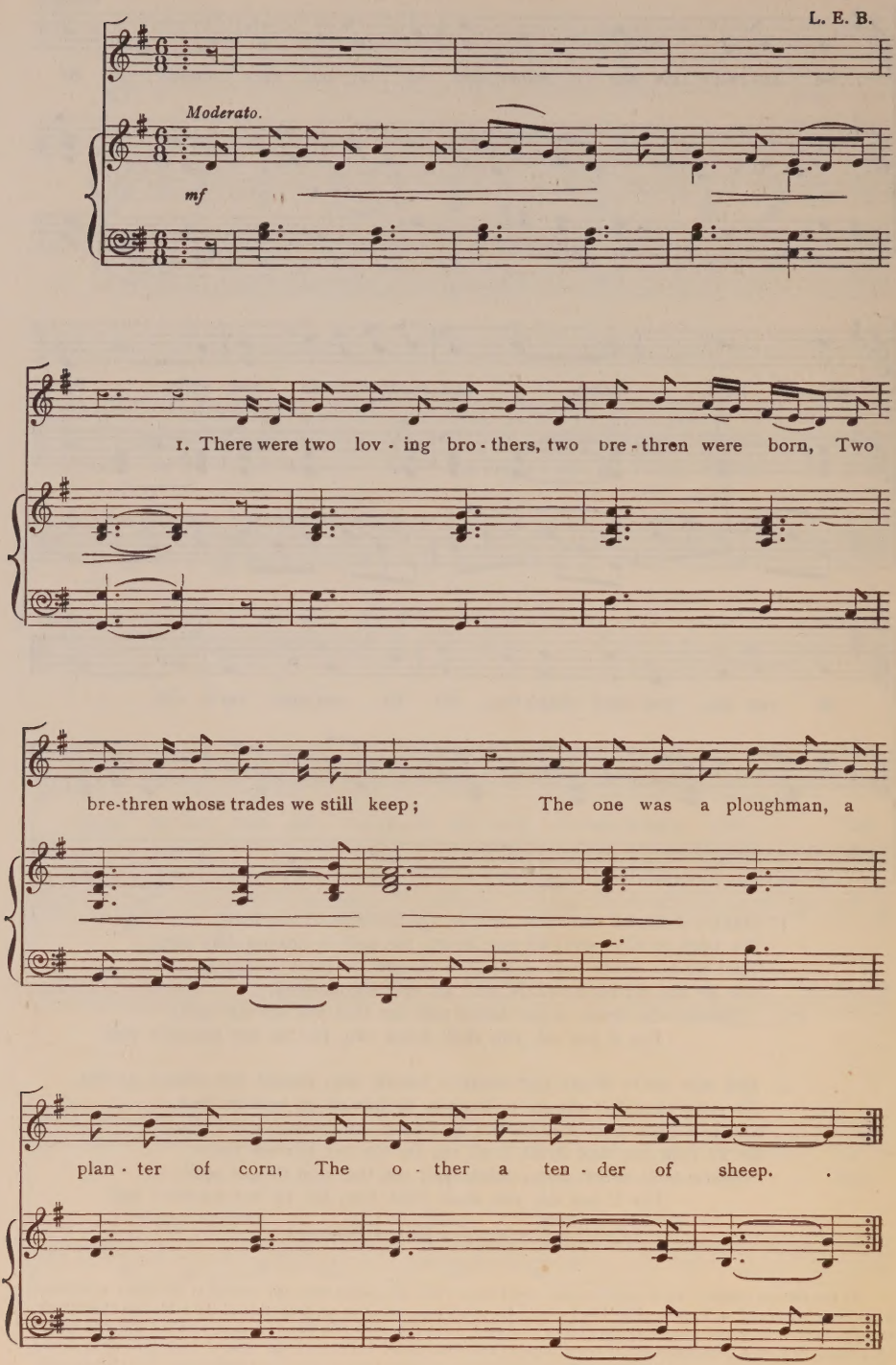

CHORUS.
we are all his ser - vants, and all at his com - mand. . . So
f
drink, boys, drink, . . and see that you do not spill; . . For
if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our mas - ter's will. . . .

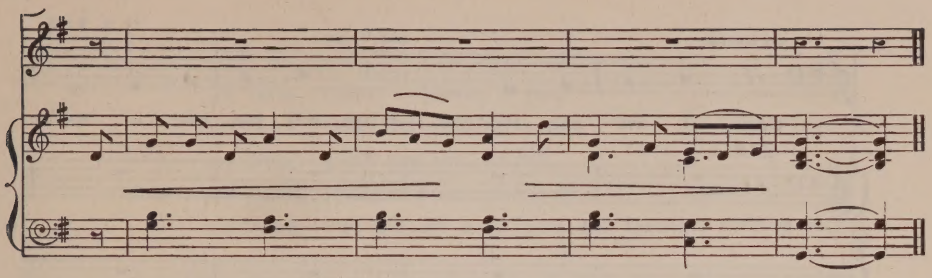
1 HERE'S a health unto our master, the founder of the feast,
We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in heaven may rest;
That all his works may prosper, whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants, and all at his command.
Chorus.—So drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill;
For if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

2 And now we've drunk our master's health, why should our missus go free,
For why shouldn't she go to heaven, to heaven as well as he?
She is a good purvider, abroad as well as at home,
So fill your cup and drink it all up, for 'tis our harvest home.
Chorus.—So drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill;
For if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

(Words and tune from Mrs. Squarey, Downton.)

At the harvest suppers, up to some twenty years ago, while the guests were still seated at the table a labourer carrying a jug or can of beer or cider filled a horn for every two men, one on each side of the table; as they drank, this old harvest song was sung, and the chorus repeated, until the man with the beer had reached the end of the long table, involving sometimes thirty repetitions of the first verse. After this, the second verse was sung in the same manner. The words and tune occur in all parts of the country, and are in many collections. The introductory symphony gives the form of a chorus in a Gloucestershire version, sent by F. Scarlett Potter, Esq.


L. E. B.
Moderato.
mf
1. There were two lov - ing bro - thers, two bre - thren were born, Two
bre-thren whose trades we still keep; The one was a ploughman, a
plan - ter of corn, The o - ther a ten - der of sheep.



1.

There were two loving brothers, two brethren were born,
Two brethren whose trades we still keep;
The one was a ploughman, a planter of corn,
The other a tender of sheep.

2.

Come, all jolly ploughboys, come help me for to sing,
I'll sing in the praise of the plough,
For though we must labour from summer to spring,
We all will be merry boys now.

3.

We've hirèd, we've mirèd, through mire and through clay,
No pleasure at all could we find;
Now we'll laugh, dance and sing, and drive care away,
No more in this world to repine.

4.

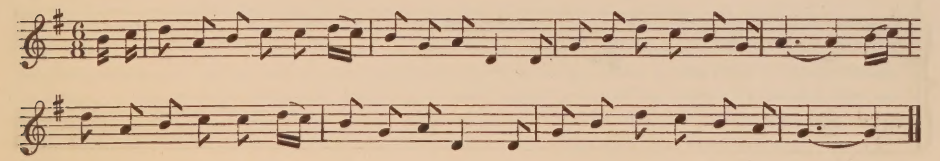
Here's April, here's May, here's June and July,
'Tis a pleasure to see the corn grow;
In August we moil it, shear low, and reap high,
And bind up our scythes for to mow.

5.

So now we have gathered up every sheaf,
And scrapèd up every ear;
We'll make no more to-do, but to plough and to sow,
And provide for the very next year.

(From Mrs. Squarey, fragment only of words and tune; remainder supplied from a Hampshire version in *The Besom Maker*. by Heywood Sumner, Esq.)

Compare the tune with the Sword-Dance Song, "Samson," (p. 16). The following is a Sussex tune to the same song:—



The Twelve Apostles.

1st VOICE.
2nd VOICE.
J. A. F. M.
1. Come, I will sing to you. What will you sing to me?
Andante.
1st VOICE.
2nd VOICE.
I will sing you one oh! What may your one oh be?
1st VOICE.
FINE.
One and one is all a - lone, and ev - er - more shall be . . so.
Two of them are li - ly-white babes, Cloth - ed all in green oh!
Three of them are thri - vers. Four are the Gos - pel preach - ers.

1.

1ST VOICE. Come, I will sing to you.
2ND VOICE. What will you sing to me?
1ST VOICE. I will sing you one oh!
2ND VOICE. What may your one oh be?
1ST VOICE. One and one is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

2.

1ST VOICE. Come, I will sing to you.
2ND VOICE. What will you sing to me?
1ST VOICE. I will sing you two oh!
2ND VOICE. What may your two oh be?
1ST VOICE. Two of them are lilywhite babes, Clothèd all in green oh!
BOTH. One and one is all alone, and evermore shall be so

3.

1ST VOICE. Come, I will sing to you.
2ND VOICE. What will you sing to me?
1ST VOICE. I will sing you three oh!
2ND VOICE. What may your three oh be?
1ST VOICE. Three of them are thrivers,
BOTH. Two of them are lilywhite babes, Clothèd all in green oh!
One and one is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

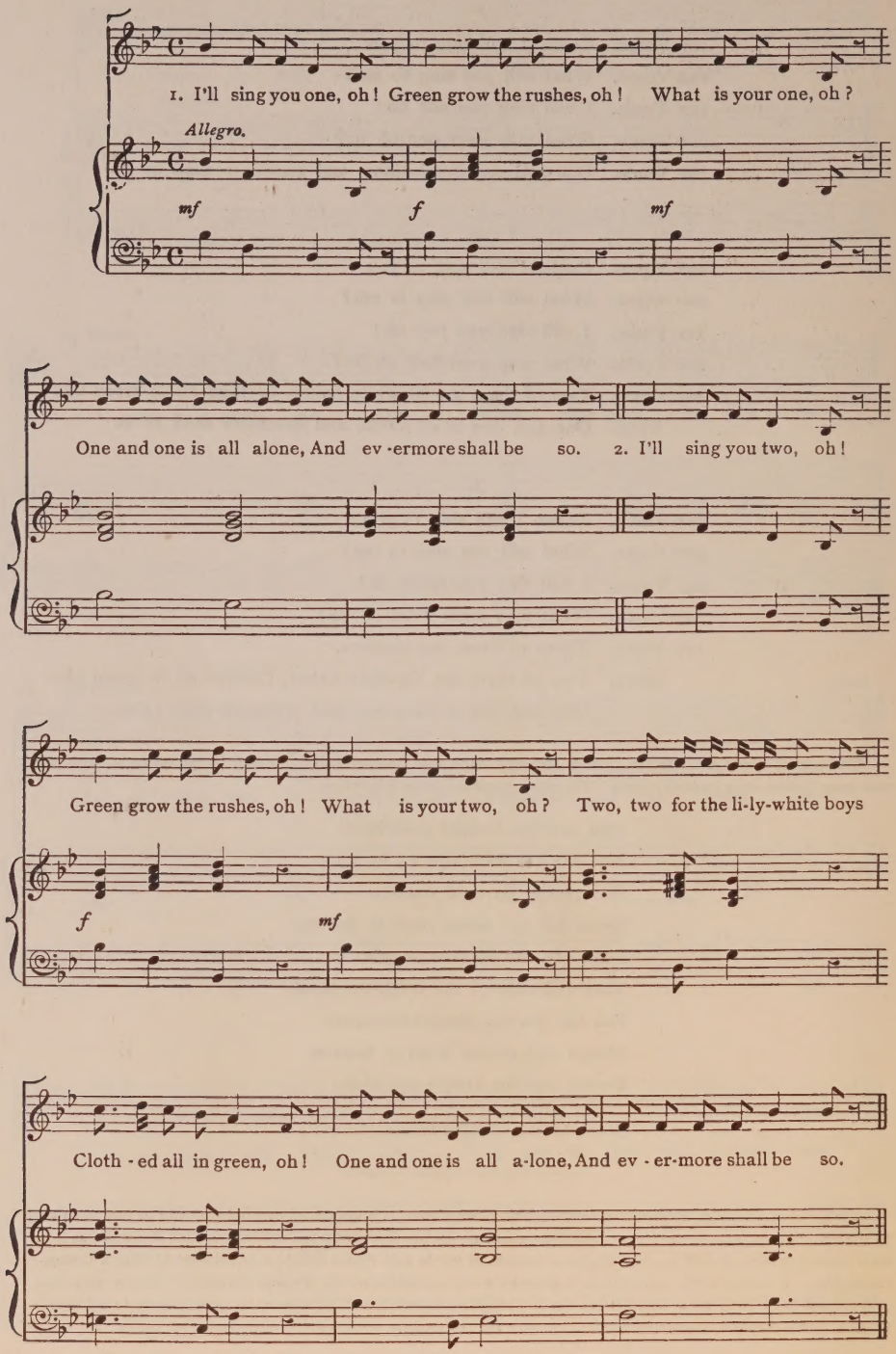
These three verses indicate the plan of the song, each new number being followed by the whole of those that have gone before, sung by both voices. The other numbers are as follows:—

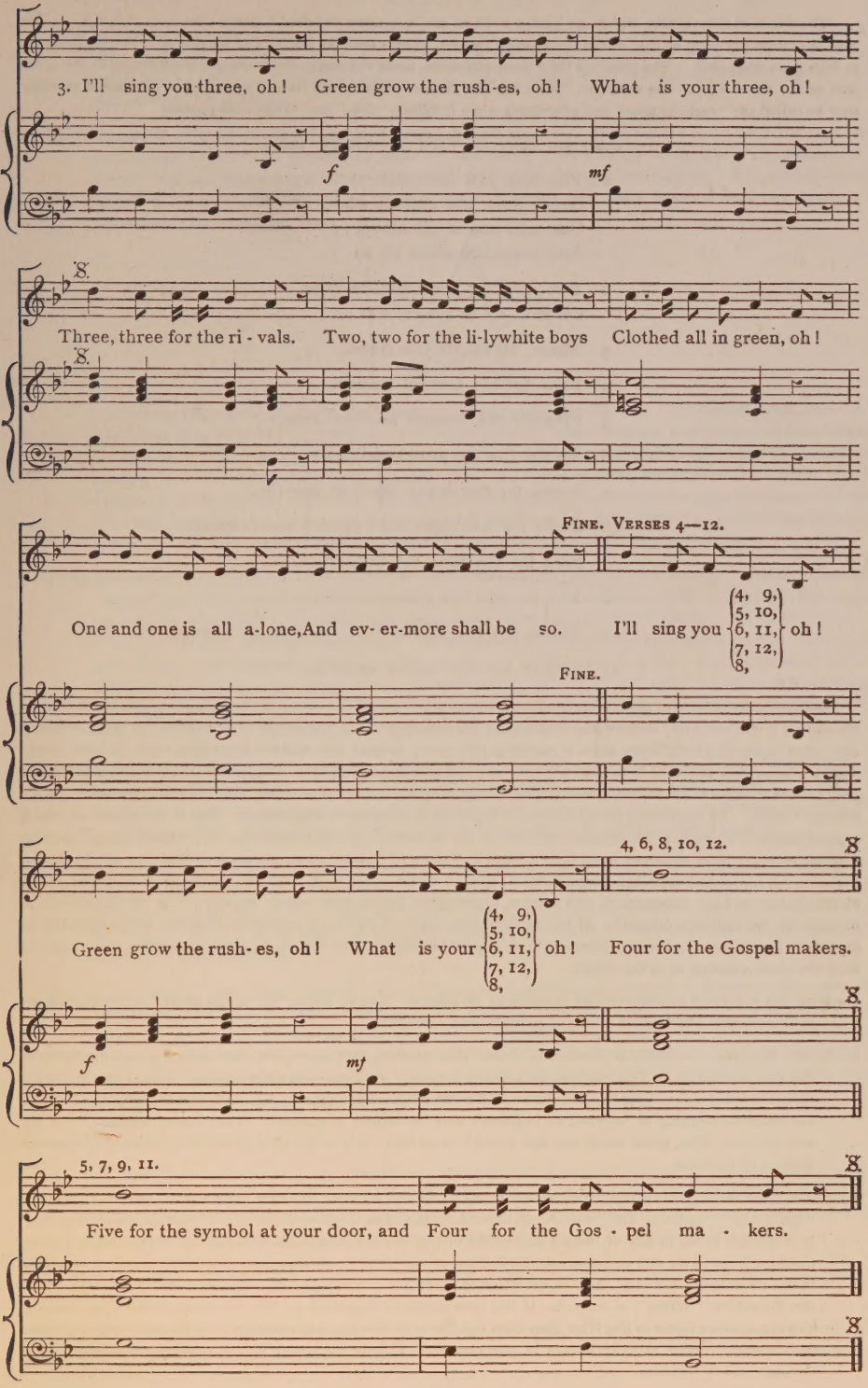
Four are the Gospel preachers.
Five are the flamboys all in a row.
Six are the six bold waiters.
Seven are the seven stars in the sky
Eight are the Gabriel angels.
Nine and nine of the brightest shine
Ten are the ten commandèments.
Eleven and eleven went to heaven.
Twelve are the twelve apostles.

(From the Rev. W. Miles Barnes, Monkton.)

For the later numbers, only the two notes, D and E, are given. It is suggested that these should be accompanied by the two different harmonies given under Nos. 3 and 4. Before discussing the various versions of the words, and their interpretations, it will be well to give a version of words and music which is traditional in King's College, Cambridge. A variant of the same music is given by a correspondent in *The Musical Herald* for October, 1891, and said to have been sung by a Scotchman. In the letter a "minor tune" is referred to as belonging to a Norfolk version This may not impossibly be identical with the Dorsetshire version given above (see next page).

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, OH!


1. I'll sing you one, oh! Green grow the rushes, oh! What is your one, oh?
Allegro.
mf
f
mf
One and one is all alone, And ev-ermore shall be so. 2. I'll sing you two, oh!
Green grow the rushes, oh! What is your two, oh? Two, two for the li-ly-white boys
f
mf
Cloth-ed all in green, oh! One and one is all a-lone, And ev-er-more shall be so.


3. I'll sing you three, oh! Green grow the rush-es, oh! What is your three, oh!
f
mf
8.
Three, three for the ri - vals. Two, two for the li-lywhite boys Clothed all in green, oh!
8.
FINE. VERSES 4—12.
One and one is all a-lone, And ev- er-more shall be so. I'll sing you 4, 9, 5, 10, 6, 11, 7, 12, 8, oh!
FINE.
4, 6, 8, 10, 12.
8.
Green grow the rush- es, oh! What is your 4, 9, 5, 10, 6, 11, 7, 12, 8, oh! Four for the Gospel makers.
8.
f
mf
5, 7, 9, 11.
8.
Five for the symbol at your door, and Four for the Gos - pel ma - kers.
8.

The words of this version, which are known at Eton, are here reprinted from "Camp Choruses, E.C.R.V." The plan is exactly the same as that of the Dorsetshire version, except that the practice of singing it in two parts seems to have been discarded. The tune is a little more elaborate, since the same words are not always sung to the same part of the tune; *e.g.*, in the example, "Four are the Gospel makers," on its first appearance, is chanted on what may be called the "reciting note" and afterwards when it follows "five," &c., to the final phrase.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, OH!

1 I'LL sing you one, oh!
Green grow the rushes, oh!
One and one is all alone,
And evermore shall be so

2 Two, two for the lilywhite boys
Clothèd all in green, oh!

3 Three, three for the rivals.

4 Four for the Gospel makers.

5 Five for the symbol at your door.

6 Six for the six proud walkers.

7 Seven for the seven stars in the sky.

8 Eight for the eight bold rainers (or rangers).

9 Nine for the nine bright shiners.

10 Ten for the ten commandments.

11 Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven.

12 Twelve for the twelve apostles.

To treat exhaustively of the history of this song would be beyond the scope of the present book, but it is to be hoped that it will some day receive proper attention from those who are competent to discuss it. It must suffice in this place to say that in different forms it occurs in very many ancient and modern languages, from Hebrew downwards. Its purport seems to have been always a more or less theological one. The reader who is interested in the song may be referred to the following authorities:—Villemarqué, *Barzas Breiz* Lejean, in *Revue Celtique*, vol. ii., 44 ff. Sandys' *Carols*. An interesting series of articles appeared in *Longman's Magazine* for 1889, in the course of which suggestions were made as to the meaning of some of the sentences, by Dr. Jessopp and Mr. Andrew Lang. Several English versions have appeared from time to time in *Notes and Queries*, as for instance, in Series 4, vol. ii., p. 599; Series 4, vol. iii., p. 90 (Norfolk); Series 6, vol. i., p. 481; Series 6, vol. ii., p. 255, &c. In course of centuries, many of the sentences have degenerated into a mere meaningless jingle, from which, however, it is not impossible to reconstruct the probable original. At the Reformation, many of the more recondite allusions would naturally be forgotten, but certain numbers are identical in all Christian versions, and even in the Hebrew version, Nos. 1 and 10 have the same meaning as in the others.

1.—With the exception of some trifling varieties of reading, as "lies all alone," or "is left alone," all versions agree in the couplet, which quite certainly refers to God Almighty.

2.—In the Hebrew, the tables of the law represent this number, and in version dated 1625, it is interpreted of the two testaments. The reading, in a Cornish sailors' version, "lilywhite maids," dates from a period when the word was not confined to one sex. The allusion is undoubtedly to Christ and St. John the Baptist, but what the meaning of "clothed all in green" may be cannot be guessed. The Scotch version, "the lily and the rose, That shine baith red and green," is curious it is in the form given in R. Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*.

3.—The curious readings of all the known versions may be divided into two families: "thrivers," "drivers," "divers," "the rivals," "rhymers," and "wisers," on the one hand, and on the other "rare O's," "rear ho!" and "arrows." It is difficult to see in any of these a corruption of any words which would bear out the interpretation almost universally given for this number, *i.e.*, the Persons of the Trinity; an ingenious conjecture has been received, to the effect that the first of the two groups may stand for "thridings," or "thirdings," the word from which the Yorkshire "Riding" is derived. If the interpretation suggested by Mr. Laurence Whalley be correct, and the number refers to the Wise Men from the East, the first group of readings must be taken as corruptions for "wisers," which actually occurs in one version. This is confirmed by the reading "strangers," in a Cornish sailors' version.

4.—All Christian versions agree in the reading "Gospel makers," "writers," or "preachers." The Hebrew version of Nos. 3 and 4 gives the Patriarchs (Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob) for No. 3, and their wives (Sarah, Rebecca, Leah and Rachel) for No. 4. The curious reading "cancelled," given in *Notes and Queries*, Series 6, vol. ii., p. 255, may indicate "Evangelists."

5.—With several different combinations, the commonest readings are: "the symbol at your door," "at your feet," or "at your call;" "the simple (*i.e.* sinew) in my bone," "the thimble in the bowl," "tumblers on a board," and the Scotch "hymnlers o' my bower," all of which point to one original. It is difficult to resist hazarding the guess that the first of these is actually correct, and refers to the sign of the pentacle, or pentagram, the five-pointed figure drawn with one line, thus:—

and very commonly inscribed on the threshold to keep away the evil one. In Goethe's *Faust*, there is an allusion to this sign as the "Drudenfuss," or "Pentagramma," which prevents Mephistopheles from crossing the threshold. The reading of the Dorsetshire version, "flamboys all in a row," or "under the brow," may possibly be a very corrupt version of the same. But "the ferrymen in the boat," given in a Cornish version, whether or not followed by the words "and one of them a stranger," can hardly be referred to the same origin. Mr. Lang interprets the number of the five wounds of Christ, but it is difficult to see how this solution is arrived at. "Nimble fingers" is almost certainly a late restoration of an imaginary original.

6.—In the case of this number the solution is fairly certain, though the readings differ widely. "Bold," "cheerful," "proud," or "charming," "waiters," "waters," or "walkers," are the most common, and there can be little doubt that the reference is to the six water-pots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee. "Bowls," "Pots, or "Jars," of "Water," and "Charmed Water" are two different originals which amply account for the readings given above. Mr. Lang sees an allusion here to the "Tearful Mater," or the "Mater Dolorosa," but why under the number six? The guesses, "ages of the world," "days of labour," and "Seraphim with six wings," are of less authority, while the curious "provokers," "virtuous horses," and "lamps were burning bright," given in the three *Notes and Queries* versions, must be left in their obscurity.

7.—The "seven stars in the sky" are of course the group in Ursa Major, called Charles's Wain. The versions are almost all in agreement here, but the "seven liberal arts" appear in the 1625 version, "days of the week" in the Hebrew, and "works of mercy" in *Notes and Queries*, Series 6, vol. ii., 255. It is only wonderful that a number of such varied symbolism as this should not have suggested more varieties of reading.

8.—"Bold rainers," or "rangers," "bright shiners." "archangels," and the very odd "brown striped walkers," plainly refer to angels, though the number is not very suggestive. Why the number of archangels should have been doubled, it is not easy to see. The 1625 version has a reference to the number of persons saved in the ark, the Hebrew refers it to the days preceding circumcision, and one or two versions have "Gospel blessings," referring to the Beatitudes.

9.—"Bright shiners," and "gable rangers" are the commonest readings, but these are almost as often found for eight as for nine! With regard to the latter, Dr. Jessopp's ingenious guess that the "Angel Gabriel" was referred to here is confirmed by the Dorsetshire version given above, under eight. Two of the *Notes and Queries* versions give "tentmakers," and "kings of Lunnery" for this number, and the third reads, with that of 1625, "maiden Muses." Mr. Lang follows the Hebrew version in interpreting it of the months preceding birth. A Cornish version gives "the moonlight bright and clear."

10.—All versions agree in this reading.

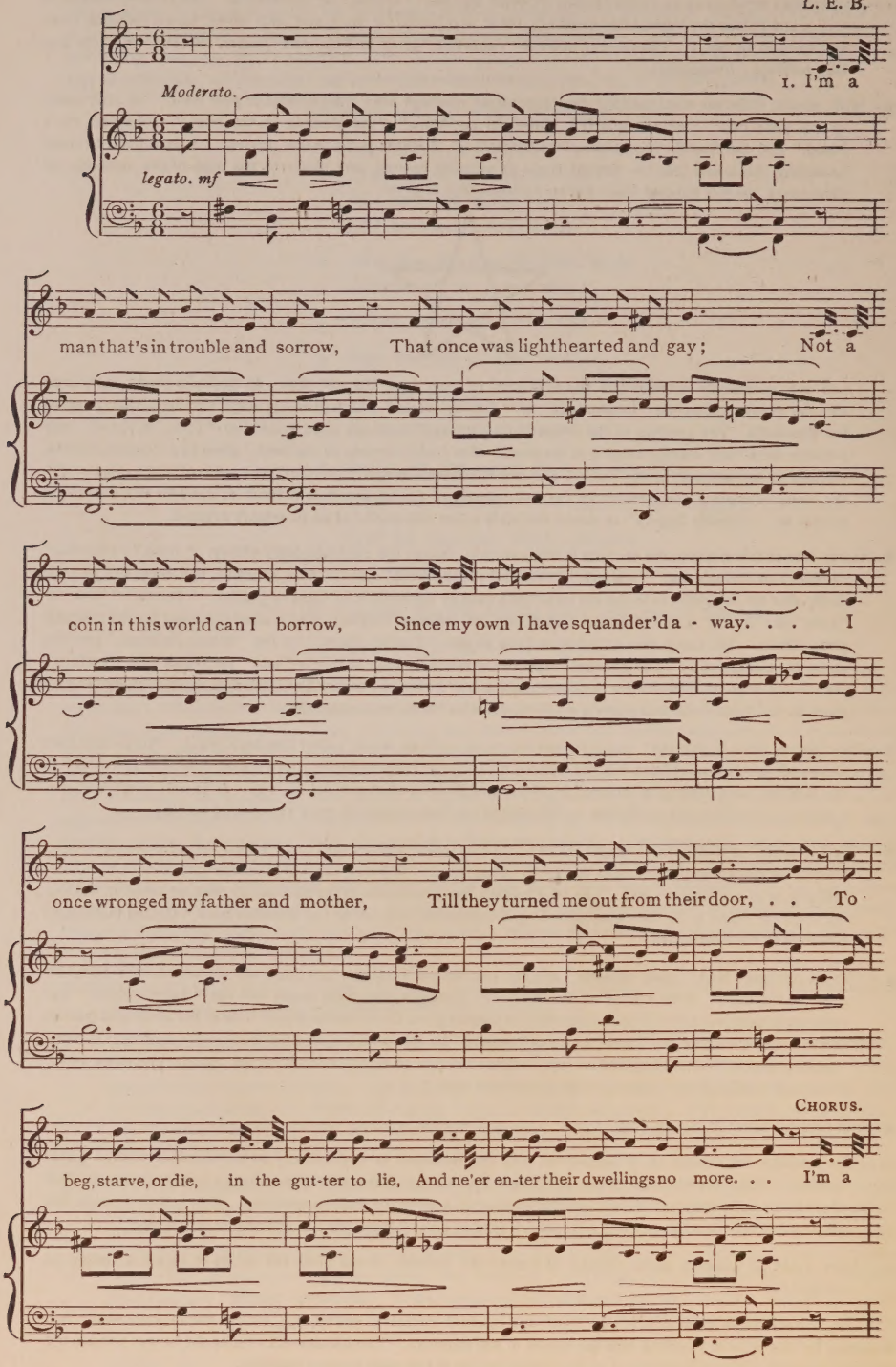
11.—The readings are almost all in agreement, and the reference is undoubtedly to the apostles without Judas Iscariot. The "eleven stars" seen by Joseph provide the Hebrew version with an interpretation for this number, and the eleven thousand virgins appear in one of the French versions. The Scotch version has "eleven maidens in a dance,' and a Berkshire version gives "Belsher's (*i.e.*, Belshazzar's) horses."

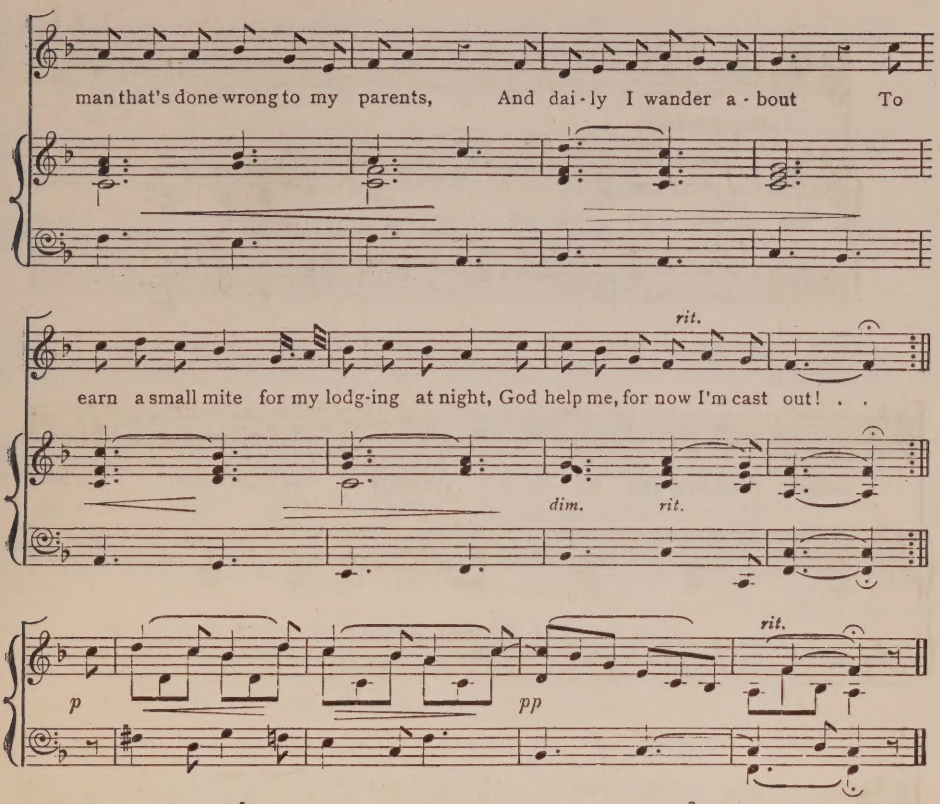
12.—Here again all versions agree, except of course the Hebrew, which gives the tribes of Israel, as might be expected.

The Somersetshire version given in *Notes and Queries*, Series 4, vol. ii., 599, &c., is deliberately made into nonsense for the sake of rhyming with the names of the numbers. The editors will be grateful for any version not hitherto recorded, or for suggestions as to the interpretation of the more corrupt readings.

I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents.

L. E. B.


Moderato.
legato. mf
1. I'm a
man that's in trouble and sorrow, That once was lighthearted and gay; Not a
coin in this world can I borrow, Since my own I have squander'd a - way. . . I
once wronged my father and mother, Till they turned me out from their door, . . To
CHORUS.
beg, starve, or die, in the gut-ter to lie, And ne'er en-ter their dwellings no more. . . I'm a


man that's done wrong to my parents, And dai-ly I wander a-bout To
rit.
earn a small mite for my lodg-ing at night, God help me, for now I'm cast out! . .
dim.
rit.
p
pp
rit.

1.

I'M a man that's in trouble and sorrow,
That once was lighthearted and gay;
Not a coin in this world can I borrow,
Since my own I have squandered away.
I once wronged my father and mother,
Till they turned me out from their door,
To beg, starve, or die, in the gutter to lie,
And ne'er enter their dwellings no more.
Cho. I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,
And daily I wander about,
To earn a small mite for my lodging at night,
God help me, for now I'm cast out!

2.

Then my father will say when he meets me,
"You beggar, you still are at large,
And mind, Sir, that you don't come near me,
Or by heaven I will give you in charge."
My mother, poor thing, 's broken-hearted,
To meet me she ofttimes will try,
For to give me a crown with her head hanging down
And a tear rolling out of her eye.
Cho. I'm a man that's done wrong. &c.

3.

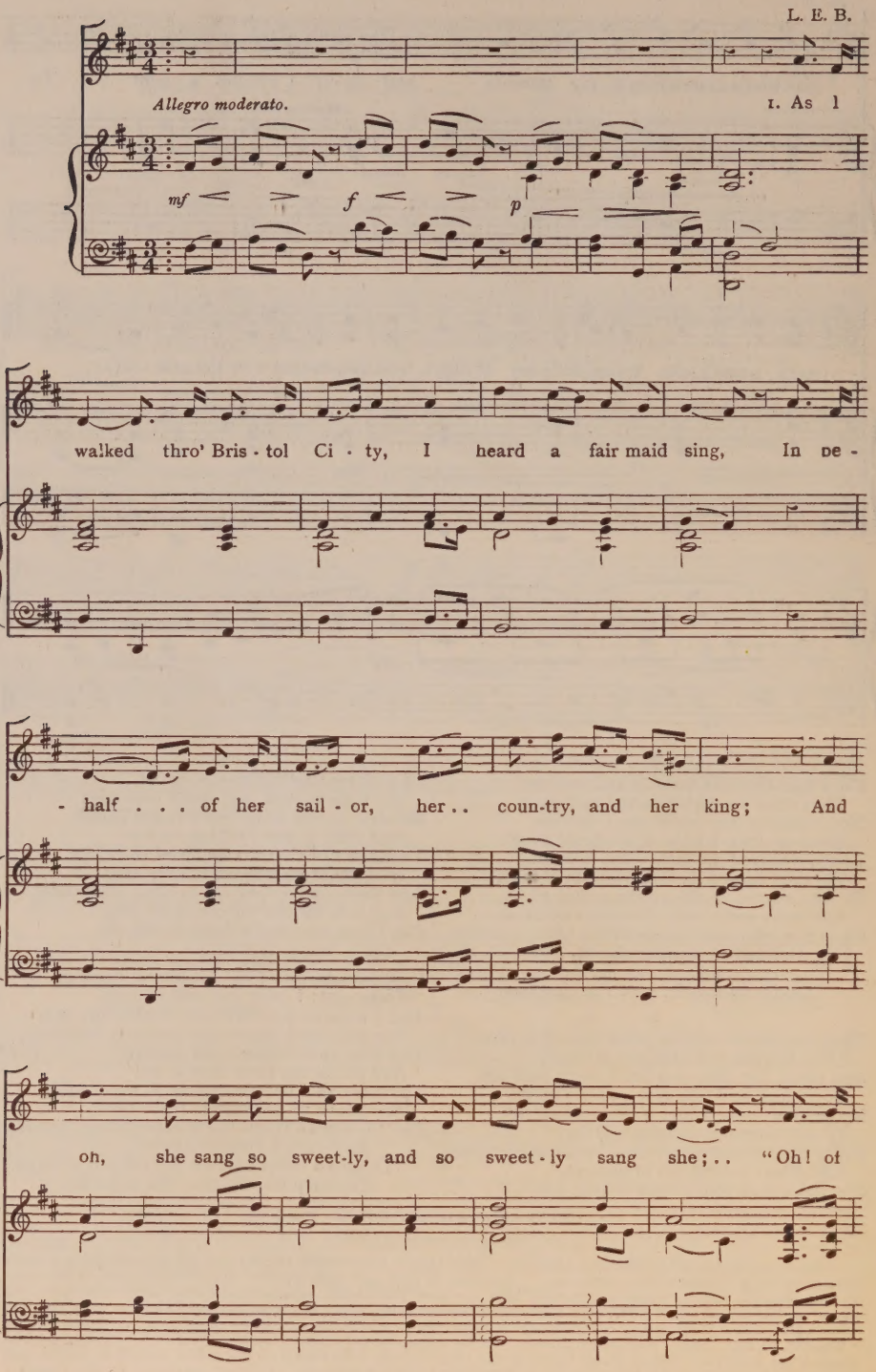
I'd a sister that married a squire,
She'll ne'er look, nor speak unto me;
Because in this world she's much higher
And rides in her carriage so free.
Then the girl that I once loved so dearly,
Is dying broken-hearted, they say,
And there on her bed she is lying, near dead,
And now for her outcast doth pray.
Cho. I'm a man that's done wrong. &c.

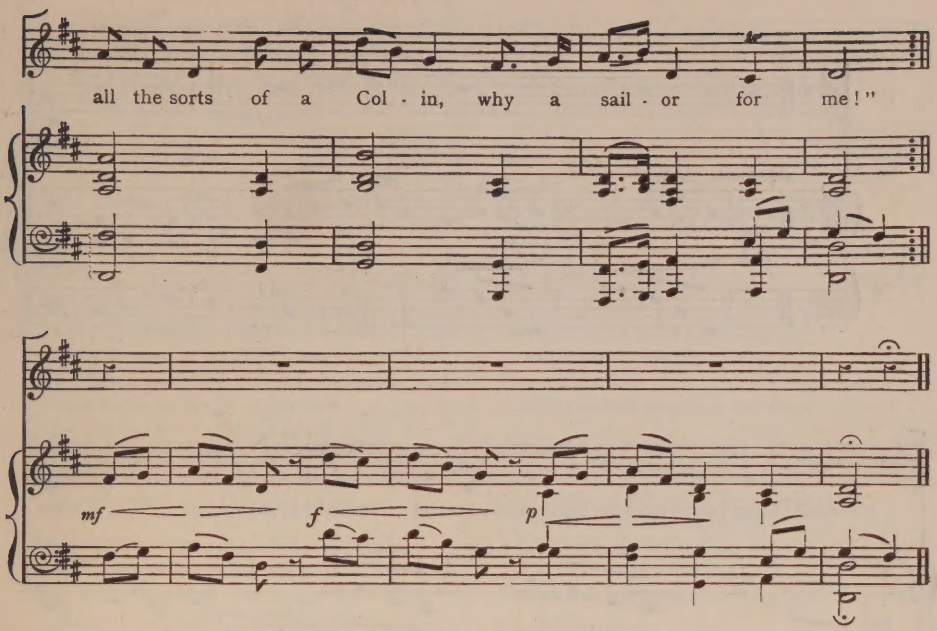
4.

Kind friends, now from me take a warning,
From what I have just said to you;
And I hope in my dress you won't scorn me,
For you don't know what you may come to;
And I try to be honest and upright,
And do all the good that I can,
And I try all I know to get on in this world,
And prove to my friends I'm a man.
Cho. I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,
And daily I wander about,
To earn a small mite for my lodging at night,
God help me, for now I'm cast out.

(Words and tune from H. Strachey, Esq.)

The tune was heard whistled by a labourer at Shillingham, Dorsetshire, in 1889, and was afterwards taken down from a collier at Bishop Sutton, Somerset. "Come down, then, and open the door, love" is often sung to this tune in both counties, but the words of this song have not been procurable. Compare the tune with "Old Rosin the Beau" in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, the editor of which claims that it is a modification of an older song, and that Whyte Melville's "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket" is an adaptation of a more modern form. Compare also "The Old Farmer" and "The Gallant Hussar" in the same collection, also "Adam and Eve" in Baring Gould's *Songs of the West*, and "Green Mossy Banks of the Lea," a song well known to the oldest singers in Sussex and Surrey. J. Markordt, in his ballad opera of *Tom Thumb*, has a similar air. "In hurry post-haste for the license." The F sharp in the above tune is sometimes sung natural throughout, which is probably right.


L. E. B.
Allegro moderato.
1. As I
mf
f
p
walked thro' Bris - tol Ci - ty, I heard a fair maid sing, In pe -
- half . . . of her sail - or, her . . coun-try, and her king; And
oh, she sang so sweet-ly, and so sweet - ly sang she; . . "Oh! of



1 As I walked through Bristol City, I heard a fair maid sing,
In behalf of her sailor, her country, and her king;
And oh, she sang so sweetly, and so sweetly sang she;
"Oh! of all the sorts of a Colin, why a sailor for me!

2 "You may know my jolly sailor, wheresomede'er he does rove,
He's so neat in his behaviour, and so true to his love;
His teeth are white as ivory, his cheeks like the damask rose,
So you may know my jolly sailor, wheresomede'er he goes.

3 "For your sailors are men of honour, and men of courage bold,
If they go to fight their enemies they are not to be controuled;
If they get on board a man of war where the thundering cannons roar,
They venture their lives for gold, and spend it freely on shore."

[*Sailor's Answer.*]

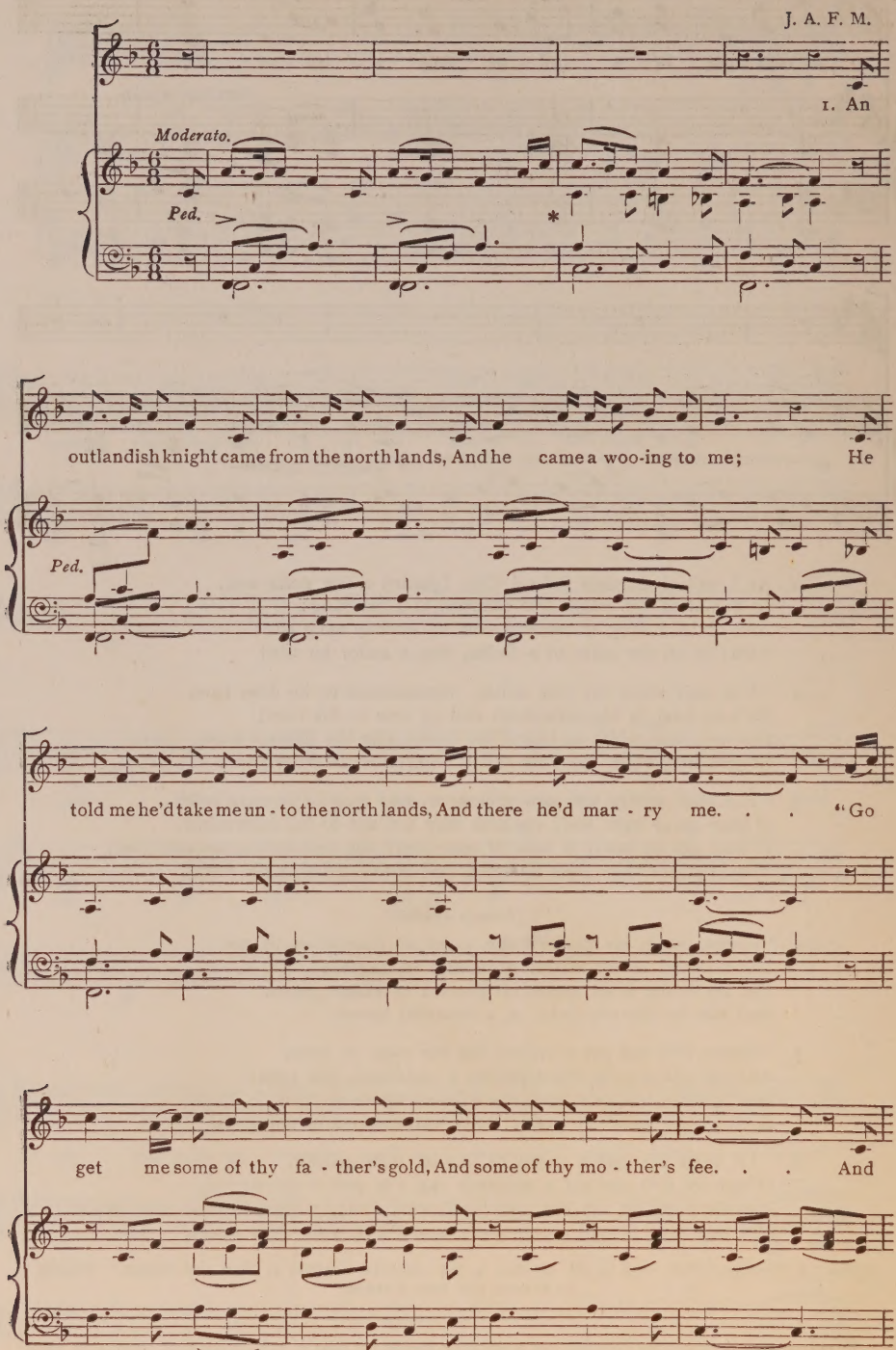
4 "Come, come, my pretty Polly, come sit thee down by me,
For now my pretty Molly, you and I will agree;
For my Molly is an angel, all dressed in willow green,
And she be like any lady, or a beautiful queen.

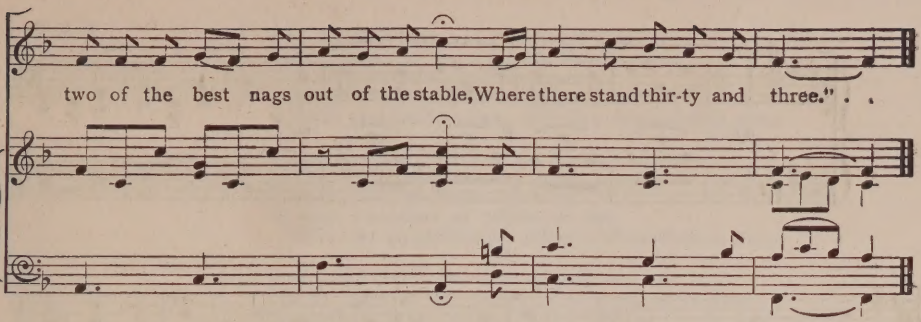
5 "Pretty Poll has got a colour like the roses in June,
And she plays upon the hipsicols a melodious fine tune;
Her lips are red as rubies, her eyes as black as sloes,
So you may know my pretty Polly wheresomede'er she goes.

6 "I'll build my love a castle on yonder high ground,
Where no lord nor yet a monarch can e'er pull it down;
For the King he can but love his Queen, and my dear I can do the same;
And you shall be my shepherdess, and I'll be your dear swain."

(From "A Favorite Ballad, sung by Mr. Huttley, at the Convivial Societys of Bath and Bristol." Printed by Preston and Sons, London.

No excuse need be offered for including this pretty tune, though the song is, strictly speaking, outside the scope of the collection, since it is not in any sense traditional.


J. A. F. M.
1. An
Moderato.
Ped.
*
outlandish knight came from the north lands, And he came a woo-ing to me; He
Ped.
told me he'd take me un - to the north lands, And there he'd mar - ry me. . . "Go
get me some of thy fa - ther's gold, And some of thy mo - ther's fee. . . And



1 AN outlandish knight came from the north lands,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,
And there he would marry me.
"Go get me some of thy father's gold,
And some of thy mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where there stand thirty and three."

2 She got him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where there stood thirty and three.
She mounted her on the milk-white steed
And he on the dapple grey;
And they both rode till they came unto the salt sea,
Just two hours before it was day.

3 "Alight, alight, my pretty lady,
And deliver it all unto me,
For it's six pretty maidens I have drowned here,
And the seventh thou shalt be.
Pull off, pull off thy holland smock,
And deliver it up to me,
For I deem that it looks too fine and too gay
For to rot all in the salt sea.

4 "Pull off, pull off thy milkwhite stays,
And deliver them up to me,
For it's six pretty maidens I have drowned here,
And the seventh thou shalt be.
Pull off, pull off thy silken hose,
And deliver them up to me,
For I deem that they look too fine and too gay
For to rot all in the salt sea."

5 "If I have to pull off my holland smock,
Pray turn thy back upon me,
For it is not meet that a ruffian should
A naked woman see."
He turned his back upon her, oh!
And bitterly she did weep,
She caught him round the middle so neat,
And tumbled him into the deep.

6 He dippèd high, he dippèd low,
And dippèd to the side,
"Lay hold of my hand, my pretty lady,
And you shall be my bride."
"Lie there, lie there, thou false-hearted man
Lie there instead of me,
For it's six pretty maidens you have drowned here,
But the seventh has drownèd thee."

7 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey;
She rode till she came to her own father's hall
Three hours before it was day.
The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady did say:
"I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you've tarried so long away."

8 "Don't prittle or pattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And thy perch of the best ivorie."
The King being in his chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot did say;
"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?"

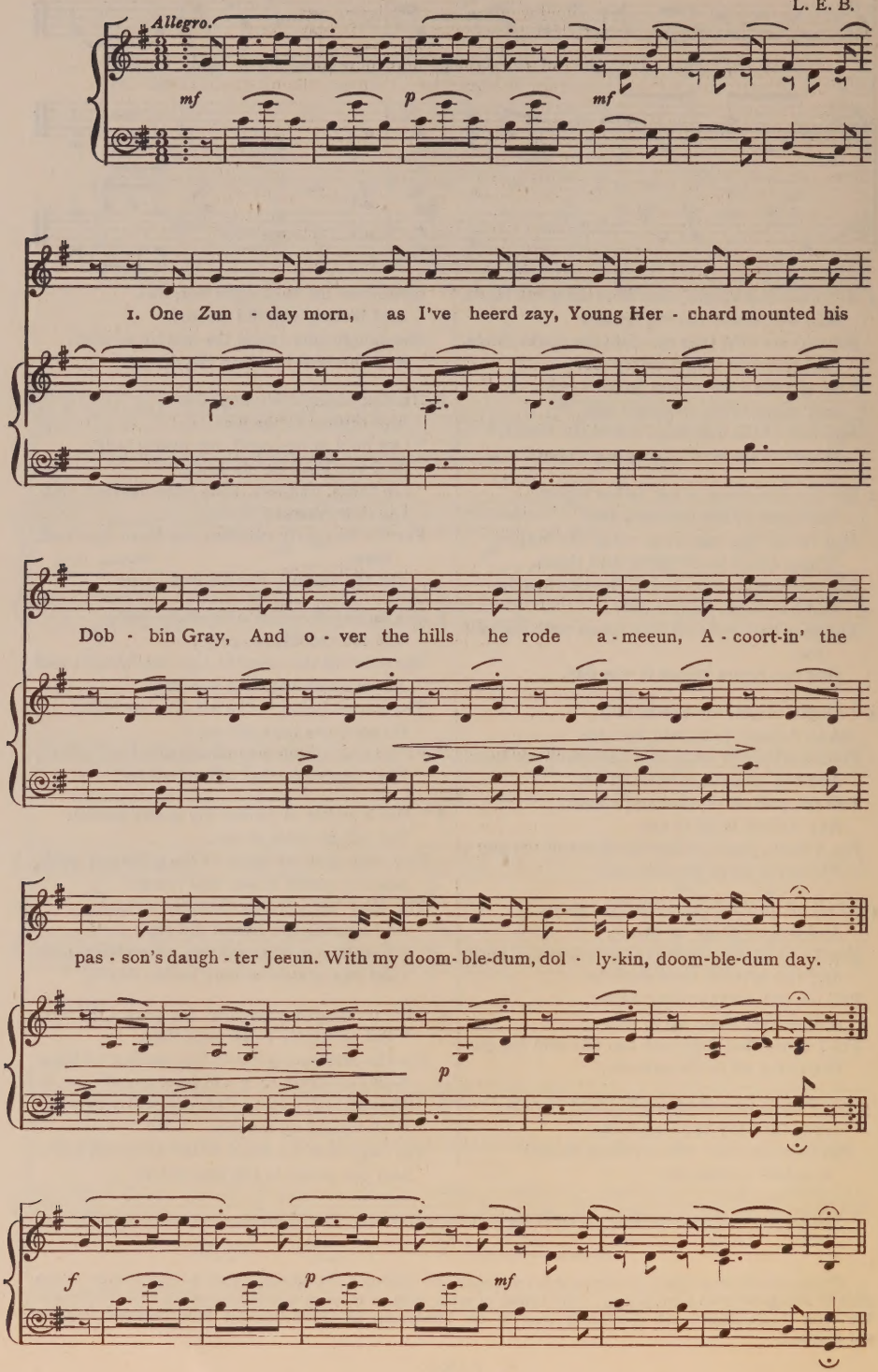
9 "It's no laughing matter," the parrot did say,
"But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me:"
"Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
Well turnèd up for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And thy perch of the best ivorie."

(From Heywood Sumner, Esq. Some of the words supplied from "North-Country Lore and Legend.")

For an account ot all the tunes set to this fine ballad, see Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 27. A tune is also given in *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 652. The ballad, in some form or other, is known all over the north of Europe. The term "outlandish" was specifically used of the inhabitants of the debateable land between England and Scotland.

Young Herchard (*i.e., Richard*).

L. E. B.


Allegro.
mf
p
mf
1. One Zun - day morn, as I've heerd zay, Young Her - chard mounted his
Dob - bin Gray, And o - ver the hills he rode a - meeun, A - coort-in' the
pas - son's daugh - ter Jeeun. With my doom- ble-dum, dol - ly-kin, doom-ble-dum day.
p
f
p
mf

1 ONE Zunday morn, as I've heerd zay,
Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin Gray,
And over the hills he rode ameeun,
A coortin' the passon's daughter Jeeun.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

2 Young Herchard had on his Zunday claws,
His buckskin breeches and silken hose,
A brand new hat upon his head
As were bedecked wi' ribbon so red.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

3 Young Herchard, he rode without any fear
Till he came to the whoam of his own sweet dear;
He up and he shouted, "Hullo, hullo!
Be the volks at whoam? zay ees or noo."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

4 The servants quickly let Dick in,
So that his coortin' might begin;
And when he got inside the hall,
He loudly for Meess Jeeun did bawl.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

5 Meess Jeeun came down without delay,
To see what Herchard had got fur to zay,
He says, "Ah suppose ye do knaw, Meess Jeeun,
That Oi be Herchard o' Taunton Deeun?
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

6 "Oi'm an honest lad though Oi be poor,
And Oi never was in love avoor;
But feyther he've sent Oi out fur to woo,
And Oi can't vancy noan but you."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

7 "If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide?'
"Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor yellow do fur ye more?
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

8 "Fur Oi can reap and Oi can zow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,
And earns me ninepence every day."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

9 "Ninepence a day would never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
'Twill ne'er be enough for you and I,"
"Oh coom," says Herchard, "Us can but troi."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

10 "Fur Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi,
As'll coom to us when Granny do doi;
And if you'll conzent fur to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

11 Dick's compliments were zo polite,
He won Meess Jeeun avoor it were night;
An' when her'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd here a kiss, and her coom'd away.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

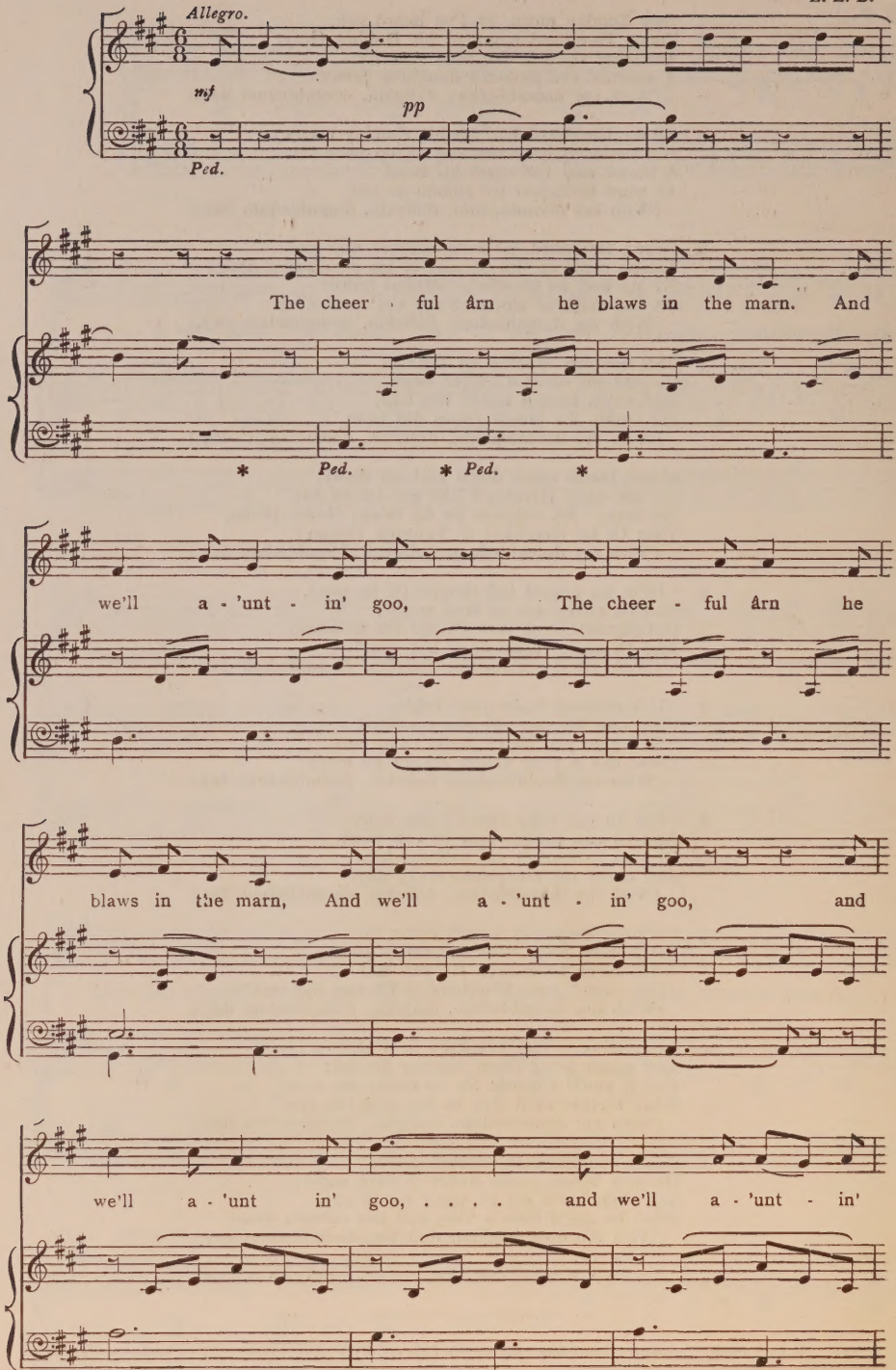
(Words and tune from A. H. Frere, Esq. Some lines supplied from another copy.)

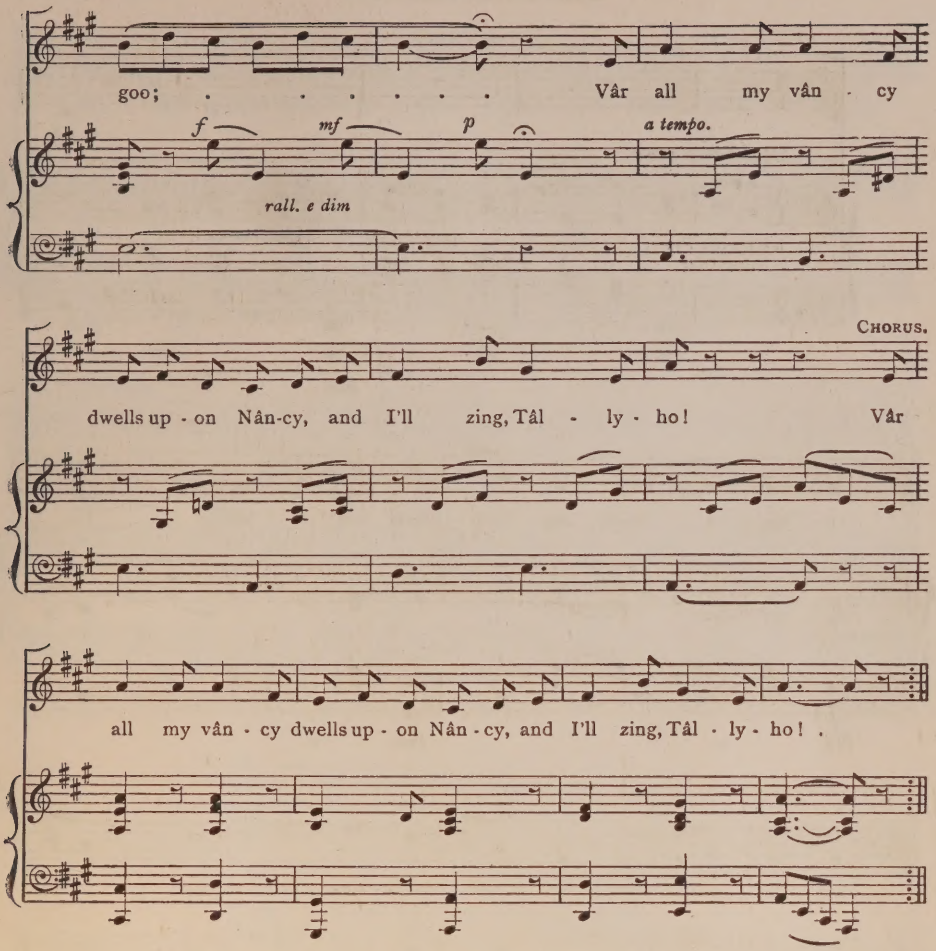
See "Taunton Dean," "Country Courtship," Chappell's *Popular Music*, Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry* Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, &c.

The Cheerful Arn.

[Somersetshire.

L. E. B.


Allegro.
mf
pp
Ped.
The cheer - ful arn he blaws in the marn. And
* Ped. * Ped. *
we'll a - 'unt - in' goo, The cheer - ful arn he
blaws in the marn, And we'll a - 'unt - in' goo, and
we'll a - 'unt in' goo, ... and we'll a - 'unt - in'


goo; . . . . . Vâr all my vân - cy
f mf p a tempo.
rall. e dim
CHORUS.
dwells up - on Nân-cy, and I'll zing, Tâl - ly - ho! Vâr
all my vân - cy dwells up - on Nân - cy, and I'll zing, Tâl - ly - ho!

1 The cheerful ârn he blaws in the marn,
And we'll a-'untin' goo;
Vâr all my vâncy dwells upon Nâncy,
And I'll zing Tâlly-ho!

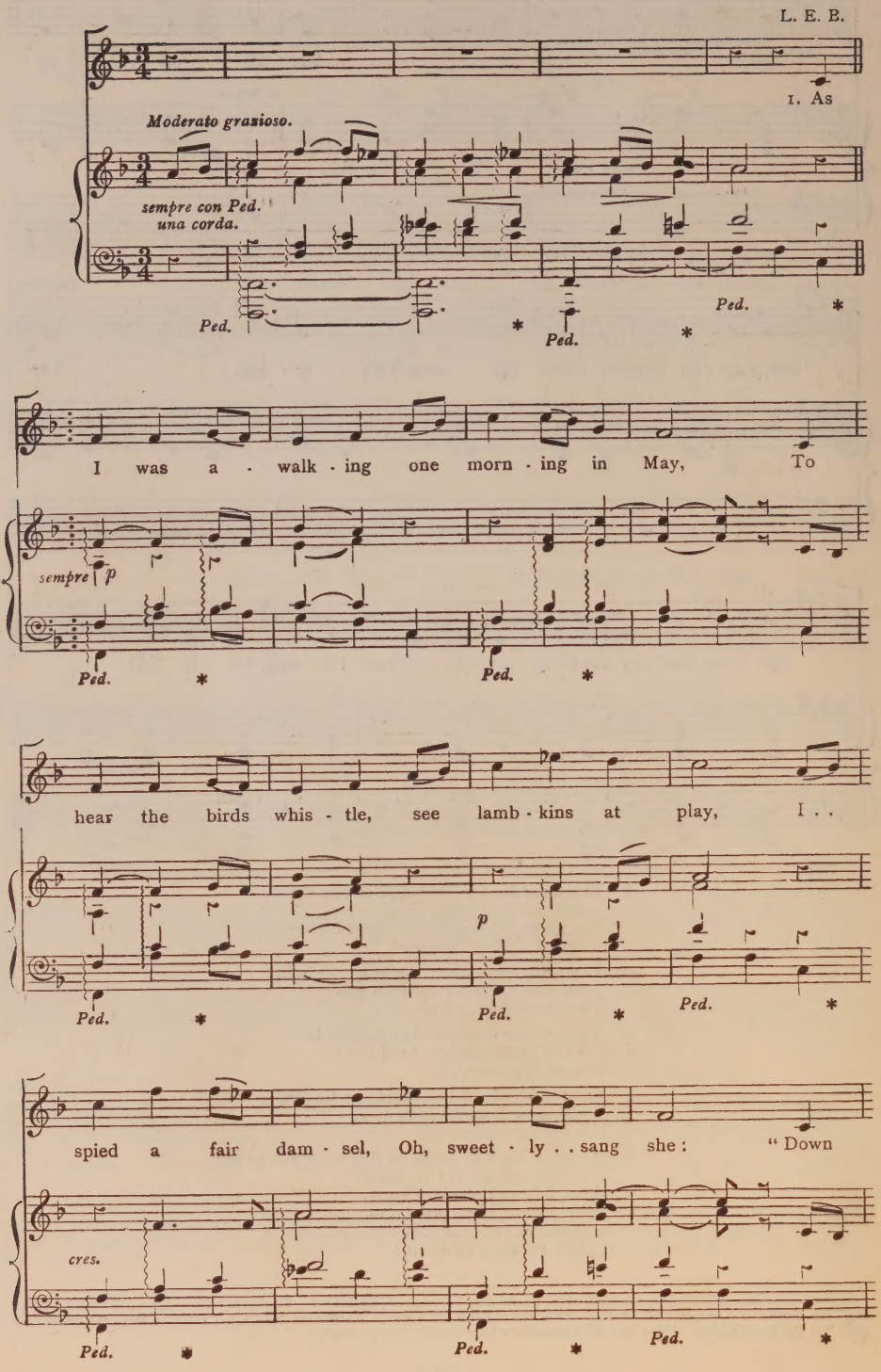
2 The vox jumps awer the 'edge zo 'igh,
An' the 'ouns âll âtter un goo;
Vâr all my vâncy &c.

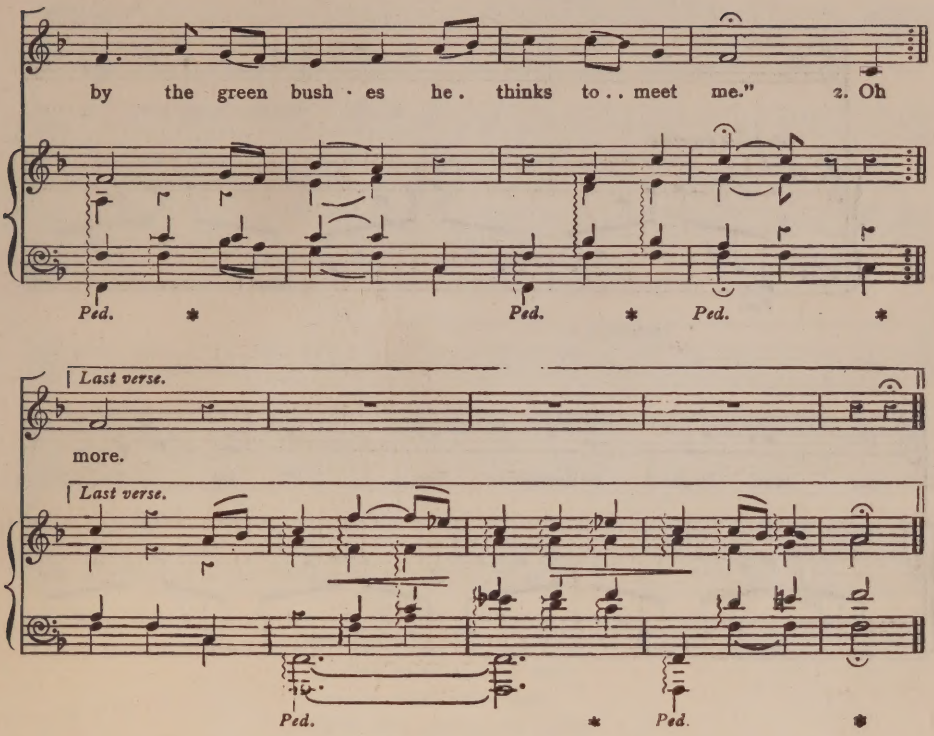
3 Then never despoise the soldjer lod,
Thof 'is ztaition be boot low;
Vâr all my vâncy, &c.

4 Then push about the coop, my bwoys,
An' we will wumwârds goo;
Vâr all my vâncy, &c.

5 If you ax me the zenze of this zong vur to tell,
Or the reäzon vur to zhow;
Woy, I doan't exacaly knoo,
Woy, I doan't exacaly knoo,
Vâr all my vâncy dwells upon Nâncy,
And I'll zing Tally-ho!

(Noted down in a village ale-house, 1858, by Arthur Thompson, architect. Compare with "Young Bucks a-hunting" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*. The more polished version known as "The fox jumped over the parson's gate" is the basis of one of the late R. Caldecott's best-known picture-books.


L. E. B.
1. As
Moderato grazioso.
sempre con Ped.
una corda.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in May, To
sempre p
Ped.
Ped.
hear the birds whis - tle, see lamb - kins at play, I . .
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
spied a fair dam - sel, Oh, sweet - ly . . sang she: "Down
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



1 As I was a-walking one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle, see lambkins at play,
I spied a fair damsel, Oh, sweetly sang she:
"Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.'

2 "Oh, where are you going, my sweet pretty maid?
"My lover I'm seeking, kind Sir," she said,
"Shall I be your lover, and will you agree
To forsake the old love, and foregather with me?

3 "I'll buy you fine beavers, a gay silken gown,
With furbelowed petticoats flounced to the ground,
If you'll leave your old love, and following me,
Forsake the green bushes, where he waits for thee."

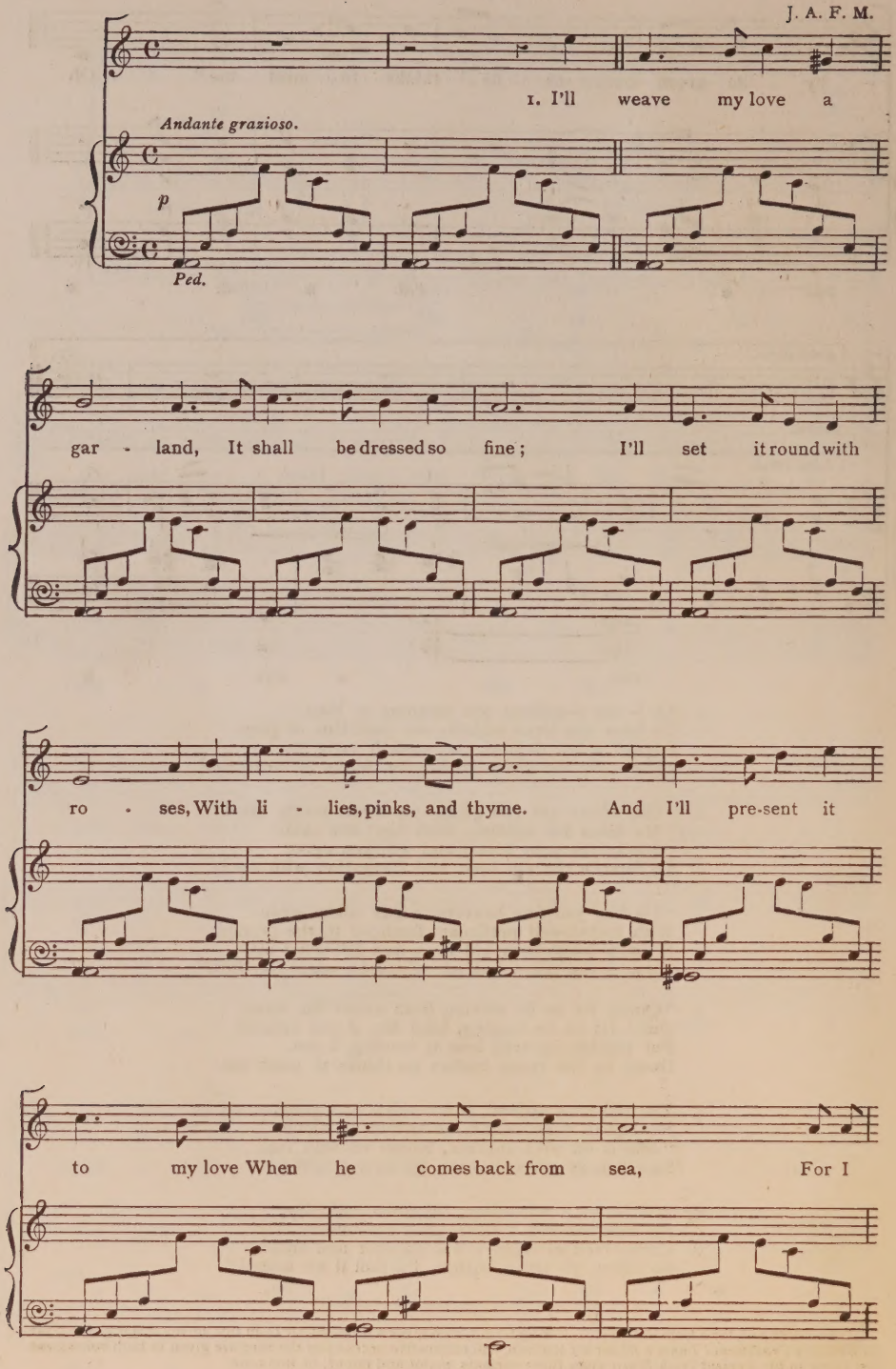
4 "Quick, let us be moving from under the trees,
Quick let us be moving, kind Sir, if you please;
For yonder my true love is coming, I see,
Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.

5 The old love arrived, the maiden was gone,
He sighed very deeply, he sighed all alone,
"She is on with another, before off with me,
So adieu ye green bushes, for ever," said he.

6 "I'll be as a schoolboy, I'll frolic and play,
No false-hearted maiden shall trouble my day,
Untroubled at night I will slumber and snore,
So adieu, ye green bushes, I'll fool it no more!"

The words and tune from the Rev. S. Baring Gould, who gives a different air from this in his *Songs of the West*. In Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* a minor air is given, and exhaustive notes upon the song are given in both collections. Dr. Joyce in his *Ancient Irish Music* gives three variants major and minor, of this tune.

J. A. F. M.


1. I'll weave my love a
Andante grazioso.
p
Ped.
gar - land, It shall be dressed so fine; I'll set it round with
ro - ses, With li - lies, pinks, and thyme. And I'll pre-sent it
to my love When he comes back from sea, For I

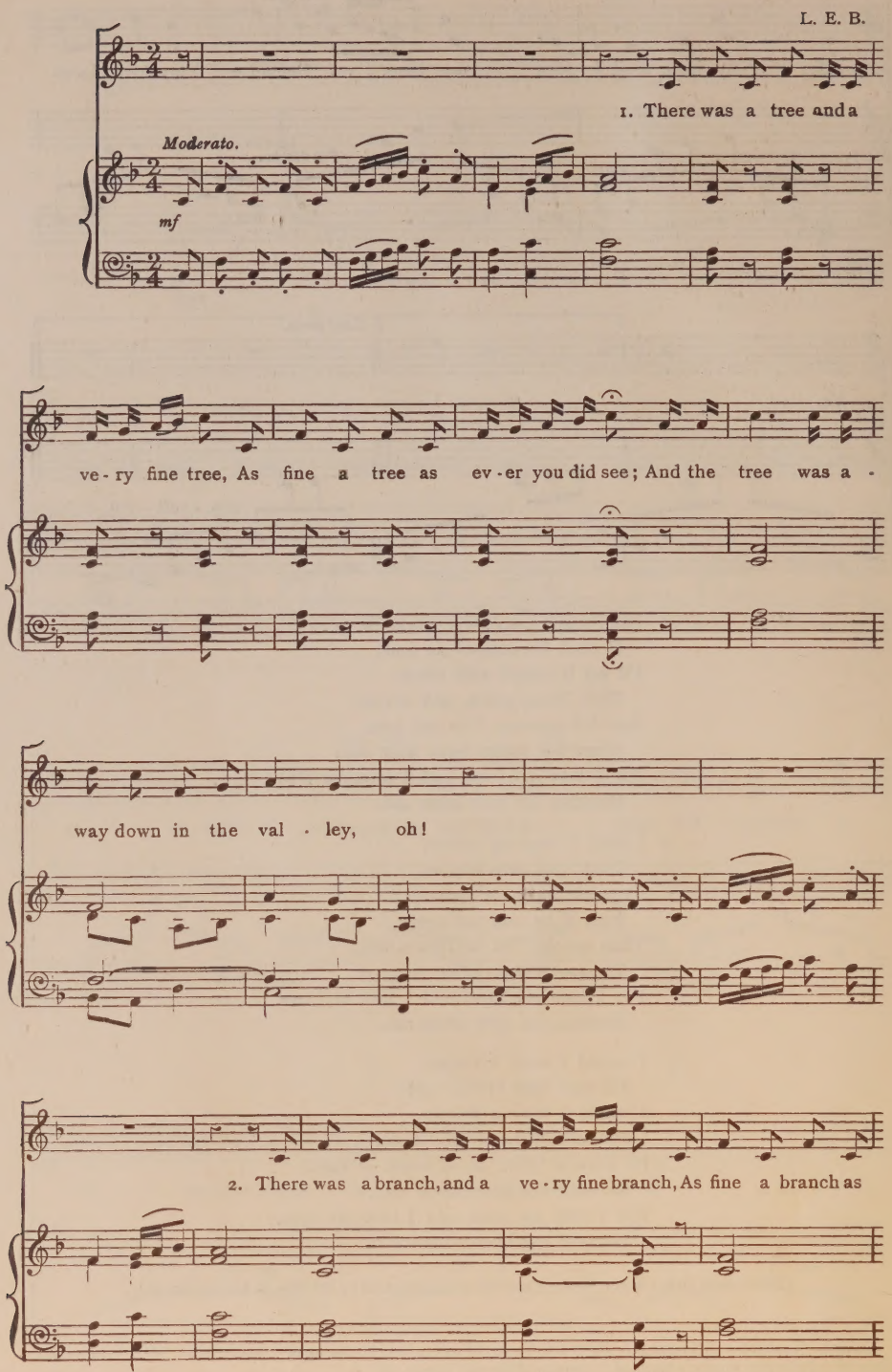
1 I'LL weave my love a garland,
It shall be dressed so fine;
I'll set it round with roses,
With lilies, pinks, and thyme.
And I'll present it to my love
When he comes back from sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

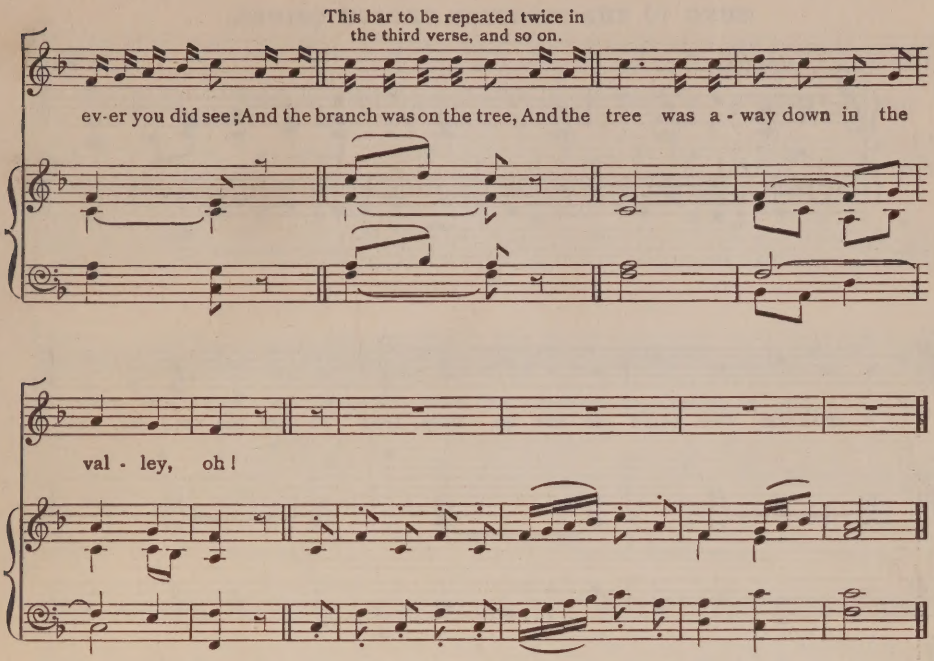
2 I wish I were an arrow,
That sped into the air,
To seek him as a sparrow,
And, if he was not there
Then quickly I'd become a fish,
To search the raging sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

3 I would I were a reaper
I'd seek him in the corn,
I would I were a keeper,
I'd hunt him with my horn.
I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

(Words from *Songs of the West*. The tune communicated by the Rev. S. Baring Gould.)

Another tune is given in *Songs of the West*, where the words have a chorus of "Ri-fol-de-rol," &c. Two verses occur in "Colin and Phœbe's Garland" (British Museum 11621, c. 5).


L. E. B.
1. There was a tree and a
Moderato.
mf
ve - ry fine tree, As fine a tree as ev - er you did see; And the tree was a -
way down in the val - ley, oh!
2. There was a branch, and a ve - ry fine branch, As fine a branch as


This bar to be repeated twice in the third verse, and so on.
ev-er you did see; And the branch was on the tree, And the tree was a-way down in the
val-ley, oh!

1 THERE was a tree, and a very fine tree,
As fine a tree as ever you did see;
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

2 There was a branch, and a very fine branch,
As fine a branch as ever you did see;
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

3 There was a twig, and a very fine twig,
As fine a twig as ever you did see;
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

4 There was a nest, and a very fine nest,
As fine a nest as ever you did see;
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

5 There was an egg, and a very fine egg,
As fine an egg as ever you did see;
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

6 There was a chick, and a very fine chick,
As fine a chick as ever you did see;
And the chick was in the egg,
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

7 There was a leg, and a very fine leg,
As fine a leg as ever you did see;
And the leg was on the chick,
And the chick was in the egg,
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

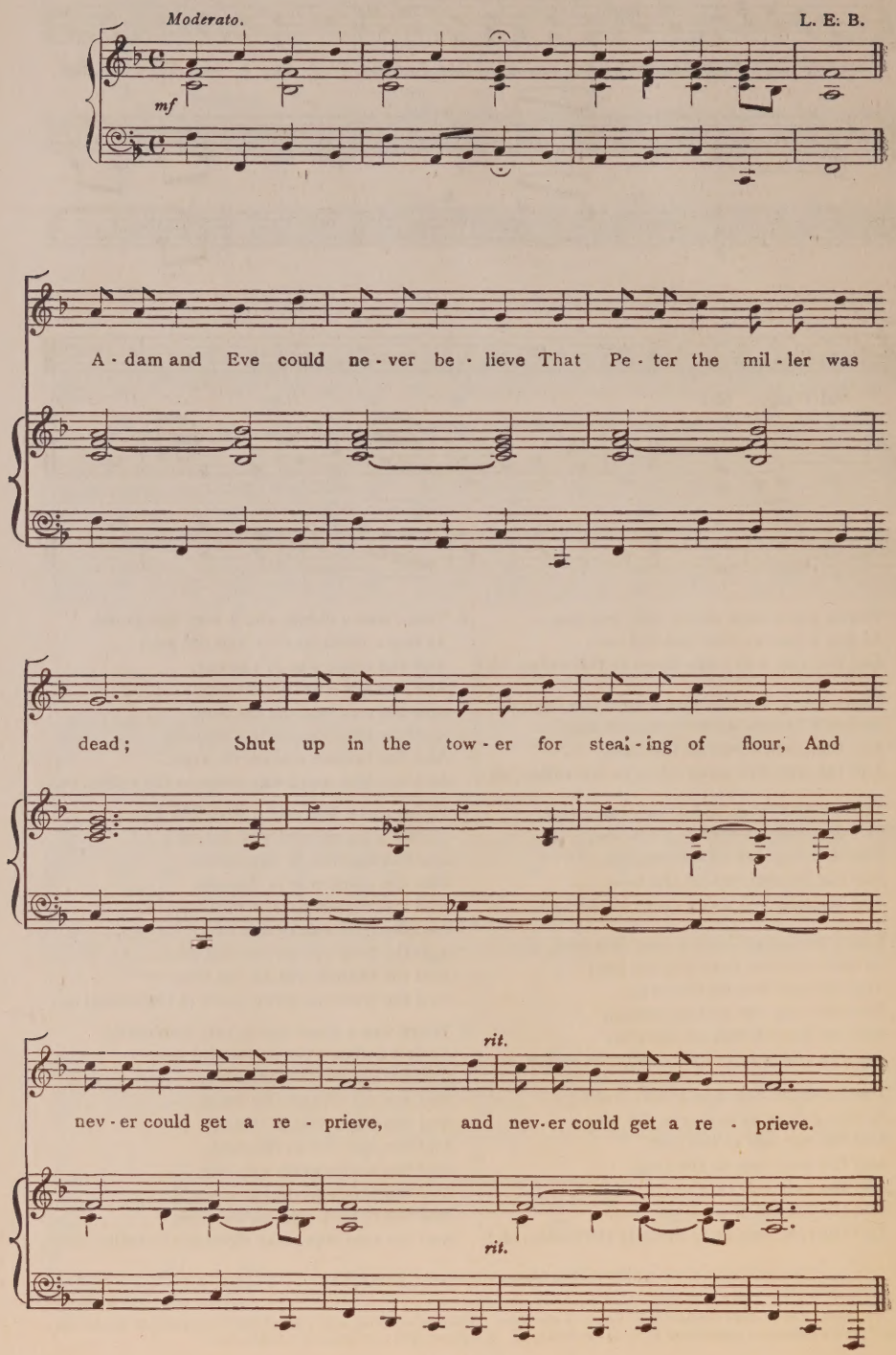
8 There was a claw, and a very fine claw,
As fine a claw as ever you did see;
And the claw was on the leg,
And the leg was on the chick,
And the chick was in the egg,
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the branch,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was away down in the valley, oh!

(From Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*, &c.)

Another Devonshire version is in *Songs of the West.* There are Breton and other French versions of the words. See Luzel's *Chansons populaires de la basse Bretagne.* Similar words are found in broadsides.

Adam and Eve.

(SUNG TO THE STRATTON CHURCH CHIMES.)


Moderato.
L. E. B.
mf
A - dam and Eve could ne - ver be - lieve That Pe - ter the mil - ler was
dead; Shut up in the tow - er for stea - ing of flour, And
rit.
nev - er could get a re - prieve, and nev - er could get a re - prieve.
rit.

They bored a hole in O - li-ver's nose, And put there - in a string, And
drew him round a - bout the town For mur-der-ing Charles our king, for
mur-der-ing Charles our king.
Ped.
*

Adam and Eve could never believe
That Peter the miller was dead;
Shut up in the tower for stealing of flour,
And never could get a reprieve.*
They bored a hole in Oliver's nose,
And put therein a string,
And drew him round about the town
For murdering Charles our king.

(From the Rev. J. Shearme.)

* Possibly in the original this line ran "And forced to lose his head."

Mr. Kidson writes: This is evidently originally a nursery or nonsense rhyme, with what appears to be an addition or alteration as early as Cromwell's time. See Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. i., p. 718, for a custom connected with the subject of this song, kept up as late as 1831 at Tiverton, Devon. on Restoration Day, May 29. In Peter Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (1828), is a nonsense song, one verse of which is:—

I bought a wife in Edinburgh
For ae bawbie,
I got a farthing in again
To buy tobacco wi'.
We'll bore in Aaron's nose a hole
And put therein a ring,
And straight we'll lead him to and fro;
Yea, lead him in a string.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

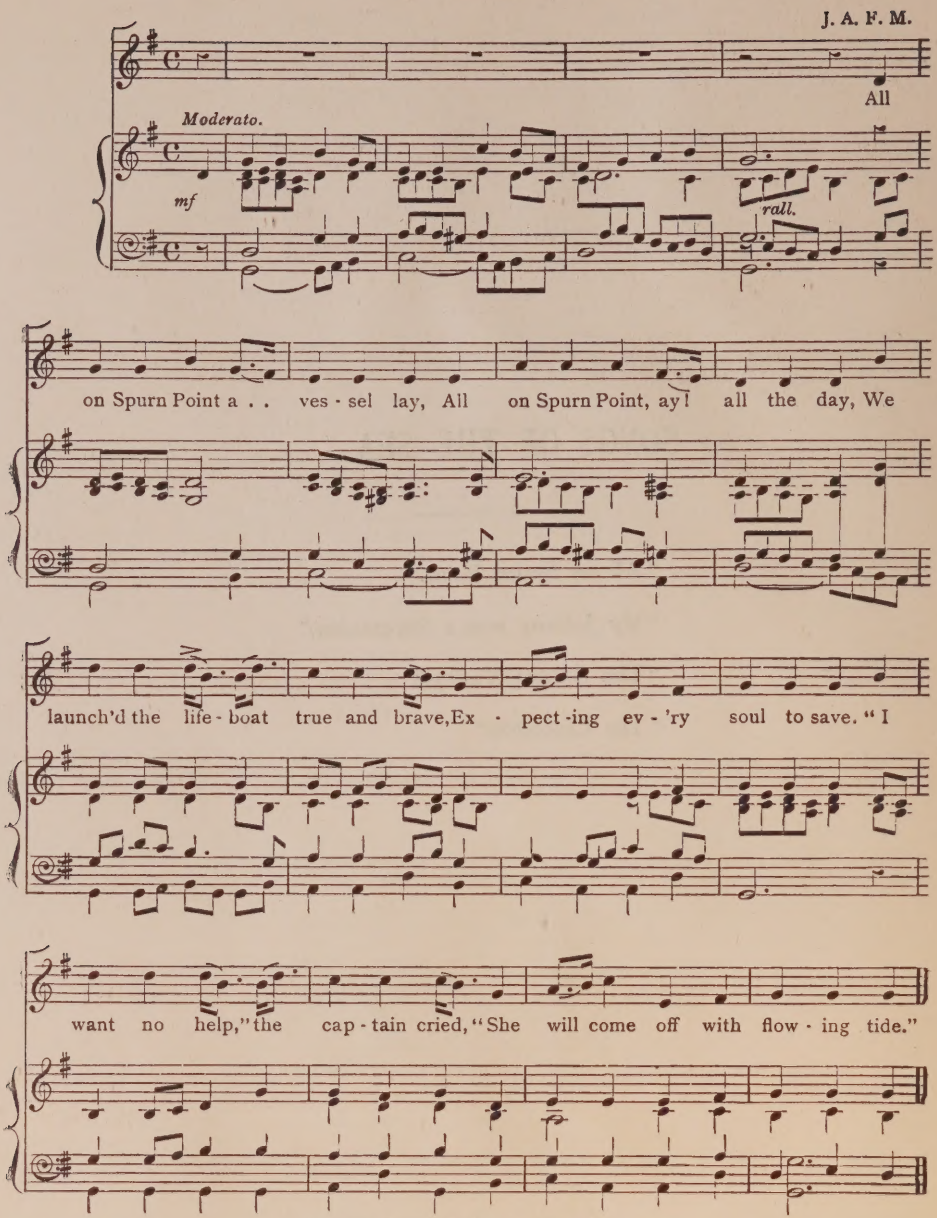
"All on Spurn Point."

"My Johnny was a Shoemaker."

"The Golden Vanity."

"The Crocodile."

All on Spurn Point.


J. A. F. M.
All
Moderato.
mf
rall.
on Spurn Point a . . ves - sel lay, All on Spurn Point, ay! all the day, We
launch'd the life - boat true and brave, Ex - pect - ing ev - 'ry soul to save. "I
want no help," the cap - tain cried, "She will come off with flow - ing tide."

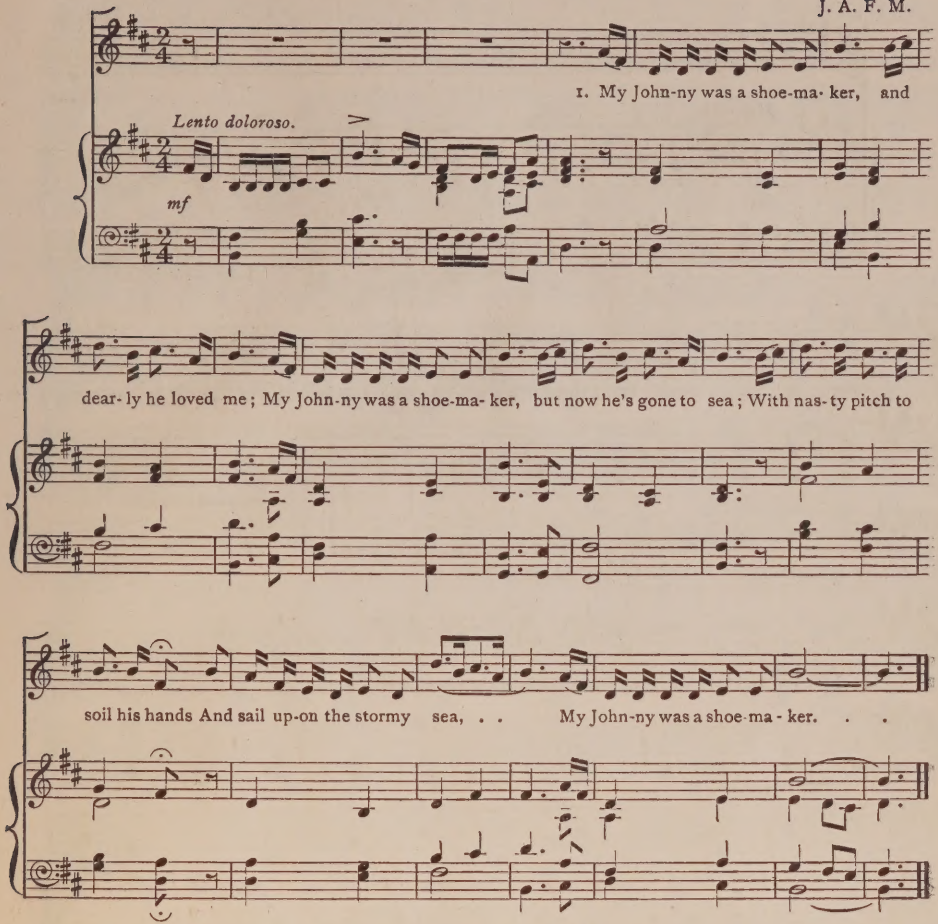
ALL on Spurn Point a vessel lay,
All on Spurn Point, ay! all the day,
We launched the lifeboat true and brave,
Expecting every soul to save.
"I want no he.p," the captain cried,
"She will come off with flowing tide."

(From H. M. Bower, Esq.)

This fragment was taken down by Mr. Bower from a Whitby fisherman, in December, 1891. The singer has tried to get hold of more words, but without success. It was an old saying in Whitby that at last the ship broke up. The captain was picked up at night; he lived to say that but for his refusal of help, all hands might have been saved, and then died. A comparison of this tune with "Sweet William" (p. 74) will give a remarkable illustration of the curious transformations which airs undergo in transmission.

My Johnny was a Shoemaker.

J. A. F. M.


1. My John-ny was a shoe-ma- ker, and
Lento doloroso.
mf
dear- ly he loved me; My John-ny was a shoe-ma- ker, but now he's gone to sea; With nas- ty pitch to
soil his hands And sail up-on the stormy sea, . . My John-ny was a shoe-ma - ker. . .

1 My Johnny was a shoemaker, and dearly he loved me,
My Johnny was a shoemaker, but now he's gone to sea;
With nasty pitch to soil his hands
And sail upon the stormy sea,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

2 His jacket was a deep sky blue, and curly was his hair,
His jacket was a deep sky blue, it was I do declare;
To reef the topsail now he's gone,
And sail across the stormy sea,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

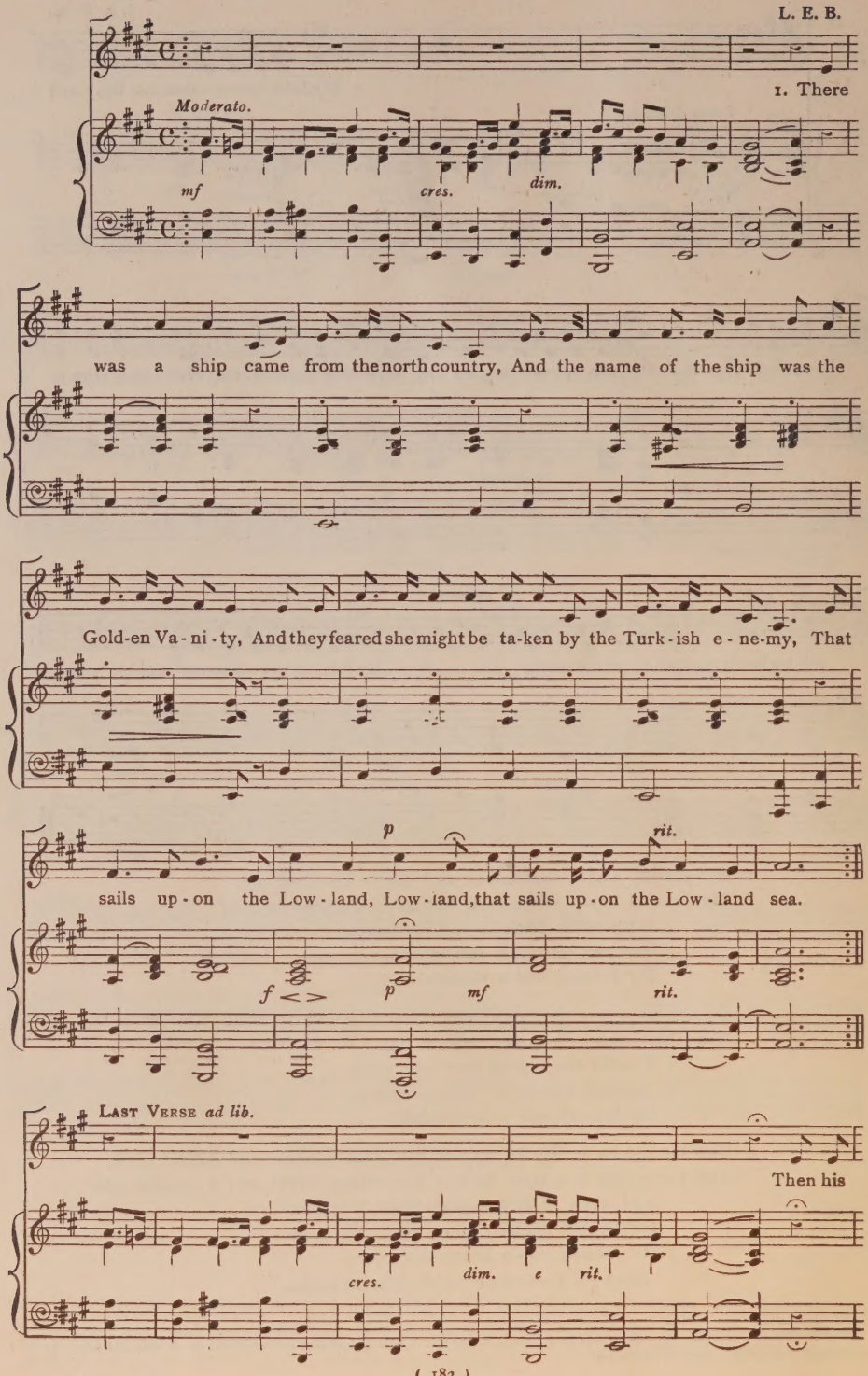
3 And he will be a captain by and bye, with a brave and gallant crew,
And he will be a captain by and bye, with a sword and a spyglass too,
And when he is a captain bold,
He'll come back to marry me,
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

(From *The Besom Maker*, by Mr. Heywood Sumner.)

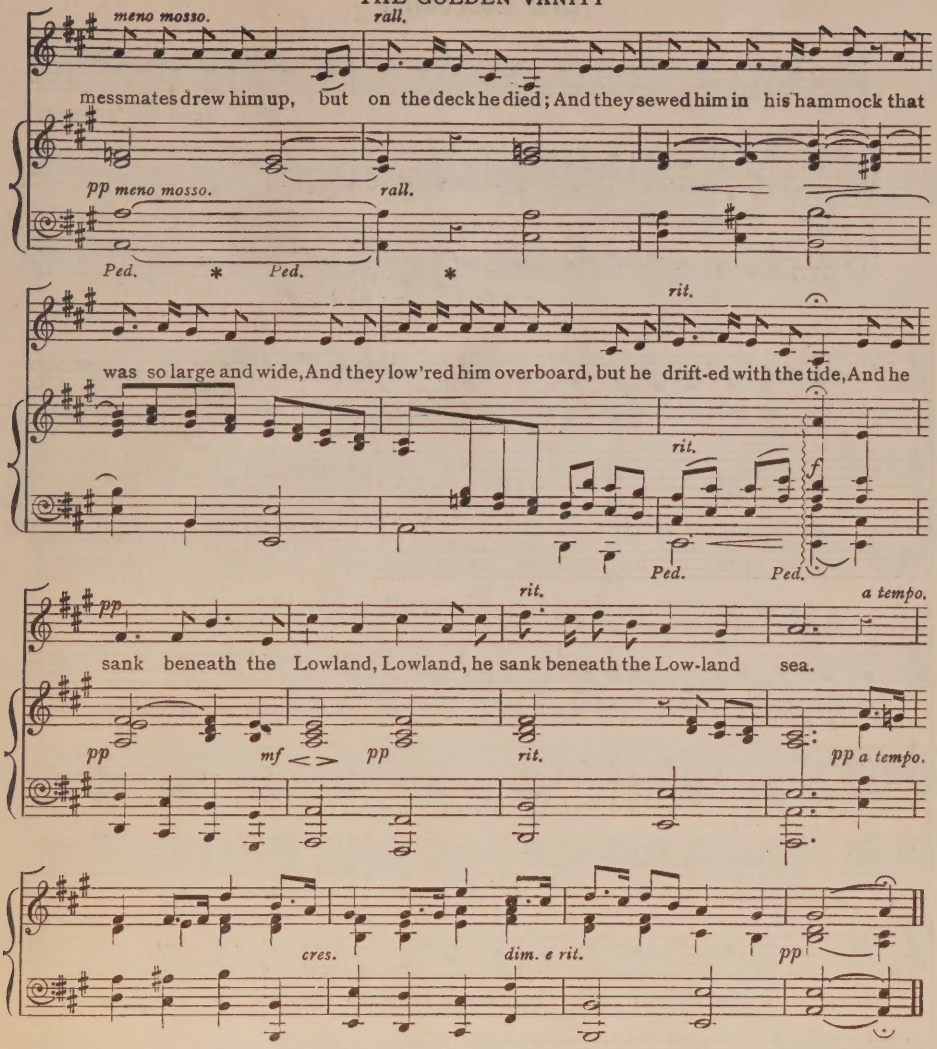
In the printed version, the A appears as A sharp in bars 4, 8, and 14; it has been altered to A natural here, as it is possibly the older form of the tune

The Golden Vanity.

L. E. B.



THE GOLDEN VANITY



1 THERE was a ship came from the north country,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
And they feared she might be taken by the Turkish enemy,
That sails upon the Lowland, Lowland,
That sails upon the Lowland sea.

2 Then up there came a little cabin-boy,
And he said to the skipper, "What will you give to me,
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

3 "O I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride to be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."

4 Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy;
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the Lowland sea.

5 Then the boy turned round, and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the Golden Vanity;
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would need;
And he left him in the Lowland sea.

6 Then the boy swam round, and came to the port side,
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he cried;
"O messmates, take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea!"

7 Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;
And they sewed him in his hammock that was so large and wide;
And they lowered him overboard—but he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

(From Robert C. Thompson, Esq., through A. H. Birch Reynardson, Esq.)

Compare *Notes and Queries*, Series 5, vol. vi., 138, &c., *Songs of the West*, Ballad Sheets in the British Museum, F. S. Child's *Ballads*, and many other versions of the same song. The tune was first published in Miss Smith's *Music of the Waters*. Two version of the words are in W. H. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*.

The Crocodile.

L. E. B.

mf
1. Now listen, you landsmen
Allegro.
mf
f
mf
un-to me, to tell you the truth I'm bound, What happen'd to me by go-ing to sea, and the
won-ders that I found: Ship-wreck'd I was once off Pe-rouse, and cast up-on the
shore, So then I did re-solve to roam, the coun-try to ex-plore.
Chorus.
To-my rit fal lal li bol-lem tit! to-my rit fal lal li dee! To-my
mf

THE CROCODILE.

1 Now listen, you landsmen unto me, to tell you the truth I'm bound,
What happened to me by going to sea, and the wonders that I found:
Shipwrecked I was once off Perouse and cast upon the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam, the country to explore.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit! tomy rit fal lal li dee!
Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit! tomy rit fal lal li dee!

2 'Twas far I had not scouted out when close alongside the ocean
I saw something move which at first I thought was all the world in motion;
But steering up close alongside I found 'twas a crocodile,
And from his nose to the tip of his tail he measured five hundred mile.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

3 'Twas a crocodile, I plainly could see he was not of a common race,
For I was obliged to climb a high tree before I could see his face.
And when he lifted up his jaw, though perhaps you may think 'tis a lie,
He reached above the clouds for miles three score, and almost touched the sky.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

4 While up aloft the wind was high, it blew a gale from the south,
I lost my hold and away did fly right into the crocodile's mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me, and thought he got a victim,
But I ran down his throat, d'ye see? and that's the way I tricked him.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

5 I travelled on for a month or two, till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum-kegs not a few, and a thousand fat bullocks in store.
Of life I banished all my care, for of grub I was not stinted,
And in this crocodile I lived ten years and very well contented.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

6 This crocodile being very old, one day, alas, he died,
He was ten long years a-getting cold, he was so long and wide.
His skin was eight miles thick, I'm sure, or very near about,
For I was full ten years or more a-cutting my way out.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

7 And now I am once more got on earth I've vowed no more to roam,
In a ship that passed I got a berth, and now I'm safe at home.
And if my story you should doubt, should you ever travel the Nile,
It's ten to one you'll find the shell of the wonderful crocodile.
Chorus.—Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, &c.

The words of this song are to be found on ballad sheets. This version, words and tune, was sung by an old workman (since dead) in 1891, at Buckland Newton, Dorsetshire.

M
1740
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Broadwood, Lucy Etheldred
English county songs

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